TIFFANY & CO.

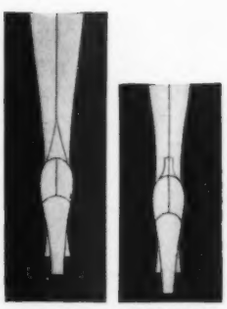
JEWELERS SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS

PEARL NECKLACES

and Pearls for
Additions to Necklaces

MAIL INQUIRIES RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK



SLIPPER HEEL* SLENDO* HEEL

KAYSER Colors Classique...They are the most inspiring that have appeared on the horizon in many moons...running the gamut of subtle shades to the delight of the smart woman. APHRODITE, the 1930 suntone...AURORA, a flattering evening shade...JUNO, a sophisticated nuance for afternoon...DIANA, vibrantly alive for daytime...PHOEBE, a warm hue for the informal costume...VESTA, most divinely alluring. In either of the two famous Kayser styles, "Slendo" Heel or "Slipper Heel". $1.35—$1.50—$1.95 and up.

KAYSER SILK HOSIERY

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You may purchase Kayser Silk Products at all the better shops and at the Kayser Store, Fifth Avenue at 41st Street, opposite the Library

HARPER'S BAZAAR is published monthly at 572 Madison Avenue, New York, by Harper's Bazar, Inc. Printed in U. S. A. Yearly subscription price $4.00. Entered as second class matter May 4th, 1901, at the post office, New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3rd, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill.

EVERY SMART WOMAN WILL WEAR SUITS THIS YEAR

Wendells EXPRESS THE MODE OF THE MOMENT

Left—Wendell two-piece suit with the new-length jacket and half-belt. On fine covert in oxford, brown, green or beige; also twill in navy blue or black. This is the classic type of suit preferred by many smart women.

48.00

Center—Wendell three-piece suit with a blouse of piqué de soie and tuxedo of sleek galyak fur. Made of the new crêpey wool weave so smart in Paris In blue, beige, new green, black, red or brown.

110.00

Right—Wendell three-piece suit with three-quarter length coat. The long-sleeved blouse is of fine silk crêpe. Of covert in oxford, beige, brown or green; also repp in navy blue or black.

75.00

Wendell Fashions are originated and patented by Franklin Simon & Co.

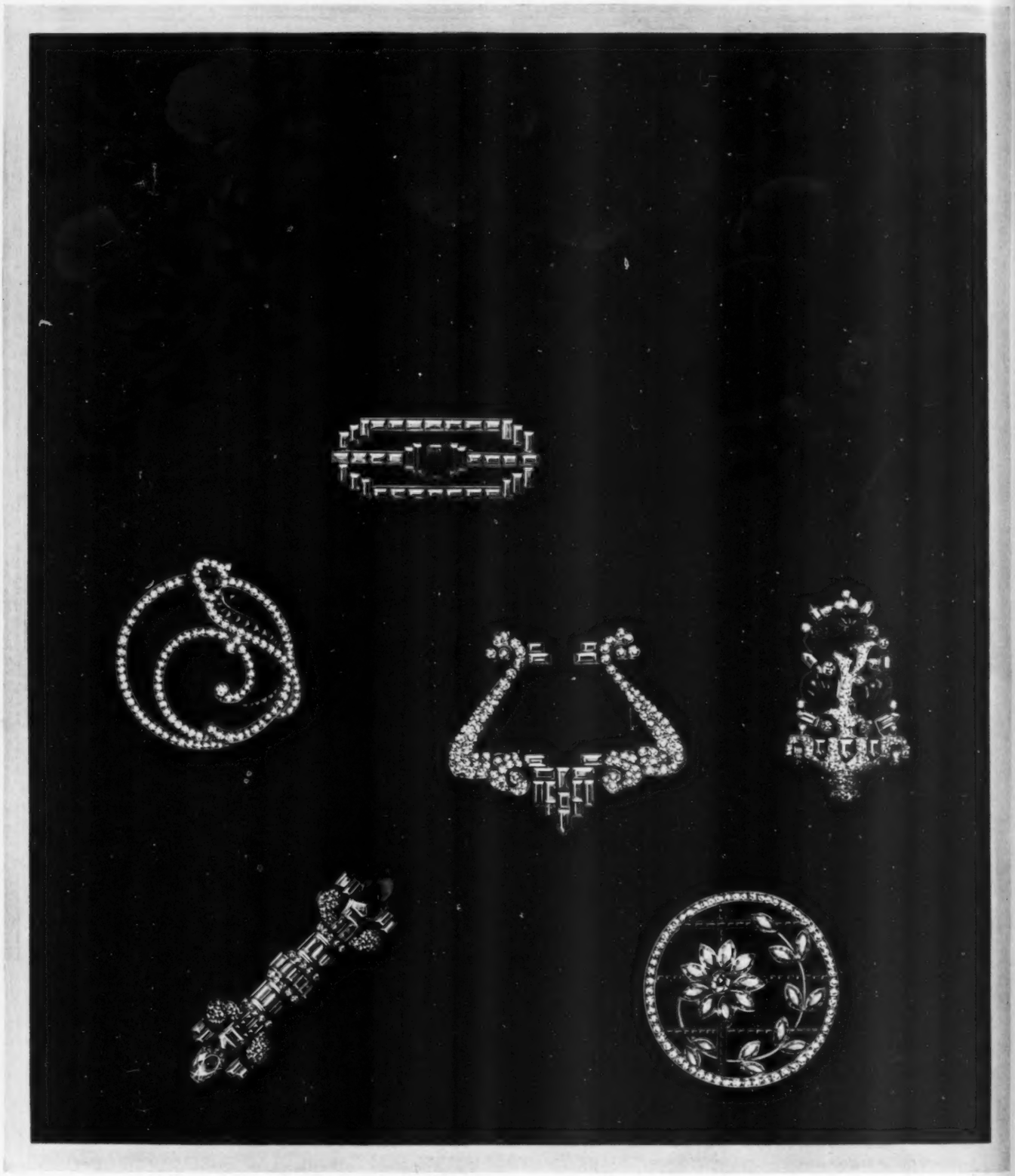
Franklin Simon & Co.

A STORE OF INDIVIDUAL SHOPS

FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

THE INDIVIDUAL SUIT SHOP FOR MADAME - - SECOND FLOOR

Entire contents copyrighted, 1930, by Franklin Simon & Co., Inc.



New brooch creations—precious stones combined with rare artistry—remarkable effects indicative of the advanced ideas of the house

J. E. CALDWELL & CO.

PHILADELPHIA

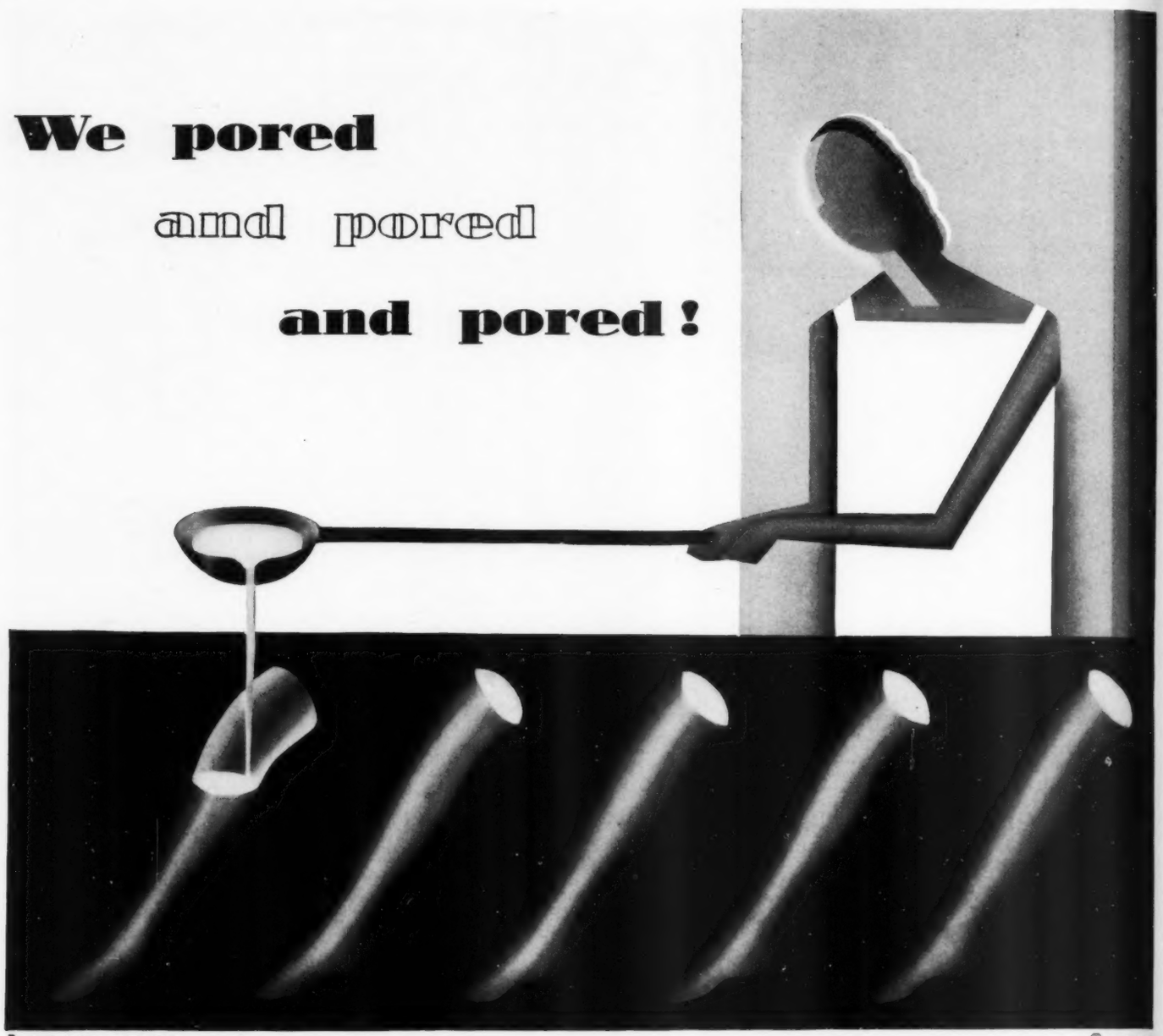
BONWIT TELLER

FIFTH AVENUE AT 38TH STREET
NEW YORK
PARIS PHILADELPHIA LONDON

Bridal gowns designed by Bonwit Teller contribute the utmost in beauty to the cherished traditions of this ever-remembered day! . . . .

Misses' Gowns . . . Sizes 12 to 20
Third Floor

We pored and pored and pored!



*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE PEND.

© B. O. CO '38

We pored and pored and pored over the subject . . . and finally decided that there are only two ways to make stockings fit everybody perfectly. One is to melt one's legs, and pour them into whatever stockings one happens to buy. Which, of course, takes time.

The other way is to do just the thing we're doing . . . after much scientific research:—designing stockings according to measurements of every type of *leg* as well as foot.

Here we have them . . . the new Gordon Individually-Proportioned Stockings* for every type of woman. You will find *your* particular type described below . . . and they will fit *both* leg and foot as if they were woven on you by the loom itself.

Gordon HOSIERY

The Gordon Petite—For the short woman with average leg measurements, the woman of average height with slim legs, or the growing girl.

The Gordon Regal—For the tall woman with average leg measurements, or the woman of average height with heavy calves or thighs.

The Gordon Princess—For the woman of average height and leg measurements, the short woman with plump legs, or the young girl with brief skirts.

The Gordon Splendide—For the thousands of women—either tall or short—who are generously proportioned throughout the lower part of the body.

Model 850— Hand-fagotting lends distinction to a tailored flat crepe blouse, copy of a Vionnet model with fitted hipline. White, vanilla, melon pink. Sizes 14 to 20x. **12.50**

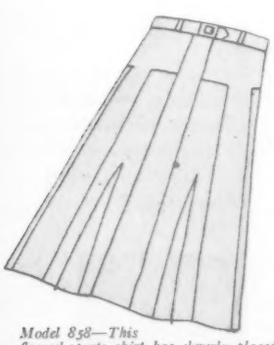
Model 851—Copy of an Augusta Bernard model, in crepe de chine, with cuffs and ruffled collar shirred in clusters. White, beige, or rose quartz. Sizes 14 to 20x. **13.95**

Model 852— Young things go a-sporting in these pin-striped zephyr sweaters, short-sleeved for comfort, with matching berets. Royal, brown or red with white. Sizes 14 to 20. Set, **12.50**

BEST'S IS THE PLACE FOR NEW SPRING BLOUSES AND KNITTED FASHIONS

Model 856—Knitted frocks follow the new silhouette in their trimly fitted lines, high belts and low flares. This double-breasted zephyr frock comes in aqua blue, beige, Castilian red or green. Sizes 14 to 20x. **19.50**

Model 857—Never too many knitted outfits for sports occasions. This zephyr two-piece frock puts a roomy inverted pleat at the back of its short-sleeved blouse. Melon, linen blue, beige or green. Sizes 14 to 20x. **22.50**



Model 858—This flannel sports skirt has cleverly placed godets to achieve its smart flaring lines. Beige, white, green or linen blue. Sizes 14 to 20x. **10.95**

Model 859—A well-fitting sports skirt in flannel wears its flare almost at the hemline. Linen blue, white, beige and green. Sizes 14 to 20x. **8.50**

MAIL ORDERS FILLED

Best & Co.

Fifth Avenue at 35th St. N. Y.
Paris Palm Beach London

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Model 853—A mannish-type blouse to wear with tailored suits comes in men's cotton shirting. Blue and white, green and white or tan and white. Sizes 14 to 20x. **3.95**

Model 854—Any suit looks smarter when one wears with it a sleeveless crepe de chine blouse with front shirring and bows. White, eggshell, Lido blue. Sizes 14 to 20x. **10.95**

Model 855—An Augusta Bernard frock inspired this flat crepe blouse with two-toned collar and front shirring. Rose quartz, vanilla or Lido blue. Sizes 14 to 20. **17.50**

FRANCES DENNEY'S GREAT GIFT TO LOVELY WOMEN

- her new -

HERBAL PREPARATIONS

Created from rare and costly herbal extractions to meet the specific beauty problems of modern women -

In presenting her new Herbal Preparations, FRANCES DENNEY reaffirms the centuries-old conviction as to the remarkable beauty-giving properties of herbal extractions.

Each of these Herbal Preparations was created by MISS DENNEY to meet a specific beauty problem—and in no sense does it replace any of the numerous other preparations distinguished by her name.

The result is that today the preparations of MISS DENNEY represent the most complete and effective system of scientific beauty treatment available to women.

If you have never used any of MISS DENNEY's Preparations, you will find these remarkable new Herbal Preparations an appropriate introduction to the scientific efforts of this gracious woman who has devoted her lifetime to the cause of Beauty.

DENNEY & DENNEY: PHILADELPHIA—NEW YORK—PARIS

HERBAL CLEANSING CREAM

INEXPRESSIBLY soft and doubly penetrating. Melts quickly with the warmth of the skin, penetrates the pores and gently removes all powder, dust, rouge and impurities. It is so mild that it can be used on the most sensitive skin—and is easily removed with cleansing tissues. $1, $2, $3.50, $6.

HERBAL SKIN TONIC

A delightful preparation needed by almost every skin. It freshens and invigorates the skin by awakening sluggish cells and by stimulating active circulation through the facial network. Herbal Skin Tonic should be patted briskly on the face after the skin has been thoroughly cleansed with MISS DENNEY'S Herbal Cleansing Cream. $1 and $2.

HERBAL OIL BLEND

One of the most nourishing preparations ever created for the skin and the underlying tissues. It is marvelous for filling out hollows and restoring youthful contour to the face. Very dry and sensitive skins respond gratefully to its soothing unguents. It is especially effectual for the face that is aging. $5.

HERBAL TEXTURE LOTION

A deep-pore liquid cleanser—wonderful for that quick freshening-up in the morning and during the day. It will be used by the ultra-fastidious woman to remove the last vestige of cleansing cream from her face, and to impart a luxurious feeling of cleanliness. $1.50 and $2.50.

HERBAL CIRCULATION MIXTURE

Perhaps the most remarkable of all MISS DENNEY'S Herbal Preparations. It is marvelously effective in brightening dull, sallow skin by developing vital circulation through the skin tissues. Only a few applications will bring the appearance of health and vitality to the most sallow skin. $3 and $5.

HERBAL THROAT AND NECK BLEND

A new preparation for bringing beauty to the throat and neck—and one of the greatest of MISS DENNEY'S contributions to women of all ages. It tightens drooping muscles and irons out lines and wrinkles. It also has valuable nourishing properties. Herbal Throat and Neck Blend should be used in conjunction with MISS DENNEY'S Special Astringent, $3 and $5.

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

BRIMS

To Flatter the New Silhouette

Diverse and deft moulding of brims feature the newest Paris hats possessing originality and elaborate chic.

AMOUREUX—by Maria Guy—with butterfly drape at back. In bakou straw, $22.50

ELONGATED BRIM—by Marie Alphonsine—a one-sided treatment, in panamalac, $30.00

FLORELLI—by Maria Guy—of porte-bonheur straw and a feather flower, $25.00

The originals were imported by Altman

FRENCH MILLINERY SALON—THIRD FLOOR

Is the tragic mark of age being written on your face?

MANY women do not realize that day by day the pitiless hand of Time is writing a tragic story on their faces. First he traces fine little lines at the corners of eyes and mouth. These lines seem harmless enough, but they lead to a cruel sequel. They mark out an easy path for deep, unsightly wrinkles. The ugly wrinkles swiftly follow, to stay and destroy your loveliness.

There is one sure way—and only one—to ward off wrinkles, to keep your face smooth, radiantly young. You must give your skin daily care, scientific care that suits your individual type of skin.

Dorothy Gray has perfected successful preparations and simple home treatments for your individual needs. These tried and tested Dorothy Gray preparations are sold at leading shops everywhere. The successful Dorothy Gray method for combating lines and wrinkles is clearly explained in the booklet which this coupon brings you.

DOROTHY GRAY

Dorothy Gray Building: 683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO WASHINGTON ATLANTIC CITY

© D. G. 1930

DOROTHY GRAY H. B.—3-30

Six Eighty-Three Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me the new Dorothy Gray booklet, "Your Dowry of Beauty." I am particularly interested in: ☐ The Treatment for Lines and Wrinkles ☐ The Treatment for Double Chin ☐ The Treatment for Relaxed Muscles and Crepy Throat.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

I. MILLER

for this spirited month of March I. Miller features

the open-shank sandal

With Spring flowers and sunshiny days just hesitating around the corner, I. Miller—as usual—anticipates the season just a little... and presents several enchanting versions of the Open-Shank Sandal.

Above we illustrate the Ronda with tiny parallel bands of contrast to make your foot look tinier... with center buckle for a clear-cut instep fit... with a higher heel to accentuate the arch. Available in Black, Blue or Parchment Kidskin with the bands in contrast... At the left, we illustrate the Basque—a De Luxe Model in beige reptile combined with brown kidskin.

I. MILLER *Beautiful Shoes*

AT ALL I. MILLER SHOPS AND AGENCIES

Line.....is the most important element in your hat.....and Dunlap is the most important specialist in Line

NAÏVETÉ . . . *of suave, smooth straw, accented with grosgrain in dozens of such adventurous color combinations as scarlet-and-navy . . . is being unpacked this minute wherever Dunlaps are sold. $18. Other Dunlap Hats $12.50 and up.*

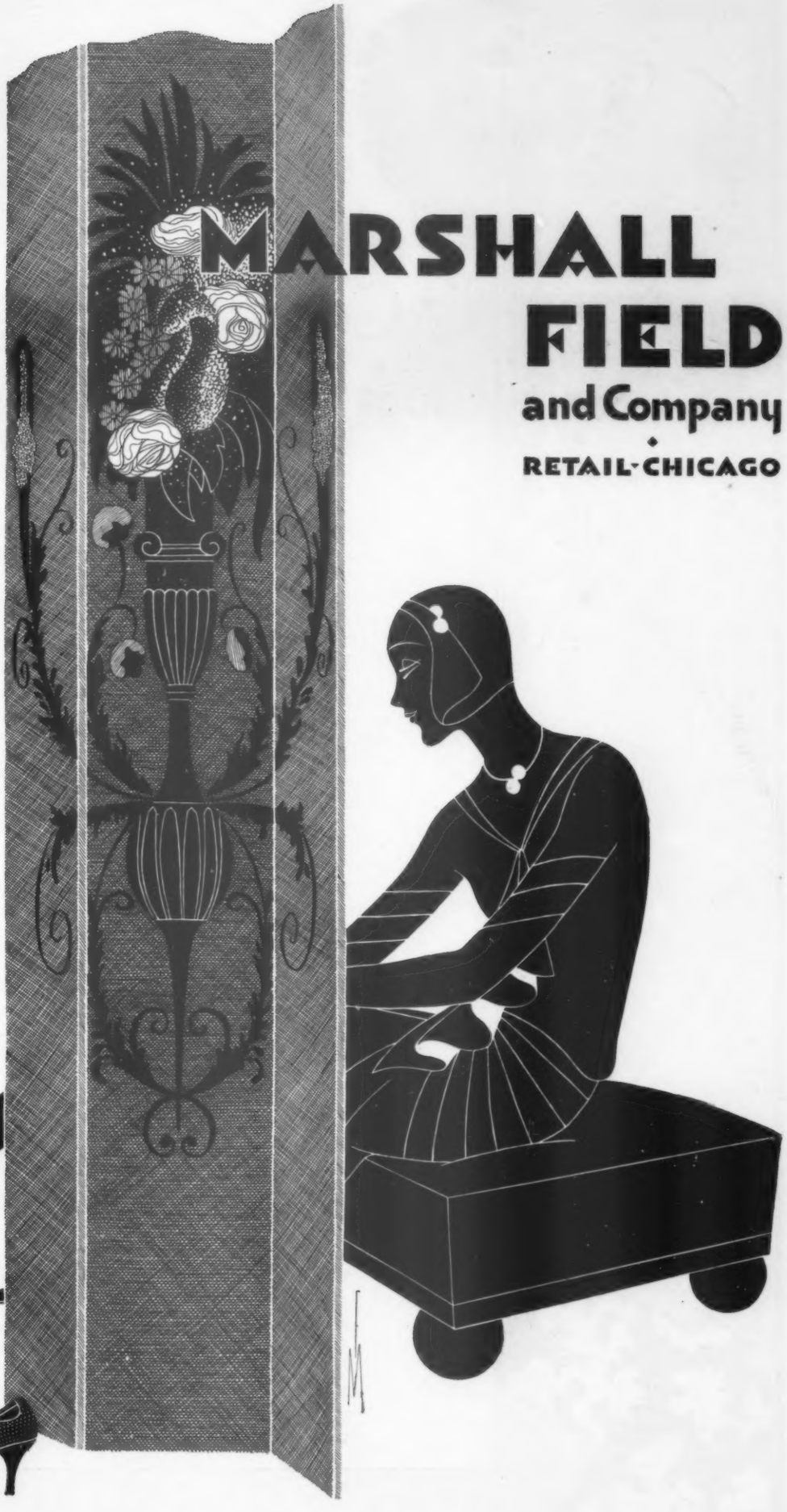
It's the utter SIMPLICITY
of this HAT
that marks it SPRING

DUNLAP . . . even as Paris . . . emphasizes clean-cut simplicity of line as the outstanding characteristic of Spring fashion. In Naïveté, with its brim tilted to reveal the end of your nose, and lengthened in one inspired curve to caress your neck and grace your cheek, this simplicity is achieved. And Naïveté has, too, that air of gay youth which stamps it instantly a Dunlap.

DUNLAP *Hats*

KASKEL & KASKEL DUNLAP: *New York, Chicago, Palm Beach. And other smart shops throughout the country. Executive offices: Dunlap & Co., 711 Fifth Avenue, New York.*

Catalog of Dunlap Riding Hats for Women sent on request



MARSHALL FIELD and Company

RETAIL · CHICAGO

Vivid young moderns whirling through recess from school . . . refreshed travelers home from Cuba, California, Italy . . . fashionably gowned women from a dozen states, in town for a wardrobe or new point of view . . . they are choosing spring shoes now, at Marshall Field's. Cool little linen things, tinted any shade; perforated kidskins in romantic spring hues; soft buckskins, white with a dark accent; indispensable lizards and watersnakes. Shoes to play, dance, walk, and be charming in; shoes to show at smart places; shoes size 3½A, that look it, and size 7, that don't.

To serve all the women of taste who come here, Field's offers a completeness of shoe fashions and sizes not elsewhere equaled. To one who likes to choose for herself this variety is irresistible. You are invited to visit the Shoe Salons.

COTTONS and LINENS
soar into fashion importance

Write to Department 17 for samples

DOTTED SWISS is a favorite this season for blouses and for romantically dainty frocks. Finest St. Gall quality with white dots on colored grounds and colored dots on white. 31 inches wide, $1.00 a yard.

VOILES have returned to favor in this era of feminine styles. Sheer, fine quality with exquisite designs and a wide range of solid colors. 39 inches wide, $1.00 to $2.50 a yard.

DIMITIES from the famous House of Liberty, London, feature gay wild flower and leaf designs. Irish Dimities have scores of dainty patterns. 32 inches wide, 75¢ a yard.

TANA LAWN from Liberty of London features many original patterns in lovely colors as well as new black and white designs. Exclusive with McCutcheon's. Fast colors. 38 inches wide, $1.25 a yard.

MAYFAIR LAWN is another delightfully soft English cotton in quaint designs and lovely colors. Washes perfectly. 38 inches wide, $1.25 a yard.

PIQUÉS in floral, leaf and geometric designs and in the new "reverse" prints. Angel pink, sky blue, eggshell, other pastels, white and dark colors in narrow and wide wale Piqués. 36 inches wide, $1.00 and $1.25 a yard.

COTTON MESH is a new entrant for smart blouses to wear with cotton, linen or woolen suits. In eggshell and the smart pastels. 36 inches wide, $1.25 a yard.

DRESS LINENS come in white, delicate pastels, the very smart "Linen Blue," black and other shades. Non-crushable. 36 inches wide, 95¢ a yard. 45 inches wide, $1.25 a yard.

PRINTED and HAND-BLOCKED LINENS make chic "country" or beach costumes. Liberty's hand-blocked Linens are indescribably lovely in their exclusive designs and soft colors. 36 inches wide, $1.50 and $1.75 a yard.

HANDKERCHIEF LINENS feature prints in florals, dots and geometrics and a wide range of the smartest pastels. 36 inches wide. Solid colors, $1.25 a yard. Prints, $1.50 and $2.25 a yard.

McCutcheon's

FIFTH AVENUE AT 49TH STREET
DEPT. 17 NEW YORK

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

LET'S BE SENSIBLE

ALL women love stockings. The modern stocking is such an illusory cobweb, who could help but be ensnared by it? * But let's be sensible. These fragile wisps of beauty are expensive. Let us indulge ourselves wisely . . . *not* buy stockings by the pair haphazardly, picking them up casually here and there to fill an unforeseen need. Let us work out a stocking budget . . . plan our colors and styles . . . buy only stockings of whose texture, fit, permanency of color, and wearing qualities we are sure. * Van Raalte is as insistent about the quality of silk that goes into its stockings . . . as insistent on perfection of texture, on the integrity of the dyes that fuse the magic of its charm . . . as it is about all those details that have identified Van Raalte with style and feminine daintiness. * The name Van Raalte means assurance. Assurance that you will find precisely the right shade for every gown . . . the shade that will enhance or complement the ensemble . . . that you will find perfect fit in the heel, the length, the foot, at the knee . . . that you will find style . . . and longevity . . . because of silk that is fresh and a texture even and fine . . . that, in short, you will find a stocking that not only fulfils every practical demand, but constantly delights you with its delicacy and beauty. * *At all good retail shops.*

"... because you love nice things"

FOR SPORTS, BUSINESS AND TOWN
Van Raalte Service . . . . Style 613. Price $2.00
Van Raalte Service Chiffon . . Style 648. Price $2.00

FOR AFTERNOON, DEBUTANTE LUNCHEON AND TEA
Van Raalte Sheer Lace Cloc[illegible] . Style 652. Price $2.00
Van Raalte Very Sheer Chiffon . Style 650. Price $2.00

FOR EVENING AND THOSE VERY SPECIAL OCCASIONS
The Van Raalte Ingrain . . . { Style 668. Price $3.00 / Style 698. Price $3.50

VAN RAALTE

Stockings
Underthings
Gloves

ANNOUNCING MILGRIM in the FISHER BUILDING, DETROIT

MILGRIM now opens its own shop in the city of Detroit, in the impressive Fisher Building, where the dignity and distinction of the New York store can be duplicated with the greatest possible effectiveness. To these exquisitely appointed Salons fashionable women of Detroit may look for that highly Personalized Service which is everywhere associated with the name Sally Milgrim

MILGRIM

GOWNS · SUITS · WRAPS · HATS · FURS · SHOES

NEW YORK CHICAGO CLEVELAND DETROIT MIAMI BEACH

DRAWING BY CAROLYN EDMUNDSON

OFFICIAL FORECAST: VOGUE FOR DEEP TAN CONTINUING THROUGHOUT SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES AND SOUTHERN FRANCE MOVING NORTH WITH INCREASING INTENSITY AS TEMPERATURE RISES . . . HEAVY PRESSURE ON STEHLI'S BASQUE BRONZE COLOURS IN ALL AREAS AFFECTED . . . CONDITIONS ALOFT OVERCAST WITH CLOUDS OF NAVY BLUE FLAT CREPE.

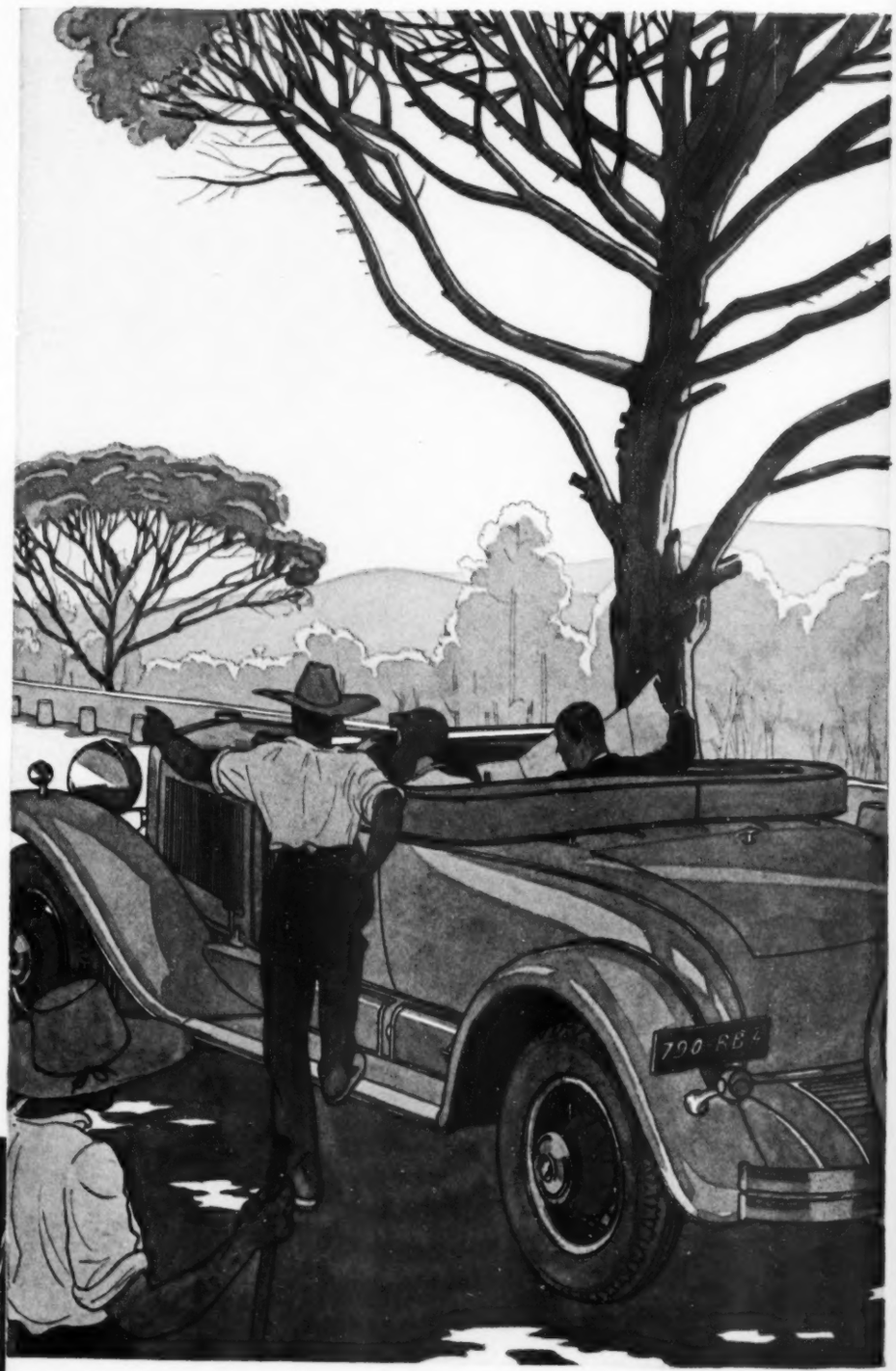
Stehli Silks

Copyright 1930, by Stehli Silks Corporation, 200 Madison Avenue, New York: Paris: London: Zurich.

YOU CAN BUY STEHLI SILKS BY THE YARD — OR ALREADY MADE UP IN THE DRESSES AND ENSEMBLES FEATURED BY SMART SHOPS

Every Conceit in Graceful Harmony

When looking over the new Cadillacs observe that every conceit is in graceful harmony, from the leather cigarette cases and cordless lighters to the dainty imported clocks that tick merrily along for eight days without attention . . . ¶ Observe the good taste of the upholstery—the subtle handling of rich, luxurious mohairs, broadcloths, and velours. These fabrics are woven exclusively for Cadillac . . . ¶ In taking the wheel, you will instantly note the easy flow of power. What a feeling of confidence to drive so majestic a car with so little effort. You can shift gears at any speed (from high to second, if necessary) without the slightest suggestion of clashing—a feat which makes it possible to ease your way through congested traffic with very little effort . . . ¶ Cadillac has the finest type of eight-cylinder performance. With such power and responsiveness at your command, you can drive with the wind and like the wind with never a thought of fear for your safety.



cadillac

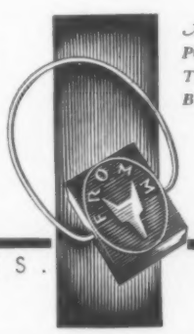
Cadillac Motor Car Company, Division of General Motors

FROMM *Pedigreed* SILVER FOXES

THESE ARE THE CROWN JEWELS OF THE REALM OF FURS—AND ARE AS RARE AS ARE THE DIADEMS OF ANY REGAL LINE. A PURE BREEDING STRAIN AND THE HIGH TRADITIONS OF TWENTY-ONE YEARS OF ACCOMPLISHMENT HAVE GIVEN FROMM PEDIGREED SILVER FOXES A BEAUTY, SOFTNESS, FULLNESS AND SILKINESS NOT TO BE FOUND IN ANY OTHER PELTS.

This year, there are only 4,000 Silver Fox pelts in all the world worthy to bear the mark of Fromm. Remove the medallion from the scarf you purchase, return it to Fromm Bros. and receive a pedigree certificate describing the scarf you have purchased, as well as instructions for caring for the scarf. Send the coupon... now... for booklet about silver foxes . . . and for the name of a retailer near you who will show you Fromm Pedigreed Silver Foxes.

Every genuine Fromm Pedigreed Silver Fox bears this medallion, attached to the pelt at the furring ranch. Each medallion bears a number identifying the pedigree of the fox. Be sure this medallion is intact, sealed by fine silk-covered wire, on the scarf you buy. You remove it and return it to Fromm Bros. for pedigree certificate.



MAIL COUPON FOR INTERESTING BOOKLET

FROMM BROS., H-3-30
Hamburg, Wisconsin.

Gentlemen:

Send me booklet on Fromm Pedigreed Silver Foxes. This entails no obligation on my part.

Name_____

Address_____

FROMM BROS. • HAMBURG • WIS.

WINGAIT
MADE BY I. MILLER

WINGAIT WALKING SHOES

Created by America's Foremost Stylist

Sold only by I. Miller Shops and Agencies

Your last compromise! Smartness and comfort are at last combined in this newest walking shoe. Today—throughout the country—women will welcome WINGAIT—developed by the same master craftsman who has made I. Miller Beautiful Shoes famous. With new features of comfort and freedom for busy feet. And quite as important, with new refinements that make smartness a reality . . . WINGAIT is a Cuban heel, light-welt shoe, in a variety of modish patterns . . . For shopping, travelling, walking and for all day wear. Visit an I. Miller Shop or Agency today. Let the fitters show you how WINGAIT is constructed. How pliant is the special Kangola leather . . . how soft . . . how thoughtful of your comfort . . . And how flattering to beauty-loving feet.

SOLD BY I. MILLER SHOPS AND AGENCIES

KANGOLA LEATHER
for the promotion of foot happiness

The remarkable ability of Kangola to allow for ventilation through the natural pores of the leather adds immeasurably to the maintenance of normal, healthful foot condition. Besides this outstanding feature, Kangola Leather holds its shape loyally, adding smartness to any shoe. It will not wrinkle, it will not scuff, and through long months of wear, its sheen—its delightful depth of tone—grows even more charming.

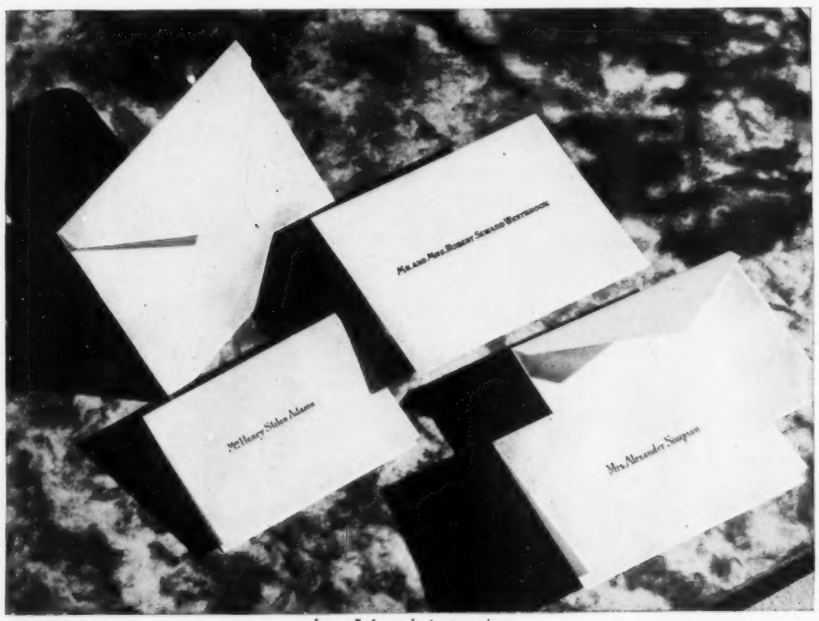
WINGAIT DIVISION . . . . I. MILLER & SONS, INC.
LONG ISLAND CITY, NEW YORK

Surprising indeed is the unexpected wear provided by Windsor . . . no matter how sheer the stocking. Surprising too . . . the clearness of Windsor texture . . . every stocking as clear and even as a coat of suntan . . . Seen in the newest Paris shades at the smarter Shops and Stores . . . in extra sheer chiffons to medium service weights . . .

Windsor

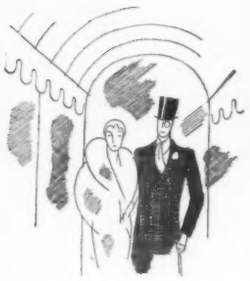
FINE HOSIERY

WINDSOR MILLS, INC. - 389 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK - 2ND AND WESTMORELAND STREETS, PHILADELPHIA



Ivory Informals in two sizes

Ivory Informals turned to their charming uses



For the woman whose busy days are crowded with task after social task, Crane's Ivory Informals were created. They simplify tremendously the issuing of invitations. Quickly, even hastily written, they yet retain the note of personal interest that is so highly valued.

One is bidden to the little dinner, the box party, the Sunday night affair by Ivory Informals. Invitations to the smaller tea and bridge go out upon them. For the brief acknowledgment they serve again. The debutante uses them for her innumerable thank-you notes. Both engagements and births are announced upon them. They frequently appear as place cards, while for writing the brief message one wishes to send with a gift or with flowers they are ideal.

As invitations, their friendly graciousness reveals a spontaneity sometimes wanting in the severe dignity of the strictly formal invitation. They speak flatteringly of the intimate group which meets for pure enjoyment.

Ivory informals duplicate one's visiting card exactly, except that they are of lighter weight, and have additional writing surface. They may be seen wherever Crane's fine papers are sold. Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass.

Crane's
Fine Writing Papers

GUERLAIN

LIU

(PRONOUNCED LYOU) A NEW PERFUME

THIRTY DOLLARS

PARIS • 68 CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES — MONTREAL • 60 CRAIG ST. W. — NEW YORK • 578 MADISON AVE.

GUERLAIN PERFUMES ARE BLENDED AND SEALED IN PARIS AND SOLD ONLY IN THE ORIGINAL BOTTLES

"BEAUTY THAT RIVALED THAT GLORIOUS ENGLISH DAY"

"Both Dee and her youngest (and by the way, she is now eighteen) were in that inevitable top rail row that is usually dominated by our younger sisters. If she had only affected just a bit more adolescent boredom I should never have detected her. For, true to England, both mother and daughter had complexions that rivaled that glorious English day for clear, fresh beauty."

—From the letters of an English traveler at home.

There is a new and lasting freshness for your skin in this English complexion treatment

FOR THE clear and natural freshness of her skin, for her vibrant color, the English woman is famous throughout the world. It is significant that she uses only a few cosmetics. But it is more significant that those few are invariably the best—Yardley's.

Yardley's English Complexion Cream, Yardley's English Lavender Soap, Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder—here is her effective beauty treatment. Yardley's soap is for the initial cleansing of her face. Yardley's Complexion Cream follows, to coax out any lingering bits of imbedded dust. Then Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder to protect the new and lovely freshness of her skin. Soft, cooling, smooth, and delicately scented, it heightens the natural radiance of her beauty. English Complexion Cream is also a nourishing cream for use at night and a foundation cream for powder. Used as a powder base, it is to be put on liberally and then *washed off in water.* Just enough remains to retain your powder perfectly.

Use Yardley's faithfully. Your mirror will reveal to you a new beauty—sure and poised, but at the same time, unstudied, the sort of beauty that has always been the preference of the gentlewoman. You will find these three Yardley toiletries at your favorite store. Send for our new booklet, "Complexions with an English Accent." It is free. Yardley & Co., Ltd., 8 New Bond Street, London; 452 Fifth Avenue at Fortieth Street, New York City. Also Toronto and Paris.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H. R. H.

THE PRINCE OF WALES

Yardley's English Complexion Cream, to cleanse, nourish and protect your skin. It is also used as a powder foundation, and can be washed away with water. In an exquisitely designed jar, $1.50.

Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder in four skilfully blended shades to accentuate the charm of your own coloring. The price is $1.

Yardley's English Lavender Soap for bath and complexion. Bland, cooling, cleansing, refreshing. Box of 3 cakes, $1, *or* 35c *a cake. Guest size,* 20c *a cake. Bath size,* 50c *a cake.*

Yardley's English Lavender

"The Lovable Fragrance"

THE NEW "SHAGMOOR" TOPCOATS

Ensemble Beautifully With Any Frock

YOU Can Wear a "Shagmoor" with Any of Your Various Frocks. It Is the Best Way of Attaining Beauty, Variety and Economy in Your Ensembles This Season... The Nationally Famous, Socially Favoured and Utterly Exclusive "Shagmoor" Topcoats Are Readily Distinguishable by Their Soft, Handsome Fabrics, New, Dashing Patterns, Colours and Silhouettes, and Incomparably Smart Tailoring...Securable at the Most Fashionable Stores Throughout the United States and Canada.

THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPHIC "SHAGMOOR" BOOKLET FREE ON REQUEST

Created Exclusively by The House of Shagmoor (Linder Bros.), 498 Seventh Ave., New York
...in Canada: The House of Shagmoor, 2050 Bleury Street, Montreal

A bridge set, in blue glazed leather, which contains four numbers, two gold pencils, and cards and score pads for two tables. The set is also available in many other colors.

A bridge set, in glazed green calf, with white jade insert and gold-tooled borders. The set contains cards and score pads for two tables, and two gold pencils.

YOUR CARD TABLE SHOULD BE AS PERFECTLY APPOINTED AS YOUR DINNER TABLE

A case, in tan cowhide, which contains cards, chips and other accessories for poker. The case is also available in brown, black and a variety of colors.

CONTRACT . . . poker . . . auction . . . it doesn't matter what you play. But when civilized people sit down at cards together, certain civilized amenities should be observed. The table . . . the cards . . . the chips or scoring pads . . . all should be marked with correct taste and restrained elegance. And conspicuous among these appointments, cases and containers of fine leather lend an added note of quiet luxury.

People accustomed to the better things of life have found the selection of these cases relatively a simple matter. They govern their choice by the presence of a tiny golden keystone R. That imprint, placed upon every article of fine leather manufactured by C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., of Philadelphia, is an infallible method of knowing which are the best gifts . . . the mark of a noble tradition.

Eighty years ago, the founder of this organization formulated policies which were to direct the later development of the business. Craftsmanship would be of a high order. The finest materials, and only the finest, would be employed. And not until each article was as nearly perfect as consummate skill and talent could make it, would it be counted ready for use. . . . Deviations from these high standards have never been tolerated.

TRADE R MARK

C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., manufacture fine leather articles of every description, excepting luggage. They may be had at the better jewelers, department stores, stationers, and leather goods stores.

A bridge set, in glazed green calf, with white jade insert and gold-tooled borders. The set contains two packs of cards, a gold pencil and a score pad.

C. F. RUMPP & SONS, INC.

By Invitation Member

PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK

ESTABLISHED IN 1850

Will Foster painted the lower illustration for Pierce-Arrow in 1912. Eighteen years later, Mr. Foster pictures the same scene (alongside) with 1930 models of the same kind of girls, the same kind of car.

Three New Groups

of Straight Eights by Pierce-Arrow

IN FOUR NEW WHEELBASES

HAVING created a Straight Eight line of such rare symmetry as to utterly outmode its field, Pierce-Arrow has gone brilliantly farther in a new series of fine car developments.

The new models are in three groups and four new wheelbases, three of which are longer. All are of delightfully increased spaciousness within . . all are in the custom manner, with appointments of a beautiful and distinguished modernness . . all share the slender, low-swung, patrician grace so truly and exclusively *Pierce-Arrow*.

And these new and ultra-modern Pierce-Arrows are as richly endowed mechanically:

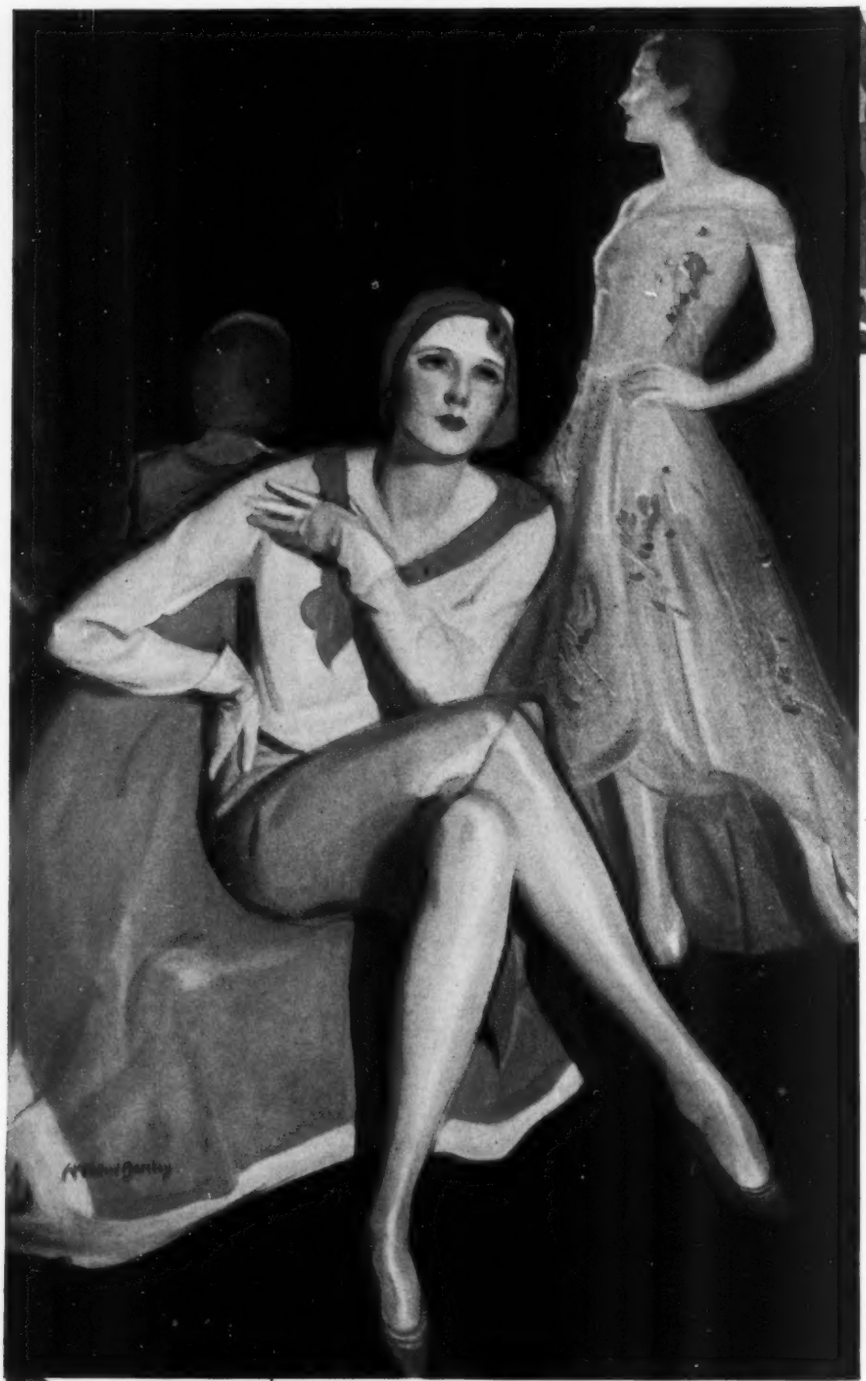
With gears which silently and easily shift *at any speed* . . with an "intermediate" that operates with the smoothness and swiftness of ordinary high . . with a wheel which handles with magical ease . . with super-safety brakes, non-shatterable glass, low gravity centers, hydraulic shock absorbers, etc. . . these latest models embrace every device known to the engineering of fine motor cars and *worthy of Pierce-Arrow adoption.*

In the purchase of a car from income, the average allowance on a good used car usually more than covers the initial Pierce-Arrow payment.

NEW PIERCE-ARROW PRICES . . at Buffalo . . From $2695 to $6250

(Other Custom-built Models up to $10,000)

PIERCE-ARROW



SOFT and SUBTLE SHADES for Spring

"But decidedly, silk hosiery colors must play a subdued note in the ensemble this Spring," the grand couturiers of Paris told Mlle. Julie Bolegard, resident stylist for Humming Bird Full Fashioned Hosiery.

And so—after viewing galaxies of gowns and wraps, shoes and gloves, all impeccably correct—Mlle. Bolegard developed the new Humming Bird shades, making them harmonious undertones in the sartorial symphony. Thanks to her efforts, Humming Birds effect a charming silhouette against even the most "trying" of the season's colors.

In texture and style, Humming Birds are *deliberately* self-effacing—sheer and shadowless, with self-colored heels of modern, but not modernistic, line.

Five styles, moderately priced, are sold in stores of the better class.

Among our individual color creations for Spring, are:

Nymph—delicate rose cream for wear with pale sand beige.

Sand Brown—warm and roseate, for the new mauve brown.

Solay—rosy beige of wide application.

Spring Time—subtle pale pink for black-and-whites, light apricot, natural flesh.

Summer Tan—a new note in the Sun Tan gamut.

N961

Humming Bird
FULL FASHIONED HOSIERY

DAVENPORT HOSIERY MILLS, Inc., *Chattanooga, Tenn.*

NEW YORK OFFICE . . . . . *385 Fifth Avenue*

COPYRIGHT 1930, DAVENPORT HOSIERY MILLS, INC.

Voila! a stunning trio of

ALEXANDRE GLOVES

"The smartly gloved hand is the hand of fashion this season. As costume styles are growing more delicately feminine, fantaisie gloves in every degree of formality are chief accessories of new Paris fashions — absolutely essential to elegance. Each ensemble will have its accompanying gloves made of finest skins, exquisitely fitted and decorated."

Marie Lelong

—Designed by

LUCIEN LELONG

WHO but Lucien Lelong could achieve such consummate chic through simplicity? . . . Who but a master of line would dare cut a glove top unevenly that it might follow the contour of the arm more gracefully? . . . or slash the cuff of a jaunty slip-on that it might add a more dashing note to a Spring tailleur . . .

"Made in the Heart of Paris"
This is the Crest of Alexandre that you will find in each of these couturier versions of the smart 8-button slip-on.

To all that Lelong contributes in the unusual and appealing fashion, exquisitely fitted, Alexandre adds in beauty of workmanship and fineness of French leathers . . . characteristics that have appealed to generations of gentlewomen.

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY
Wholesale — Sole Distributers
CHICAGO NEW YORK

BEHOLD, HOW FAIR A FOUNDATION FOR YOUR SMART SPRING CLOTHES —THE DUO-SETTE IN SUPREMELY LOVELY NEW VERSIONS OF PLIANT EMBROIDERED NETS! SO CLEVERLY CUT AND STITCHED, BONED SO INVISIBLY AND LIGHTLY —THE DUO-SETTE IS A SECRET BETWEEN YOUR FIGURE AND EVEN THE MOST FITTED OF FROCKS!

DUO·SETTE

LILY OF FRANCE

GRACIOUSLY CURVED IS THE BUST, ENVIABLY SLENDER THE WAIST— YET THE DUO-SETTE IS AS SOFT IN YOUR HAND AS FINE LINGERIE!

AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE. CREATED BY LILY OF FRANCE CORSET CO. AT 1115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Milgrim took her inspiration for this dance frock from the flower print on dark ground of Celanese Permanent Moire

NEW YORK'S OWN COUTURE

Find Their Inspiration in Celanese

On the Avenue in the fifties, and "where Fifth Avenue turns West" at 57th Street, New York's own couture have discovered the genius that abides in Celanese Fabrics. Their lovely textures, vivacious colorings, and versatility make them worthy allies of the cleverest creative talent. Equally, too, their unique practical qualities make them a perfect medium for the smart expression of every type of apparel, from sportswear to evening gowns.

CELANESE *Fabrics*

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Celanese yarns, fabrics and articles are made of synthetic products manufactured exclusively by the Celanese Corporation of America, 180 Madison Avenue, New York City

The Brilliant New
PERFUMED MANICURE

BY THE CREATIVE GENIUS OF THE PERFUME WORLD

THE ROMANCE of perfume—an incomparably lovelier manicure—now enhance the charm of beautiful hands.

Coty Perfumed Manicure Polish is a brilliant achievement in natural lasting lustre, perfumed in harmony with the flattering softness of the new feminine modes. Grooms the fingertips to sparkling perfection that lasts delightfully for days.

A complete series of Coty Perfumed Manicure Essentials—gentler, beauty-bringing Coty oils, unguents and rarest perfume. And to complement this brilliant new manicure mode the Coty Perfumed Manicure Ensemble presented in Removable Fitted Dressing Table Trays—refillable. At the better Drug and Department Stores.

PERFUMED MANICURE POLISH
COTY

Coty Perfumed Manicure Polish—$1
3 smart shades, Clear, Medium, Deep.
Polish and Solvent Combination—$1.50

COTY, 714 *Fifth Avenue, New York*
PLACE VENDOME – PARIS

The Blue Moon trademark is the symbol of distinctive hosiery, and an inspiration to those whose painstaking craftsmanship maintains the high Blue Moon standards of quality.

©1930 L.G.Co.

The preference for Blue Moon Silk Stockings is founded on the satisfaction of wearers. It is their enthusiastic endorsement, rather than any words of ours, that has made Blue Moon Hosiery the favorite of discriminating women . . . Let us suggest that you, too, try Blue Moon Silk Stockings for your next pair . . . and learn by your own experience the hidden quality that has given Blue Moon its high reputation.

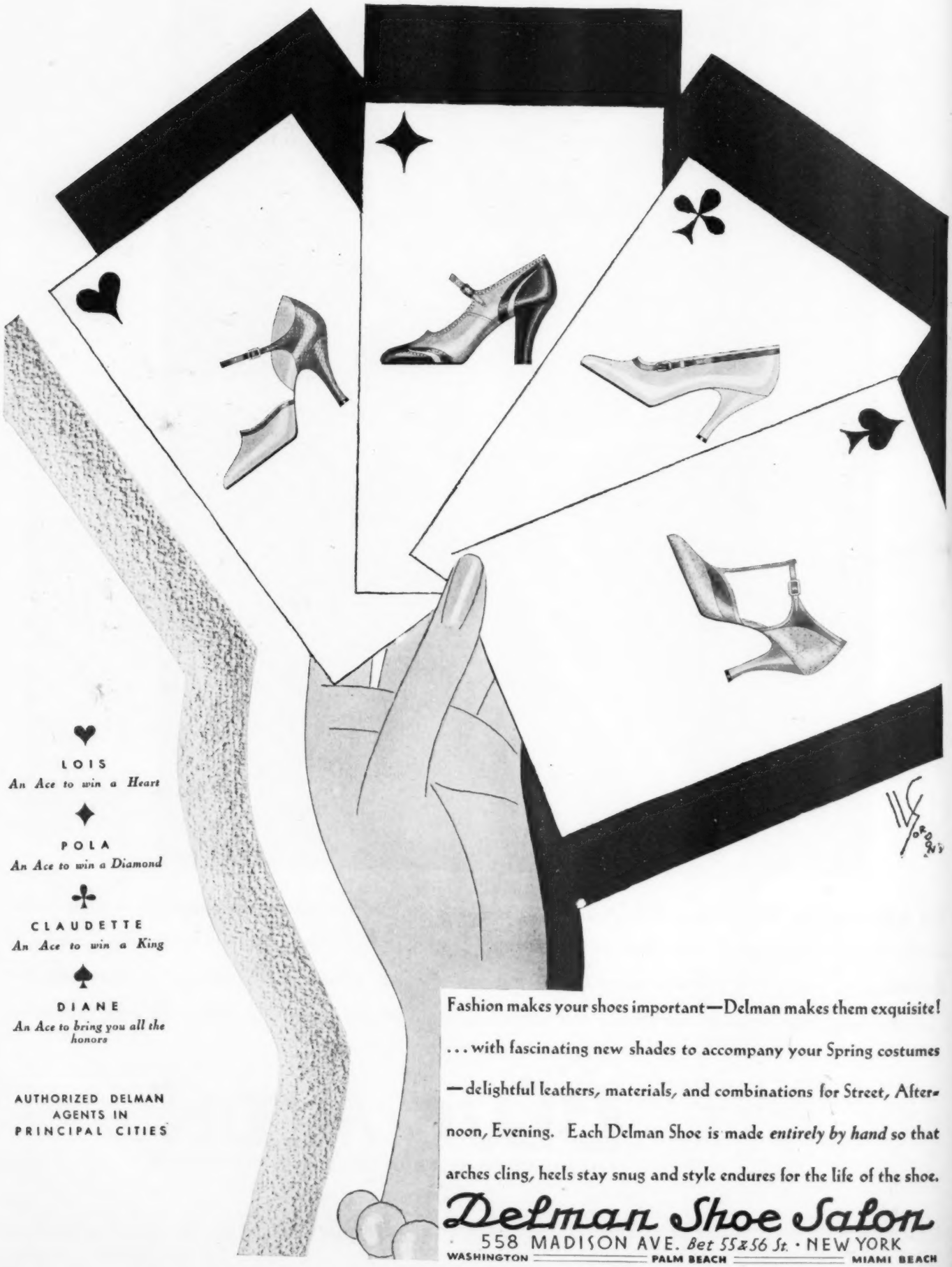
Largman, Gray Co., 389 Fifth Avenue, New York

BLUE MOON

AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL FULL FASHIONED

Silk Stockings

Delman aces in the Mode for SPRING



♥ LOIS
An Ace to win a Heart

♦ POLA
An Ace to win a Diamond

♣ CLAUDETTE
An Ace to win a King

♠ DIANE
An Ace to bring you all the honors

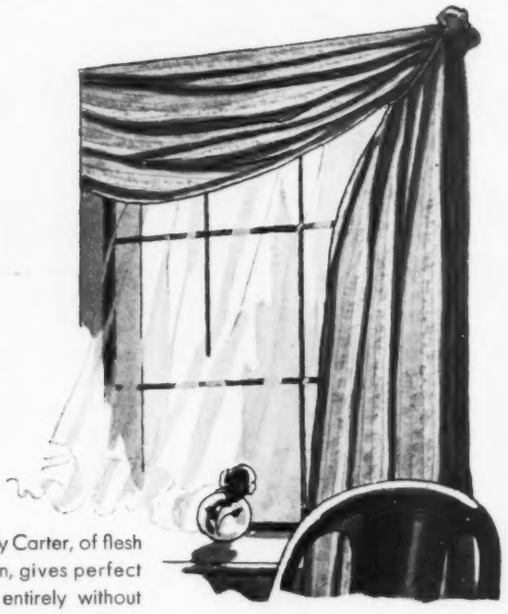
AUTHORIZED DELMAN AGENTS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Fashion makes your shoes important—Delman makes them exquisite! . . . with fascinating new shades to accompany your Spring costumes—delightful leathers, materials, and combinations for Street, Afternoon, Evening. Each Delman Shoe is made *entirely by hand* so that arches cling, heels stay snug and style endures for the life of the shoe.

Delman Shoe Salon
558 MADISON AVE. *Bet 55 & 56 St.* · NEW YORK
WASHINGTON — PALM BEACH — MIAMI BEACH

Bois Dormant
HOUBIGANT
Bois Dormant
"ENCHANTED WOODLAND"
PARFUM TRÉS MODERNE
Its irresistible fragrance will endure long after memory of its application has departed . . . bewitching, charming.
PRICED AT $5, $9 AND $16 THE FLACON
PURSE SIZE $1.00 . . . FACE POWDER $1.00
HOUBIGANT
PARIS

A RAYON VIEW OF THE MODE

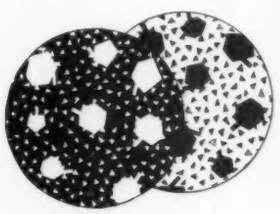


Jade green transparent rayon velvet makes a slim wrap with cleverly cut elbow space. Worn over a fluttering, diagonally flounced gown of soft rayon lace in the same green. Dress and wrap from Kurzman

"Mouldette" by Carter, of flesh colored rayon, gives perfect princess lines entirely without the use of bones. Just as light and washable as a piece of lingerie. Detachable garters. From Best & Company

Ombre striped shiki by the Hadlee Silk Mills. A luxurious modern rayon material that drapes beautifully while subtly combining in its vertical stripes a dozen tones of brown, blue and gray. From Lord & Taylor

Bergdorf Goodman uses the dull side of a red and white silk and rayon satin print for the tuck-in blouse and skirt yoke of this piquant costume. The smart circular skirt is of fine, white wool crepella



"Twin Prints," in a smart modern pattern of softest rayon, can be variously adapted for skirt and blouse or dress and coat lining ensembles. Duplan Silk Corp.

Jay-Thorpe offers an intriguing evening slipper of lovely antique gold rayon with a flower pattern in subtle tones of blue, green and henna. Trimmed in gold kid

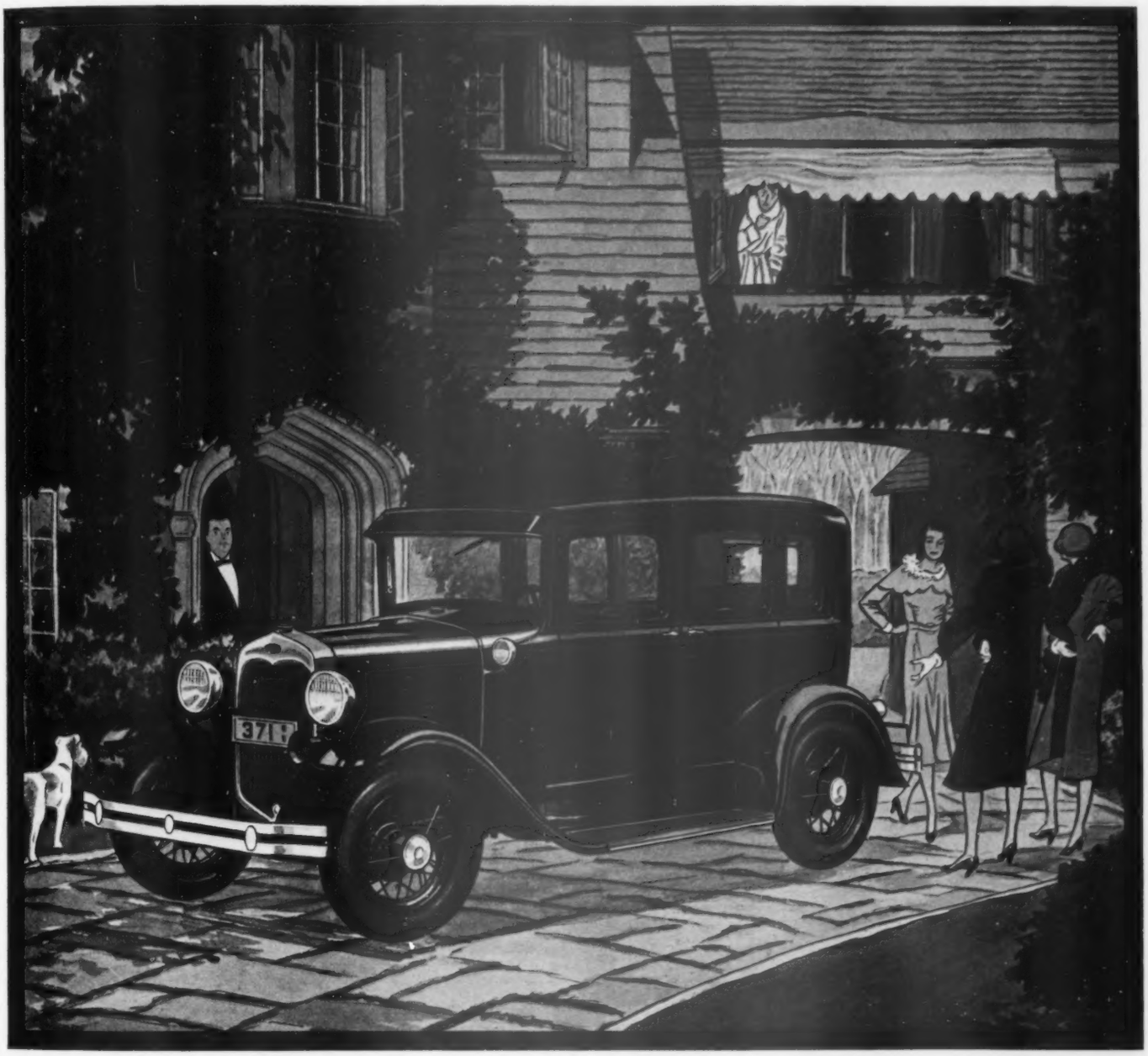
The three graces of fashion—beauty, dependability, and economy—account for the brilliant success of rayon . . . Man-made. Modern. With the soft sheen the new romantic fashions demand. And the clear jewel-like colors that cannot be equaled in the older fabrics.

Every smart woman wears rayon and uses rayon, either by itself or in combination with wool, cotton or silk . . . From your slim underthings to your newest velvet evening wrap, in your latest traveling case, in your curtains and upholstery—rayon plays a vital part.

RAYON

RAYON INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, INC., 2 PARK AVE., NEW YORK CITY

New Beauty for the New Ford



THE NEW FORD TOWN SEDAN

NEW ROOMY BODIES . . NEW STREAMLINES . . NEW COLORS . . NEW RADIATOR . . NEW FENDERS . . NEW WHEELS . . NEW RUSTLESS STEEL . . NEW UPHOLSTERY.

NOW, MORE THAN EVER, THE NEW FORD IS A "VALUE FAR ABOVE THE PRICE."

Ford

Voila! NEW ONYX SILK STOCKINGS · · IN SUNPLEXION

Registration Applied For

SHADES *as created by Mme. Helena Rubinstein*

Now, it's just as easy to obey Fashion's command: —"Match your silk stockings to your face and arms"— as it is to choose an invisible face powder! Onyx here tells you how!

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN
Famous Beauty Specialist —who Created Powder Shades which Onyx has Matched in Silk Stockings!

Onyx-Mauresque— *for Pale Blondes*
Onyx-Gypsy Tan— *for Golden Blondes*
Onyx-Ochre— *for Medium Brunettes*
Onyx-Dixie Tan— *for Dark Brunettes*

YOU want to be smartly stockinged —in accord with Fashion's decree. Onyx—by reproducing in Silk Stockings Helena Rubinstein's famous face powder tints—makes this easy! For, among the many attractive new Onyx shades for Spring, are four—outstandingly exquisite—called "Sunplexion"* —keyed perfectly to match fashionable "outdoor" complexions. These Stockings actually reproduce the subtle nuances of Helena Rubinstein's face powders. They will match your favorite kind of face powder, too. They go stunningly with white shoes and all the new costume colors! Nothing quite like such exquisite gradation of stocking color has ever before been attempted! Here are exact tones, not only for the blonde and the brunette, but for pale—and golden—blondes; also medium—and dark—brunettes! Sunplexion* Shades come with small square heels, also Pointex heels; in chiffon and service weights. $1.15 to $2.95. Ask for them at good stores.

ONYX *Silk Stockings*

*Sunplexion Registration Applied For

ONYX HOSIERY, INC. 389 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

© ONYX, 1930.

ART IN FOOTWEAR

The "Veda" . . . of Suntan Beige Kid with complementary colored trim . . . is just one of the many new Peacock Shoe creations for spring.

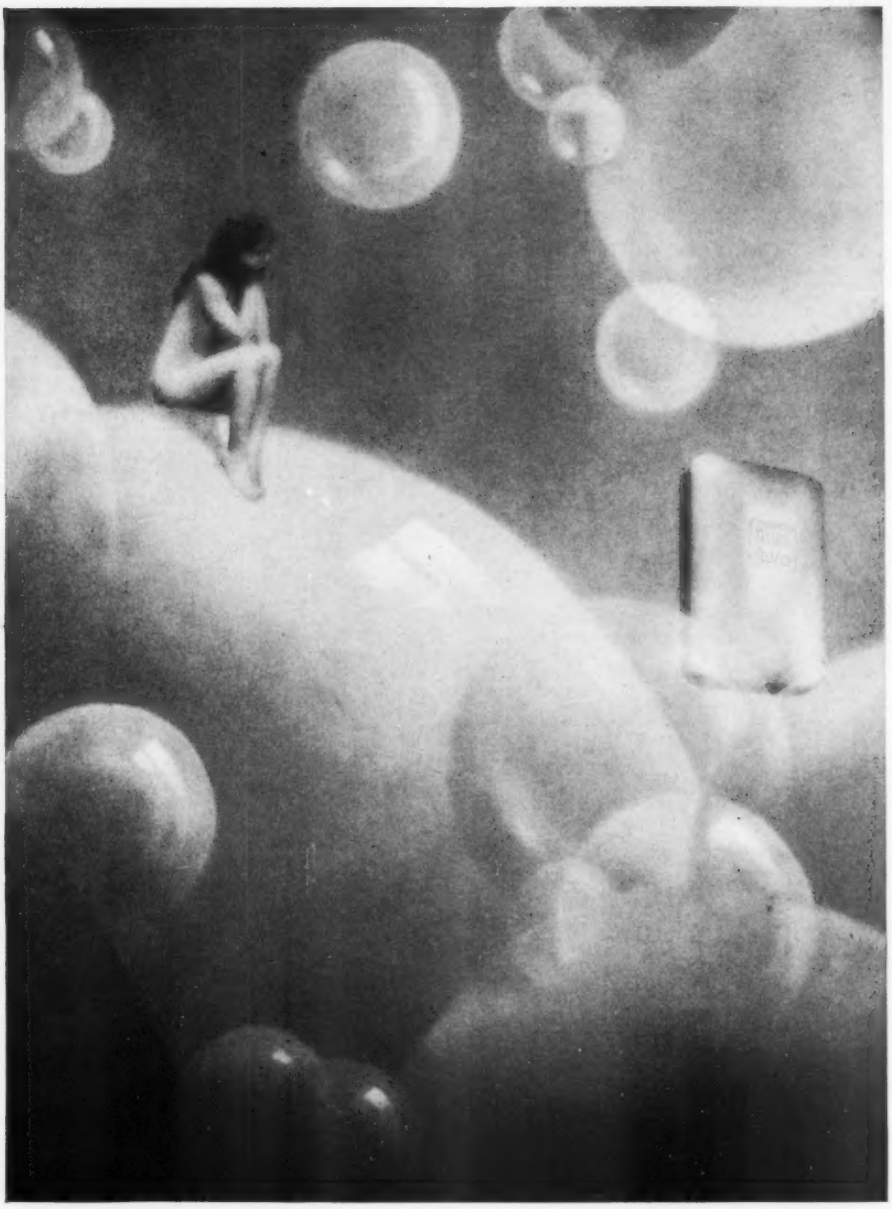
Every type of heel, from the very low to the extremely high, may be had in Peacock Hi-Arch, Narrow-Heel Shoe creations.

PEACOCK SHOES are famous for their faultless style . . . their exclusive Hi-Arch, Narrow-Heel combination . . . and their perfect harmonizing with every type of costume or ensemble. Ten Dollars to Twenty-Five . . . Many Smart Styles at Ten to Twelve-Fifty.

PEACOCK SHOES

PEACOCK SHOE SHOPS AND DEPARTMENTS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

BY BOYD-WELSH



From the Sunny Slopes of Southern France

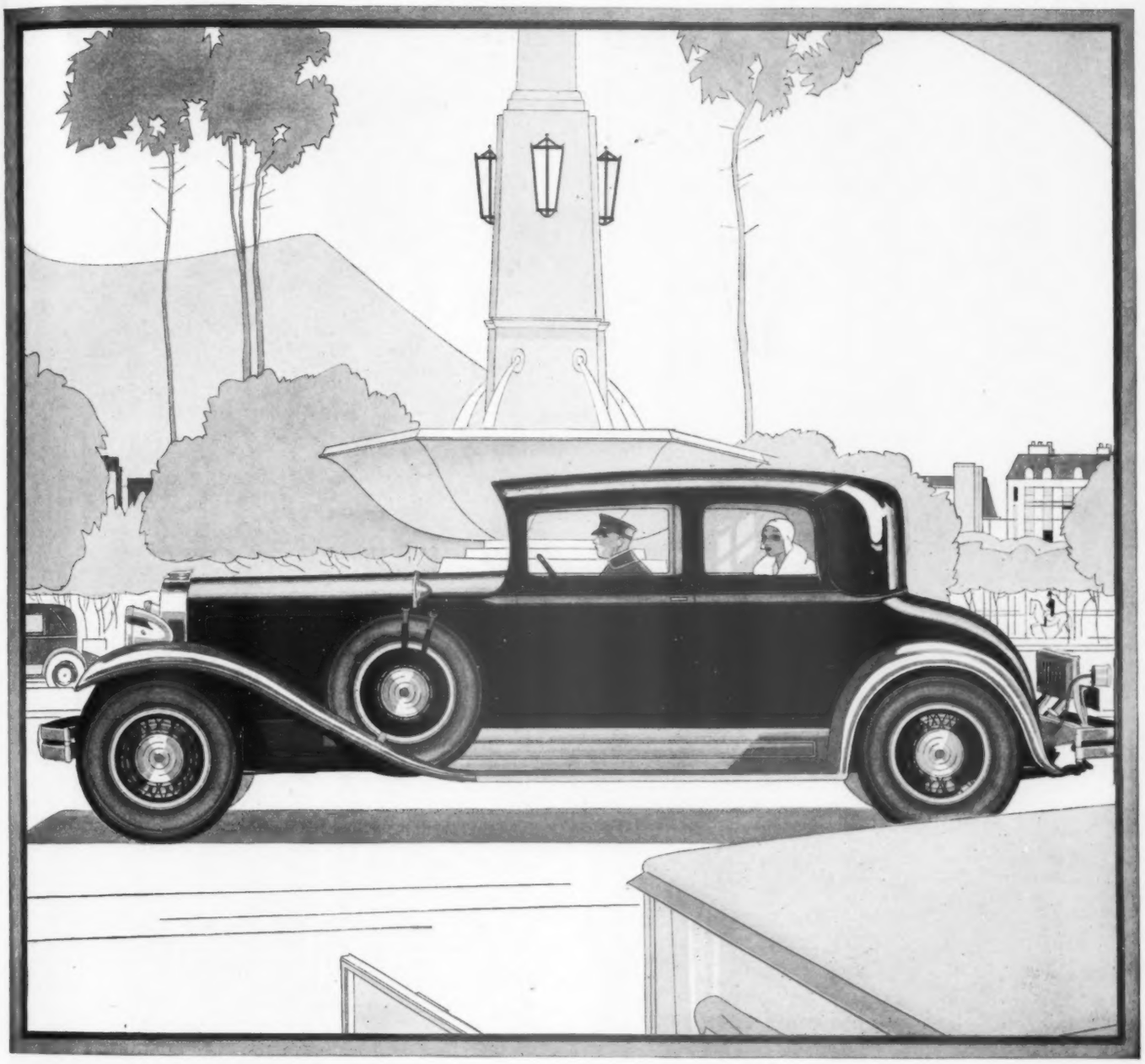
come the fragrant blossoms that so delicately perfume Lanchere Blue Rose Soap. Yet the satiny "feel" of this fine soap . . . the quick richness of its warm bubbles . . . its long, lasting quality (due to "ageing") are, perhaps, more truly characteristic of this dainty toilet requisite than its charming scent. A favorite of those who guard their beauty by exercising extreme care in the selection of everything they put on their skin . . . it is milled of only the very finest ingredients available.

Lanchère

FINE SOAPS

BLUE ROSE + AMERICE

+ SAVON DU JOUR +

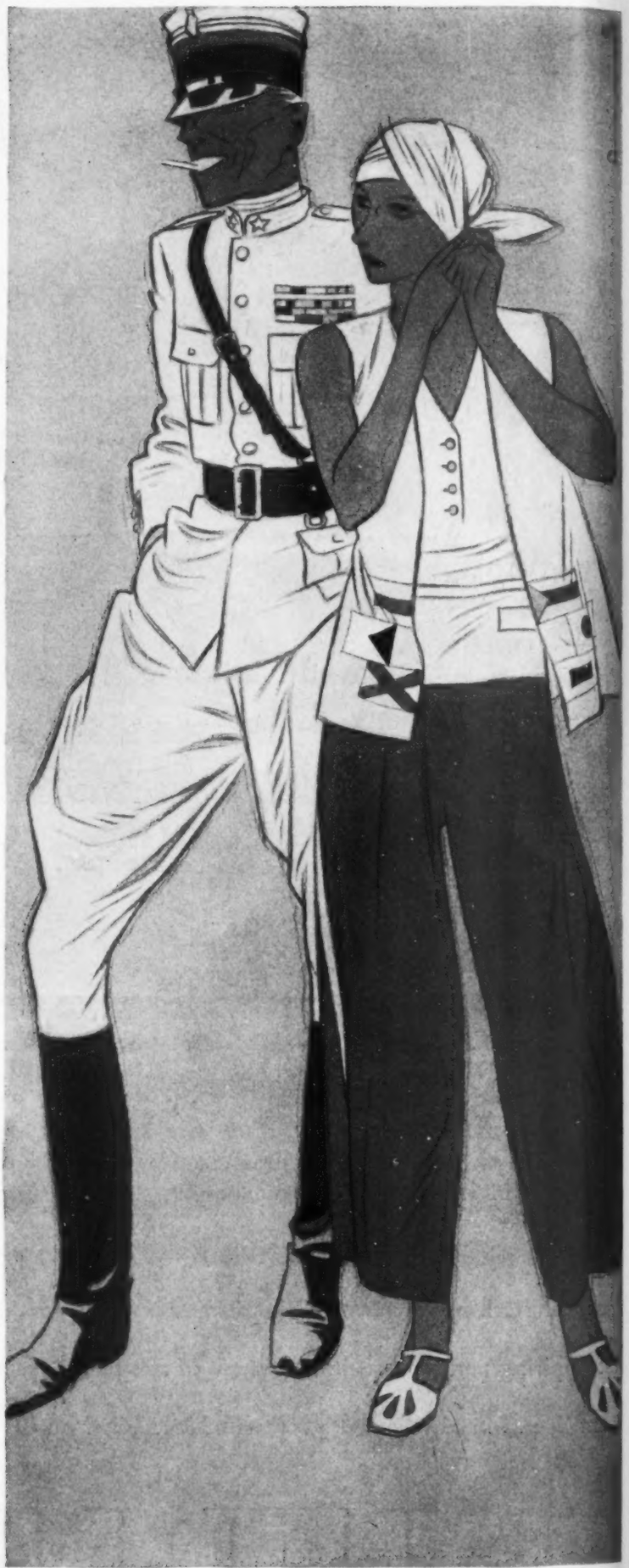


President Eight Victoria, for five . . . 135-inch wheelbase . . . six wire wheels and trunk rack are standard equipment

Champion Eights, Proved by Time and Travel! That precise air of smart assurance—of well-bred poise—apparent in Studebaker's champion eights, admirably demonstrates how motor cars ought to be designed. Champion speed and stamina came first, *proved* by the greatest world and international records, and by more American stock car records than all other makes of cars combined. Studebaker artists have literally interpreted this inspiring performance in coachcraft of rare grace and beauty. There is fleetness — eagerness — in every fluent line . . . and there are 78 years of Studebaker quality back of it, a matchless bulwark of reassurance.

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Champions



JANE REGNY

PREMET

DRESSES
COATS
FURS
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8, PLACE VENDOME
• PARIS •

Succursales :
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the smartest
handbags

PARFUMS

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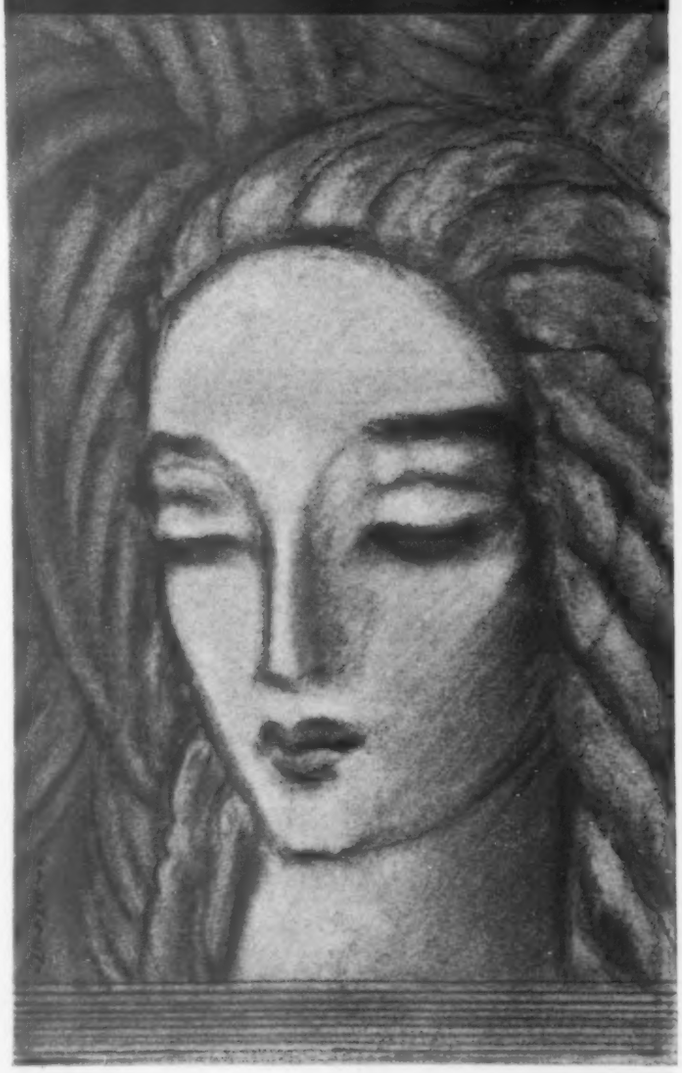
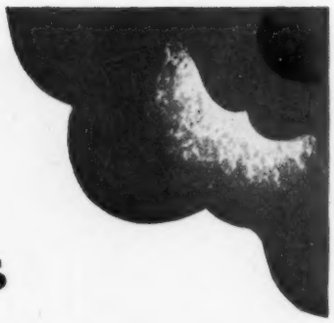
PARIS



New... new as springtime, and as exhilarating... is my latest creation, Parfum J. Fresh, sweet and youthful... Parfum J is a refreshing fragrance, flower-laden, that lingers delicately about you. Before you decide that you have found your favorite perfume, do try this newest expression of loveliness... L. L.



Couture
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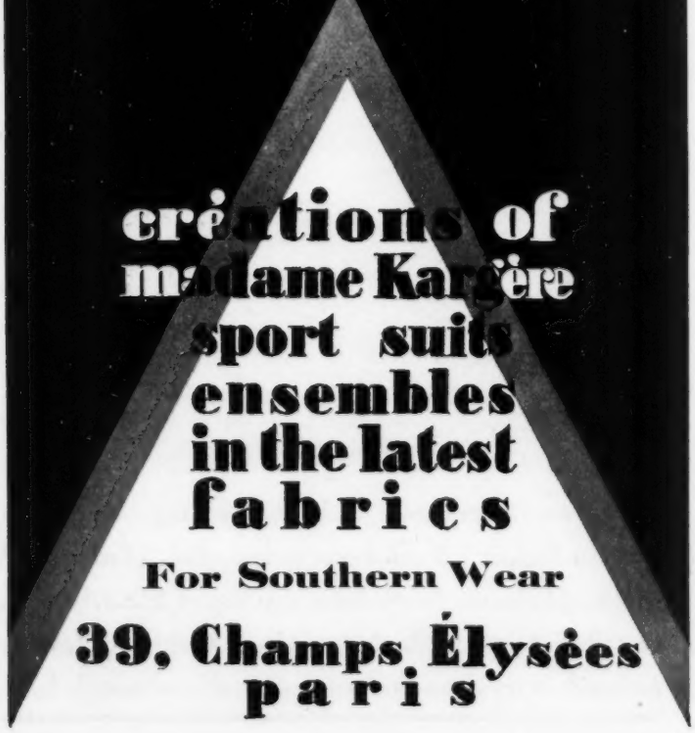


créations of
madame Kargère
sport suits
ensembles
in the latest
fabrics

For Southern Wear

39, Champs Élysées
paris

1
Place Vendome
PARIS

and 27 et 29, Faubourg Saint-Honoré

Branch in Cannes,
7 Square Mérimée

AINE-MONTAILLÉ

has always been in the forefront of fashion. The elegant lady can see there the best choice of

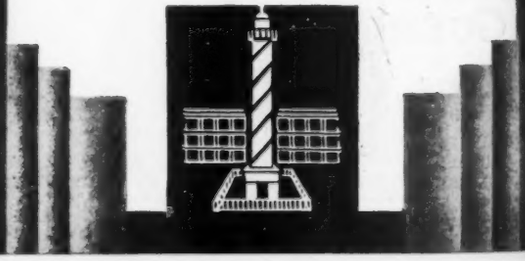
**Dresses,
Coats and Hats**

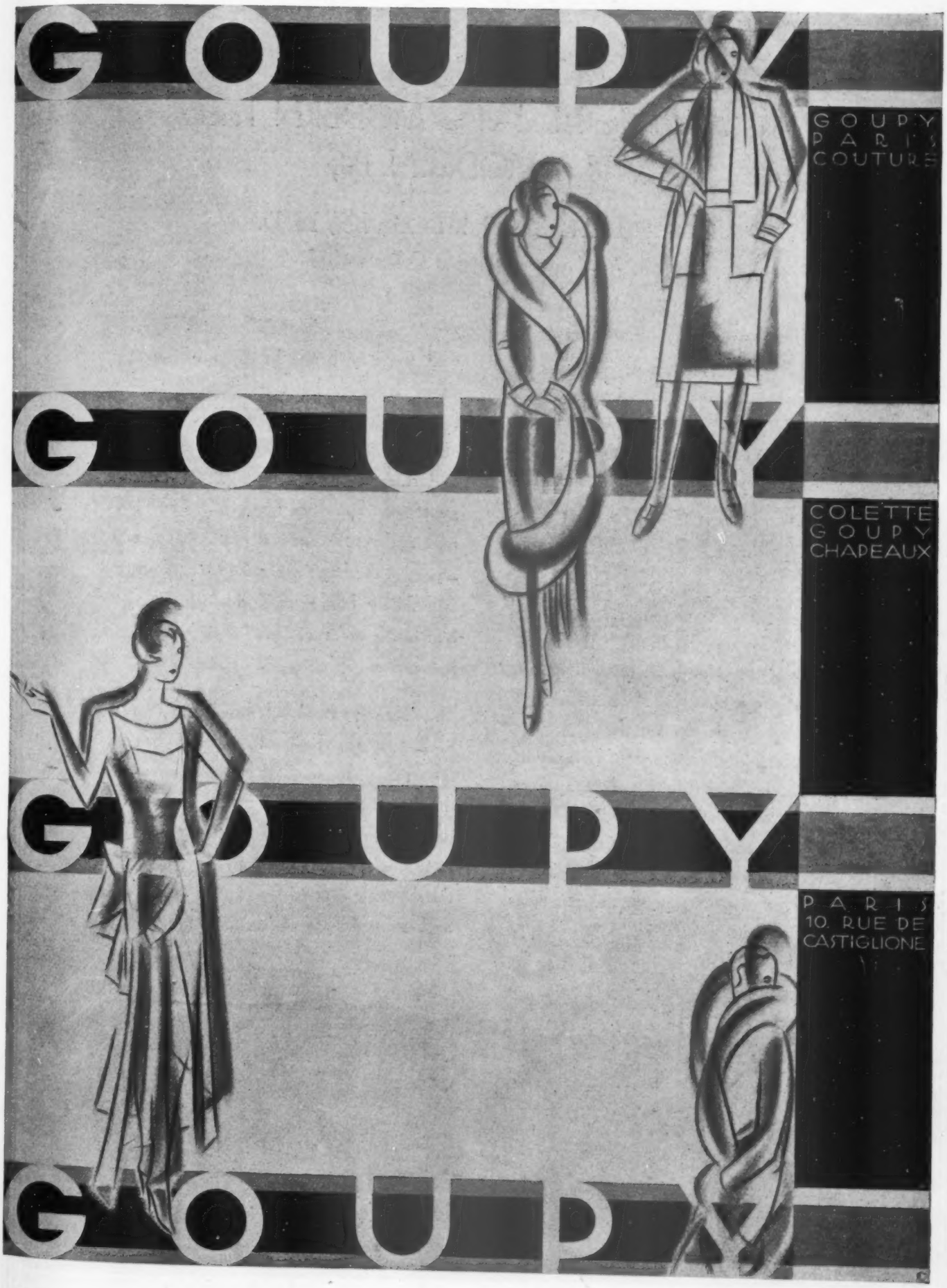
which all please by their simplicity and their Parisian style.

All the models of Aine-Montaillé can be supplied from stock or made to order.

AINE-MONTAILLÉ

Established
Place Vendôme since 1853

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CASTIGLIONE

A MODERN Education That Meets the Need of a MODERN Parent With a MODERN Boy

COLONEL THOMAS H. RUSSELL, B.S., LL.D.

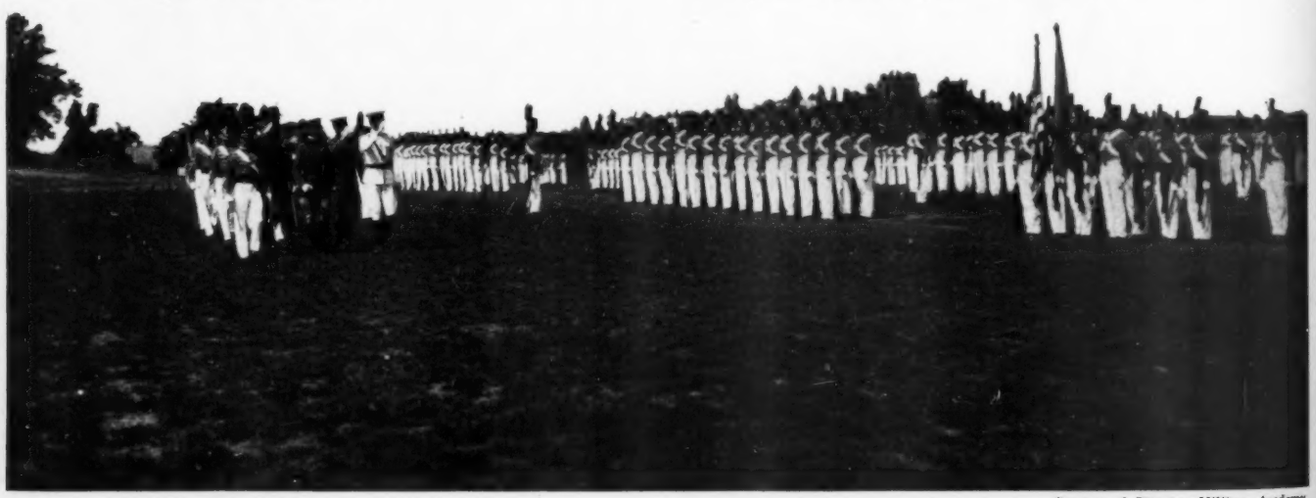
President, The Association of Military Colleges and Schools

The history of man shows that disciplined men have built powerful nations, and that undisciplined men have been allowed to perish from the earth. In the stress of modern progress, thoughtful people are wondering whence will come the disciplined men of tomorrow. With the old fashioned fireside, the authority of the American home is disappearing.

It is not fair to hold parents entirely responsible for this condition. The diversions and distractions of modern life are largely responsible, but from these very distractions is developing the most spectacular era in the history of civilization. Amid this bewildering development parents are coming more and more to appreciate and depend upon the military school to help develop a normal life in their boy, and to support the principles of parental authority.

At the military school this training begins with the boy before he attends his first class. It follows him through all his recitations. It is with him on the drill and athletic fields, and during the meal hour and study periods. At night it stands guard over him while he sleeps. So uniform and continuous is it that it becomes a part of the boy's spiritual anatomy and will follow him through life, sustaining him in the stress and strain of every problem and duty that confronts him.

The military schools of this country believe that the boys of America have inherited their manifold blessings from a disciplined ancestry and that they should be so trained while they are being taught as to enable them not only to preserve this heritage, but to transmit it enriched and glorified, to a grateful posterity.



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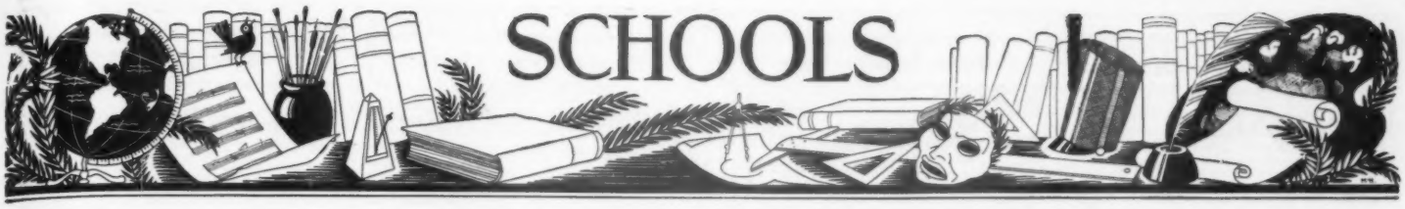

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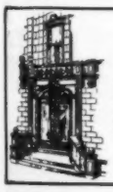

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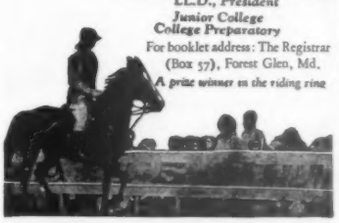

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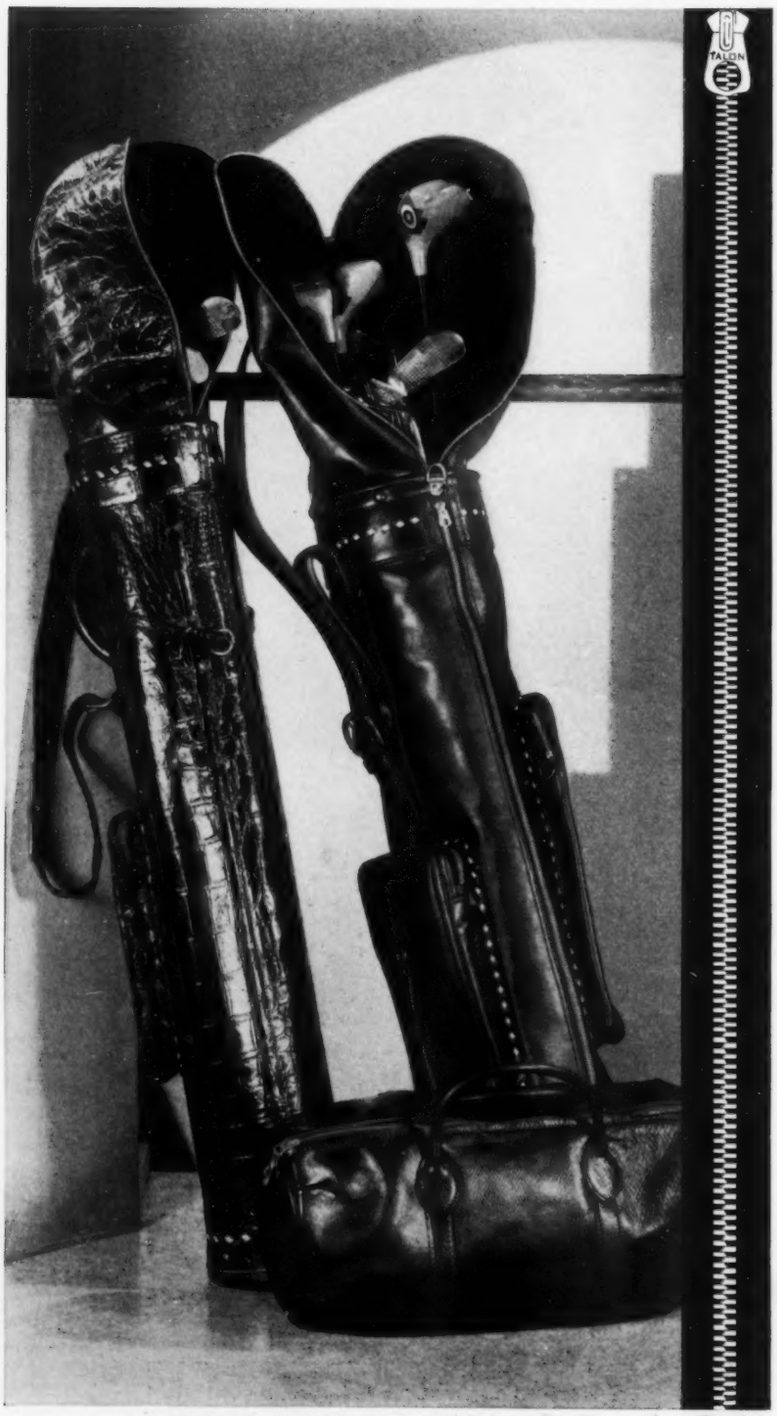

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Left

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Above

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Left and above

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An Index to the Advertisements in this Issue

The advertisements in this issue represent a social register of fashionable products, places, and shops. You are invited to make use of this index in planning your purchasing.

AUTOMOBILES

American Austin Car Company ... Opp. 144
Cadillac Motor Car Company ... Opp. 17
Chrysler Sales Corporation ... 181
Ford Motor Company ... Opp. 32
Lincoln Division (Ford Motor Co.) ... 163
Nash Motors Company ... 159
Packard Motor Car Company ... Opp. 120
Pierce Arrow Motor Car Company ... Opp. 24
Studebaker Corporation of America ... 35

CIGARETTES

American Tobacco Company (Lucky Strike) ... Opp. 160
Axton Fisher Company (Spud) ... Opp. 145
R. J. Reynolds Company (Camel) ... Back Cover

CONFECTIONERY AND CHOCOLATES

Stephen F. Whitman & Sons, Inc. ... 38

CORSETS AND ACCESSORIES

Hookless Fastener Company (Talon) ... 48
Kestos ... 192
Lily of France ... 26
The Modart Company ... 189
Slote & Klein, Inc. ... 180

FABRICS

Celanese Corporation ... 27
Rayon Institute of America, Inc. ... 32
Stehli Silk Corporation ... Opp. 16
L. O. Thompson ... 129

FOOD PRODUCTS

Campbell's Soup Company ... 115
H. J. Heinz Company ... 158
W. K. Kellogg Company (Corn Flakes) ... 178
W. K. Kellogg Company (Kaffee Hag) ... 156
Peek Frean & Co., Ltd. (Allwheat Crispbread) ... 157

FURS

Fromm Bros. ... 17

GLOVES

Alexandre Gloves (Marshall Field & Co.) ... 25
Van Raalte ... 15

HOME FURNISHINGS

A. Theo. Abbott & Company ... 178
American Radiator Company ... 120 B & 120 C
Brewer-Titchener Corporation ... 176
Cannon Mills ... Opp. 121
Carlin Comforts ... 134
Crane Company (Bathroom Fixtures) ... Third Cover
Luminator Inc. ... 152
Wm. H. Plummer & Co., Ltd. ... 118
Simmons Company ... 155
Valentine-Seaver ... 153

HOSIERY

Artcraft Silk Hosiery Mills ... 174
Brown Durrell Company (Gordon Hosiery) ... 6
Davenport Hosiery Mills, Inc. (Humming Bird) ... Opp. 25
Dexdale Hosiery Mills ... 140
Gotham Hosiery Company (Onyx) ... Opp. 33
Julius Kayser ... 2
Largman Gray Company (Blue Moon Hosiery) ... 29
Silk-Eze Corporation (Soap for Hosiery) ... 146
Van Raalte ... 15
Windsor Mills ... 19

JEWELLERY AND SILVERWARE

The Gorham Company ... 143
Poole Silver Company ... 172

LEATHER GOODS—TRUNKS, BAGS AND NOVELTIES

Hartmann Trunk Co. ... 142
The Meeker Company, Inc. ... 183
The Mendel Drucker Company ... 186
Oshkosh Trunk Company ... Opp. 197
C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc. ... 24

MILLINERY

Bloomfield & Company (Pinehurst Hats) ... 148
Crofut & Knapp Company ... 54
Kaskel & Kaskel—Dunlap ... 12

PERFUMES, TOILETRIES—BEAUTY PREPARATIONS, ETC

Elizabeth Arden ... 123
The Armand Company, Inc. ... 171
Boncilla Laboratories, Inc. ... 166
Caron Corporation ... 117
Colgate Palmolive Peet ... 141
Coty, (Manicure) ... 28
Coty, (Perfumes) ... 135
Denney & Denney ... 8
Marjorie Dork ... 169
Parfum D'Orsay ... 130
Marie Earle ... 133
Eugene, Ltd. ... 177
The Glazo Company ... 127
Golden Peacock ... 160
Dorothy Gray ... 10
Guerlain ... 21
Hannibal Pharmacal Company (Neet) ... 179
Hind's Honey & Almond Cream ... 187
Hinze Ambrosia, Inc. ... 165
Houbigant ... 31
Richard Hudnut ... 144
Kent Brush Sales Corporation ... 126
Jas. S. Kirk & Company (Pall Mall Soap) ... 121
Kleenex ... 137
Kotex ... 147
Lambert & Fesler (Dew) ... 162
Lambert Pharmacal Company (Listerine) ... 175
Lanchere ... 34
Princess Laurina Blu ... Opp. 129
Lentheric ... Opp. 128
Lucien Lelong ... 37
Geo. W. Luft Company (Tangee) ... Second Cover
Luna Laboratories ... 191
B. Manuel ... 169
Maybelline Company ... 161
Mme. Mays ... 168
Molyneux ... 47
Mulhens & Kropff, Inc. ... 134
Murine (for the eyes) ... 194
Louis Philippe, Inc. (Angelus) ... 167
Louis Parme ... 169
Pepsodent ... 141
Pierre ... 168
Pinaud, Inc. ... 150 & 151
Pond's Creams ... 119
Primrose House ... 123
Helena Rubinstein ... 126
J. Schaeffer ... 168
E. R. Squibb & Sons ... 140
Venus Corporation ... 192
Yardley & Co., Ltd. ... 29

READY TO WEAR

Del Monte Hickey ... 185
Linder Bros. (Shagmoor) ... 23

SHOES

Boyd Welsh Shoe Company (Peacock Shoes) ... 33
Andrew Geller ... 49
Daniel Green Felt Shoe Company ... 138
Everett & Barron (Cinderella Polish) ... 174
La Valle, Inc. ... 124
I. Miller & Sons, Inc. ... 11
Thos. G. Plant (Dorothy Dodd) ... Opp. 161
Wingait Division (I. Miller & Sons, Inc.) ... 28

UNDERWEAR

Julius Kayser ... 2
Van Raalte ... 15

RETAIL STORES AND SHOPS

Apparel—Shoes, Etc.

B. Altman & Company ... 9
Bergdorf Goodman ... 31
Best & Company ... 7
Bonwit Teller & Company ... 3
Hattie Carnegie ... 130
Dobbs ... 130
Franklin Simon & Company ... 2
Nat Lewis ... 133
Mabel Eldridge & Daisy Garson, Inc. ... 169
Jas. McCutcheon & Company ... 14
Maybelle Manning ... 169
Marshall Field & Company ... 13
McAvoy (Chicago) ... 175
Milgrim ... 16
Oliver A. Olson ... 180
Saks-Fifth Avenue ... 36 & 116
Stein & Blaine ... 130
Stewart & Company ... 51
A. Sulka & Company ... 184
John Wanamaker ... 166

Jewellery

Brand-Chatillon ... 136
Black Starr & Frost—Gorham, Inc. ... 131
J. E. Caldwell & Company ... 4
Tiffany & Company ... 1

Shoes

Delman Shoe Salon ... 30
Portmason British Boots ... 166
Shoecraft Salon ... 166
J. & J. Slater ... 169

LONDON AND PARIS HOUSES

Aine Montaillé ... 34
Goupy ... 39
Kargère ... 38
Jane Regny ... 36
Cecile Welly ... 38
Paris Shops ... 37
London Shops ... 170

HOTELS, RESORTS AND TRAVEL

American Express Company ... 202
American Express Company (Traveler's Cheques) ... 198
Canadian National Railways ... 200
Frank C. Clark ... 203
Cunard Line ... 197
Dollar Steamship Line ... Opp. 196
French Line ... 210
Furness Prince Line ... 201
Grace Line ... 203
Hamburg American Line ... 203
Hawaii Tourist Bureau ... 200
Hotel St. Regis ... 196
International Mercantile Marine (First Class) ... 195
International Mercantile Marine (Panama Pacific) ... 195
Japan Tourist Bureau ... 196
Lloyd Sabaudo Line ... 201
London Midland Scottish Railway ... 194
London N.E. Railway ... 200
Fraser McLean Company ... 202
Nippon Yusen Kaisha ... 199
Norwegian Government Railways ... 202
Plaza—Savoy Plaza ... 204
Railways of France (International Wagon Lits.) ... 204
Royal Mail Steam Packet Company ... 198
Southern Pacific Company ... 197
Student's Travel Club ... 202
Swedish State Railway ... 203
Swiss Federal R. R. ... 198
Ward Line ... 199

SCHOOLS ... 40-46

TELEPHONE SERVICE ARRANGEMENTS

American Telephone & Telegraph Company ... 204

MISCELLANEOUS

Curtiss-Wright ... 52
Dean's ... 172
Aimé Dupont ... 166
Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. ... 36
Superior Color Co., Inc. ... 188
Wrigley's ... 193

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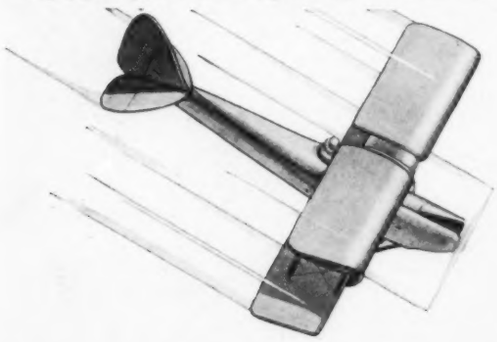

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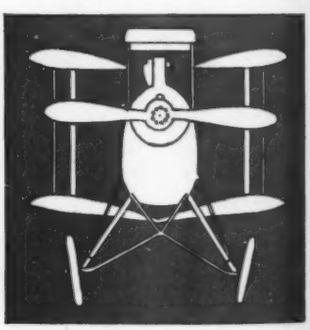

With wings folded, the MOTH easily fits into a one-car garage

D.H. Gipsy MOTH

An Impression

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BERGDORF GOODMAN

NEW YORK

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HARPER'S BAZAAR

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CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Editor*

CONTENTS

Cosmetics and Early Spring Fashions

FICTION:

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM ... Cakes and Ale ... *Drawings by* WALLACE MORGAN ... 67 to 69
ISA GLENN ... Lunar Enchantments ... *Drawings by* PETER ARNO ... 74, 75
DANA GATLIN ... The Road Called You ... *Drawing by* JAMES PRESTON ... 88, 89
JOHN HELD, JR. ... Till the James Runs Dry ... *Drawings by* RUSSELL PATTERSON ... 112, 113
RICHARD LE GALLIENNE ... There Was a Ship ... *Drawings by* ERTÉ ... 116

PARIS AND NEW YORK FASHIONS:

A RAIN OF HATS: *By* KATHLEEN HOWARD ... *Drawings by* DOROTHY COX ... 57
TIMELY HINTS: *By* BARON DE MEYER ... *Photographs by* BARON DE MEYER ... 60 to 65
PARIS LETTER: *By* MARJORIE HOWARD ... *Drawings by* REYNALDO LUZA, CHARLES MARTIN, M. FROMENTI, *and* DYNEVOR RHYS ... 76 to 87
NEW YORK FASHION NOTES: *By* KATHLEEN HOWARD ... *Drawings by* FLORENCE BLECKER ... 94, 95
EVENING APPAREL FOR SPRING ... *Drawings by* MÀLAGA GRENET ... 96, 97
DAYTIME IMPRESSIONS OF COATS ... *Drawings by* BERNARD BOUTET DE MONVEL ... 98, 99
ALLURING LINGERIE FOR MADAME ... *Drawings by* GRACE HART ... 100, 101
FROM THE NEW YORK SHOPS ... *Drawings by* VERONICA E. KELLY ... 102, 103
LUGGAGE PLANNED FOR COMFORT ... *Drawings by* GASTON SUDAKA ... 104, 105
SIX SPRING FROCKS ... *Drawings by* R. A. SURIS ... 106, 107
FROCKS USEFUL FOR RESORTS ... *Photographs by* ARTHUR GERLACH ... 108, 109
LAST-MINUTE SKETCHES FROM PARIS ... *Drawings by* ENID ENGEL ... 114

SOCIETY AND SPECIAL FEATURES:

CONCERNING BEAUTY: *By* THEODOSIA GARRISON ... *Drawings by* CHARLES GILBERT ... 59
PORTRAIT OF MRS. JOSEPH B. THOMAS ... 66
THIS AGELESS ERA: *By* HELENA LEIGH ... 70, 71
PALM BEACH IN THE SUN: *By* FRANCES ALEXANDER WELLMAN ... 72
A ROYAL WEDDING: *By* VITTORIA COLONNA, DUCHESS OF SERMONETA ... 73
VANISHING VAUDEVILLE: *By* GEORGE JEAN NATHAN ... RALPH BARTON *drew the Pictures* ... 90, 91
THE ONCE RICH ... *Drawings by* FISH ... 92
ST. MORITZ IN THE SNOW ... 93
OUR ADVENTURE IN MODERN DECORATION: *By* CURTIS PATTERSON ... 110, 111
SOCIAL CALENDAR ... 168
MEALS WE HAVE REMEMBERED ... 193
POEMS: *By* ELIZABETH LAROCQUE, ADA ALDEN *and* DANIEL HENDERSON ... 62, 89, 176
INDEX TO HARPER'S BAZAAR ADVERTISING ... 50

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The Bride-to-be

will find at Saks-Fifth Avenue . . . those fashions that are an integral part of the smart wedding . . . She will find everything that is a part of chic . . . from her wedding dress to her luggage . . . from her bridesmaids' hats to her own going-away shoes . . . and especially those clothes that she will wear in her new role as the young matron.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

A rain of hats . . . .

PARIS cables: The first spring hats feature the felt cloche, made with many new tricks, for sport and travel. For town wear there are many bérets in all kinds of materials, also toques and turbans featuring fabrics of all kinds. For formal afternoon wear, later, there are new straws, panamalac and bakoulac, thin, supple, shiny and exotic weaves. There are also many satin hats, frequently long on one side only, sometimes unevenly long on both sides, but much shorter in the back. Wider hats of extremely fine horsehair are for summer in capeline form with simple ribbons or flat flower trimming. Rose Descat shows many sports felts, always with the brims short in front, wider at the sides, all with some original quirk, usually in neutral colours. For town, many bérets in fabrics; they are sometimes pieced together like patchwork. One in black antelope, but many in satin. Also many satin hats of the type drawn in March Harper's Bazaar, page 76. Modistes are using trimmings over one ear, sometimes metallic flowers or a knot of fabric. New diamond clips that fasten anywhere, much seen on hats, also on shoulder-strap or a corner of the décolleté for evening.

All the sketches on this page are from Agnès hats. The leading idea of the new Agnès collection is that of making two hats and one scarf to go with the same costume. The thought is that women sometimes feel like wearing a small, and sometimes a large hat, and that occasions for both types vary. They are done in coloured linen, pastel shades, such as pervenche blue, apricot, pale pink, orchid mauve; also in the new tomato-rose red. They are also made in Rodier's white dotted linen. At the lower right-hand corner of the hat sketches at the top of the page is drawn a hat and scarf in pervenche linen. It is elaborately cut and fitted to the head in sections. The top left-hand hat is in orange linen. . . . . The larger hat is often of felt, matching in colour, and trimmed with encrustations of the linen. Two hats drawn on this page, in the lower group, are in the combination of felt and white dotted linen. Both are red, one a cloche shape, one a turban. The top right corner hat is in a straw plaid of black, white and red, with a silk cord. . . . . Agnès makes cloche-brimmed hats, the brims varying in width, some of them very wide, trimmed with ribbons, or with a flat flower, often placed under the brim, over one ear. . . . . A new straw jersey looks like jet beads, and is as light as a feather in the hand. This is made into toques sometimes of almost béret form, and sometimes combined with satin, also black. The straw-like material is cellophane . . . . . Another new fabric is a jersey tulle, like a coarse-mesh net, made of ostrich in two colours, black and white, for example. Still another fabric, unusual for millinery, is écru linen checked with red, exactly like a glass-towel. This comes from Rodier and has great possibilities for summer. . . . . A charming hat for later wear, with a formal afternoon gown, is illustrated at the top of the lower group. It is in finest horsehair, quite transparent, in cocoa brown shirred here and there in rows, and trimmed with two long ends of cocoa-coloured velvet ribbon. The edge is in crin lace. Many milliners are using this new, transparent, very fine crin, for wide-brimmed hats, often coming well over the cheeks in poke-bonnet shape, so that the profile is seen through the brim. These will be worn later with fluttery, longish chiffon gowns for garden parties. . . . . Drawn on this page at the bottom is a hat in red panamalac trimmed with a large knot of black taffeta ribbon tied over one ear in a stage Spanish smuggler fashion. The lacy pattern hat at the top, centre, is of hemp, knitted by hand. It is écru and is sometimes combined with black satin.

KATHLEEN HOWARD

Drawings by Dorothy Coz

Prestige

All that Whitman's have learned in eighty-eight years about making good chocolates is summed up in this box of Prestige Chocolates.

The pieces are small, shaped with care, beautiful as well as tasteful.

Centers are new confections, covered with three kinds of those distinctive Whitman's chocolate coatings, vanilla, milk and semi-sweet.

The metal box containing the Prestige pieces is a step forward in the combination of art and utility.

Sold everywhere by the selected stores—usually drug stores—that sell the Sampler and other Whitman's candies.

Whitman's
PRESTIGE
CHOCOLATES

in one, two & three pound—$2 the pound

Prestige

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Concerning Beauty . . .

YOU will find them set like jewels among the chains of shops that string the famous avenues of New York and its sister cities. There they stand between or above dignified windows that present faceless forms in priceless furs and laces. In the lesser streets and humbler avenues that run parallel to their more fashionable sisters, they shine between a delicatessen and a stationer's shop. To every normal woman these beckon and allure, for here beauty is for sale and the promise that one can secure at least a suggestion of "the face that launched a thousand ships" hangs in the air even as the aroma of as many perfumes, lotions and creams that greet one as she enters. Despite its glittering promises and its reassuring atmosphere, there is pathos in a shop of this sort, seeing that in its sign too many read that here not beauty alone is for sale but armour is burnished, renovated, repaired and made ready again for battle. Youth goes here lightly to gild refined gold and add a perfume to the violet, but the veteran in this hard crusade of living has beaten the path to its door with the firm feet of those who go to secure the stuff of existence.

It is not a merry game that Campaspe of the 90's plays with Time, but she plays it like a sportswoman. The gentleman with the scythe is certainly going to win sooner or later, but Campaspe is getting, as it were, a run for her money. It would be interesting to know if the attendant nymphs of these scented and softly lighted grottoes of perpetual youth and permanent waves know what they are really doing as they apply the fragrant creams and oils and massage and smooth the countenance as a good laundress irons creased linen. To them, small doubt, they are simply improving a face to the best of their ability and have no idea that their real work is taking away yesterday's worry, last night's tears, or the various bright and merry parties of last week. What the confessional is to the soul, the Shoppe may claim to be to the visage of womankind. Not that it does. Jeanette or Margaret are too concerned with making one line fade where two had shown before to indulge in psychological fancies. Under their light and skilful fingers, however, one has time to indulge in a fancy of one's own and construct, even as Kubla Khan under Coleridge's direction, a stately pleasure dome that shall be The Beauty Shoppe of the Mind.

To this might flock those whose tired brains have insisted upon a holiday, the very hour one would have them at their busiest and best. The Bishop is coming to dinner. What, *under* Heaven, does one talk to a Bishop about? The last line of the poem refuses to click; the short story refuses to end; the superfluous character cannot be removed from the play without inartistic force. Plainly, the mind needs to be brightened. To this end, one enters the Mind Shoppe and is instantly taken in charge by an angelic attendant somewhat like St. Cecelia in appearance whose conversation might run somewhat in this fashion: "Oh, certainly Madam is right. Just a bit rusty, I perceive. It can be brightened easily; and then just a touch of our tonic on these old ideas. Oh, yes, we can assure a new growth in time, without fail. And while Madam is in the chair it might be well to let me trim this fancy (a little *too* whimsical at the end, I think) and this dislike for the work she is doing,—I can massage that away in a second, and the wit needs sharpening too . . . Oh, decidedly. There! And now just a little dash of inspiration. Oh, that *does* brighten Madam up! And this time again next week? Certainly, Madam! No, we haven't taken on the permanent brain brightening yet, but we're working on it. Yes, Madam. Thank you, Madam."

One would flash, as it were, from the presence and, pausing at the notion counter to select an original epigram for the Bishop, go on one's way rejoicing.

Campaspe, I wonder if The Beauty Shoppe and The Mind Shoppe stood side by side, which one we would enter oftenest!

THEODOSIA GARRISON

AGNÈS

DEMEYER

BLACK AND WHITE TURBAN AND HAT BY AGNÈS BOTH IN BAKOULAC

ROBERT GRAUDÉ

TIMELY HINTS

SUGGESTIONS ON STYLE CHANGES AND OTHER TOPICS

BY BARON DE MEYER

DEMEYER

18 rue Vaneau, Paris.

THE destiny of the long skirt has been settled in the affirmative, a most convincing argument in its favour being that the short evening frocks have a last season's look.

It is quite untrue that fashions are retrograding (as has been asserted by people who have not studied the subject). Fashions do not retrograde because of a change in skirt lengths. The long evening skirts are a novelty, especially in juxtaposition to the short ones at present standardized for sport and business. The full-length skirt, as a matter of fact, now means to women what the full dress, tailed evening coat does to men. A suitable garment for gala occasions!

Suggestions to women still reluctant to approve of the change in styles:

All novelty is to be approached with a hopeful disposition, not to mention an open mind; having abjured all prejudice, having laid aside last year's views on the subject of smartness, alongside with last season's frocks, having decided not to be obstinate on the subject of change, remembering that even old fashions must have been revolutionary once. (This applies both to the present and the future.)

It should be borne in mind that no mode (however rational the skirt) can possibly remain standardized for ever, "renewal" being, so far, the best way invented to forestall staleness.

I was recently asked, "What is actually meant by a new mode?" My reply was, "Merely the identical style of clothing adopted for the time being by the greatest number of women."

From a fashion angle the word "mode" is taken seriously only by people making a living by its speedy renewal, as well as by women not themselves interested in clothes but firmly believing all others to be.

"And what is meant by fashion decrees?"

My reply: "The term has no meaning at all. It is much used, however, for headlines in daily papers; it is never to be found in any fashion magazine."

"And why not?"

"Because fashion magazines are aware that no woman would allow herself to be dictated to as to what clothes she should or should not wear."

"Don't dressmakers decide on such matters?"

"Certainly not! The dressmakers' rôle is restricted to the suggesting of novelty, but with no power to impose it. The responsibility for all new fashions rests with the client, depending on what smart women are willing to wear, a decision very few take lightly.

A few words concerning the new and genuine quality of imitation jewels:

I must here introduce Count Etienne de Beaumont, Paris illusionist and *magicien de luxe*, originator of many of the glittering beads invented to adorn fashionable women.

I shall try to transcribe (for the reader's benefit) Monsieur de Beaumont's very original conclusions on how his modern interpretation of the fantastically genuine at present affects the very smartest women in Paris.

He starts by reminding one how only twenty-five years ago the discovery that any woman wore imitation jewels would have disgraced her. The old-fashioned kind of imitation jewels, the Count asserts, was a form of deception which the year 1930 has definitely abolished. He claims, as a substitute, to have invented the *bijou illusion*, a make-believe gem composed of genuine matter, such as:

Scraps of blown glass (genuine), crystallized gellalite (genuine), bits of facetted mirror (genuine).

Monsieur de Beaumont pursues: Good taste in decorative jewels, in contrast to sophisticated simplicity of clothes, requires an illusion of unsurpassed splendour, achieved by supernatural size and luminosity. Why? In order that all semblance of reality may be destroyed, with no room left for deception.

Really to fulfil its purpose the *bijou illusion* should be used as pure decoration; not in any sense as a jewel, so says Monsieur de Beaumont. He hopes in this way to lead the public gradually towards a better understanding of a jewel's original purpose, which was decorative and in which intrinsic value was of secondary importance.

Monsieur de Beaumont further claims that the wearing of illusion jewels *with chic* means treating them as women might formerly have treated their ostrich feather boa, as accessories made to harmonize with their frock.

He warns against the combining of real stones with what is merely meant to produce an illusion, there being a danger, he says, of one kind of jewel being detrimental to the other.

The Count emphasizes the fact that modern mentality in jewels runs to size above all, and that historical pearl necklaces such as are owned by famous duchesses have of late been found to pale before the glittering bits of luminous mirrors simulating diamonds of enormous size of the kind at present finding favour with the very smartest women in Paris.

A rather amusing phase of the development of this craze for decorative jewellery, is that the very lack of cost of it advertises its wearer as one who is not always willing to have her financial standing judged by her display of jewels. Million dollar strings of pearls, while always desirable and chic, at once suggest this, so Monsieur de Beaumont would lead one to think.

Notes dealing with the 1930 Riviera season:

Most wardrobe trunks seem to contain not merely Southern sea-front fashions, but winter sports outfits for the snowy altitudes above the coast, as well. Norwegian styles for Alpine heights, gabardine skiing suits alongside of pastel shaded crêpe de Chines for strolls on sea-front promenades.

What a smart Parisienne's wardrobe trunk contains, besides skiing trousers:

Jersey suits, others of tweedy fabrics, pliable woollen costumes, the woollen skirts reaching to just below the knees.

Crêpe de Chine and shantung frocks suitable for the luncheon hour, to be worn until tea-time. All afternoon skirts slightly lengthened. As a matter of fact, the later the daylight hour, the longer the skirt.

For the ultimate cocktail, just before dinner, some points and flounces are seen to have dropped down to the ankles.

A suitable assortment of wraps matching the frocks, some of them with fur collars, the coat not to reach lower than half-way between hips and knees.

An entirely new collection of evening dresses, with every one of the skirts quite long, even-hemmed, few of them trailing.

Sweeping panels and too long wisps of materials, not to say actual trains, are, so far, exceptional and rarely to be met with. They are objected to because of the dance floor. The looping-up gesture is, as yet, considered not graceful. It is, however, undoubtedly to be launched sooner or later—to become a next season fad.

Textures—for some of the new dresses contained in the aforementioned trunks:

Printed chiffons made up into useful frocks, taking their chance of being labelled "last year."

Coloured lace used for long, rather full, stiffened-out skirts, considered by some people a modified version of the late *robe de style*.

Soft silver and gold gauzy fabrics, as well as (in most English women's trunks) brocaded lamés. These are likely to be featured as a Paris novelty in most of the new spring collections.

Spangled textures (embroidery on net foundation), particularly smart in midnight blue.

Venetian red *velours anglais* (velveteen), attractive both for plain tailored coats and skirts, as well as for long clinging evening dresses, to be worn with corresponding (*Concluded on page 64*)

NEW YORK . . .

We are a tribe apart who love you well,
A restless people, haunted by the cry
Of voices you awakened with your spell
Within our hearts, that we may not deny,
That never can be silenced till we die.
And yet we have no longing for the peace
Of those untroubled ones we hurry by
Upon the streets, we would not seek release.

From far-off lands we turn us back to this
That has enchanted us and is our own,
For in the silence of the night we miss
That lack of silence that we once have known,
And somehow in the silence are alone.
And so we seek again the vibrant roar
Of traffic, and your buildings wrought of stone,
And the white glory of Broadway once more.

Envoie

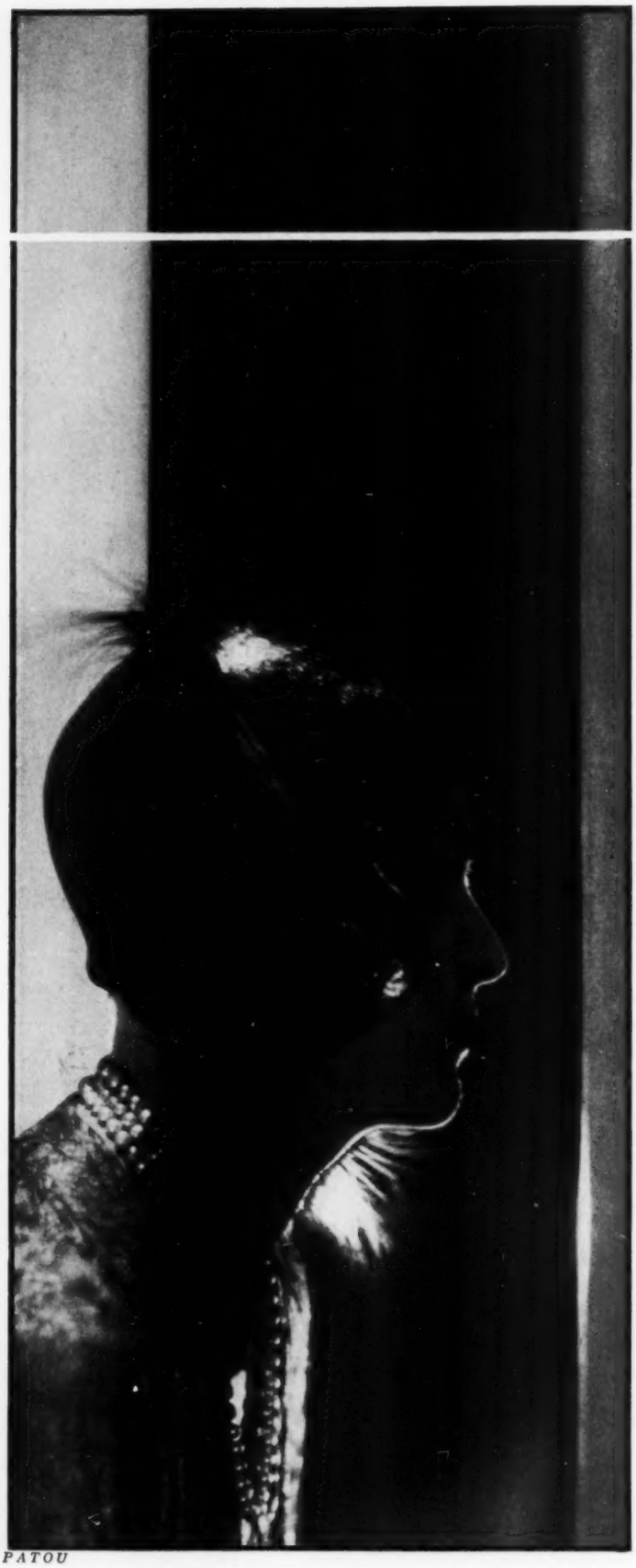
City of light and shadow and unrest,
Of sound that rises like a frenzied prayer
Into the darkness of the outer air.
We are your people, echoes of your soul,
A thousand kinds and creeds, a mighty whole,
A tribe that has no future but its quest.

ELIZABETH LAROCQUE

MARY NOWITZKY

DEMEYER

BLACK VELVET DINNER PYJAMAS WITH COLOURED FLOWERS APPLIQUÉ



PATOU

DEMEYER

short restaurant capes. The latter is a new kind of garment, not to be confused with the matching evening wrap. It is merely a substitute for the sheer dinner jacket, giving an over-elaborate gown the so fashionable "under-dressed" appearance.

The trunks further contain but a very restricted number of small close-fitting hats, though an unlimited quantity of béret basques, in all shades and textures, in cloth, in tweed, in velvet and satin.

Women who have adopted the béret basque to the exclusion of all other headgear, both in town and resorts, are mostly of the kind known to be spending fortunes on their clothes.

Strange to say, the béret is only really becoming to either ultra-smart women or shop girls (the latter, however, despising it). As a matter of fact, worn by ordinary looking people, the béret has a tendency to accentuate cheapness; its cost, being but a very few francs, becoming very noticeable.

A SOPHISTICATED HAT OF BLACK STRAW TRIMMED WITH BLACK OSPREY

SUZANNE TALBOT

THIS BLACK HAT HAS
A FELT CROWN AND A
BRIM OF HORSEHAIR

DEMEYER

Lenare

MRS. JOSEPH B. THOMAS

Mrs. Thomas, the former Miss Clara Fargo, descendant of one of the founders of the Wells, Fargo Company, is one of the most interesting of New York's younger hostesses. Possessing a rare artistic talent, the petite Mrs. Thomas spends much time in her studio producing works that have won for her the praise of the art critics. The entertainments given at the Thomas residence in New York's "Block Beautiful" are among the unique events of the season in town.

A Novel by **W. Somerset Maugham**

Cakes and Ale

Drawings By
Wallace Morgan

"Driffield took his banjo, tuned it and began to sing. The ditty that he sang had a chorus and the curate and Lord George joined in lustily."

. . . Never has the Victorian Era been so Blithely Satirized. Here is Maugham's most Powerful Story

Part II

To my surprise two or three days after I lunched with Alroy Kear I received a letter from Edward Driffield's widow. It ran as follows:

Dear Friend:

I hear that you had a long talk with Roy last week about Edward Driffield, and I am so glad to know that you spoke of him so nicely. He often talked to me of you. He had the greatest admiration for your talent and he was so very pleased to see you when you came to lunch with us. I wonder if you have in your possession any letters that he wrote to you and, if so, whether you would let me have copies of them. I should be very pleased if I could persuade you to come down for two or three days and stay with me. I live very quietly now and have no one here, so please choose your own time. I shall be delighted to see you again and have a talk of old times. I have a particular service I want you to do me and I am sure that for the sake of my dear dead husband you will not refuse.

Yours ever sincerely,
Amy Driffield.

I had seen Mrs. Driffield only once and she but mildly interested me. I do not like being addressed as dear friend; that alone would have been enough to make me decline her invitation. And I was exasperated by its general character which, however ingenious an excuse I invented, made the reason I did not go quite obvious, namely, that I did not want to. I had no letters of Driffield's.

I suppose years ago he had written to me several times, brief notes; but he was then an obscure scribbler, and even if I ever kept letters it would never have occurred to me to keep his. How was I to know that he was going to be acclaimed as the greatest novelist of our day? I hesitated only because Mrs. Driffield said she wanted me to do something for her. It would certainly be a nuisance, but it would be churlish not to do it if I could; and after all her husband was a very distinguished man.

The letter came by the first post and after breakfast I rang up Roy. As soon as I mentioned my name I was put through to him by his secretary. If I were writing a detective story I should immediately have suspected that my call was awaited, and Roy's virile voice calling hullo would have confirmed my suspicion. No one could naturally be quite so cheery so early in the morning.

"I hope I didn't wake you," I said.

"Good God, no!" His healthy laugh rippled along the wires. "I've been up since seven. I've been riding in the park. I'm just going to have breakfast. Come along and have it with me."

"I have a great affection for you, Roy," I answered, "but I don't think you're the sort of person I'd care to have breakfast with. Besides, I've already had mine. Look here, I've just had a letter from Mrs. Driffield asking me to go down and stay."

"Yes, she told me she was going to ask you. We might go down together. She's got quite a good grass court and she does one very well. I think you'd like it."

"What is it that she wants me to do?"

"I think she'd like to tell you that herself."

There was a softness in Roy's voice such as I imagined he would use if he were telling a prospective father that his wife was about to gratify his wishes. It cut no ice with me.

"Come off it, Roy," I said. "I'm too old a bird to be caught with chaff. Spit it out."

There was a moment's pause at the other end of the telephone. I felt that Roy did not like my expression.

"Are you busy this morning?" he asked suddenly. "I'd like to come and see you."

"All right, come on. I shall be in till one."

"I'll be round in about an hour."

I replaced the receiver and relit my pipe. I gave Mrs. Driffield's letter a second glance.

I remembered vividly the luncheon to which she referred. I happened to be staying for a long week-end not far from Tercanbury with a certain Lady Hodmarsh, the clever and handsome American wife of a sporting baronet with no intelligence and charming manners. Perhaps to relieve the tedium of domestic life she was in the habit of entertaining persons connected with the arts. Her parties were mixed and gay. Members of the nobility and gentry mingled, with astonishment and an uneasy awe, with painters, writers, and actors. Lady Hodmarsh neither read the books nor looked at the pictures of the people to whom she offered hospitality, but she liked their company and enjoyed the feeling it gave her of being in the artistic know. When on this occasion the con-

"Mrs. Driffield came to the gate and opened it. Lord George stepped across the road and slipped in. He took her in his arms and gave her a great hug. She gave a little laugh. 'Take care of my hat,' she whispered."

versation happened to dwell for a moment on Edward Driffield, her most celebrated neighbour, and I mentioned that I had at one time known him very well she proposed that we should go over and lunch with him on Monday when a number of her guests were going back to London.

I demurred, for I had not seen Driffield for five and thirty years and I could not believe that he would remember me; and if he did (though this I kept to myself) I could not believe that it would be with pleasure. But there was a young peer there, a certain Lord Scallion, with literary inclinations so violent that instead of ruling this country as the laws of man and nature have decreed, he devoted his energy to the composition of detective novels. His curiosity to see Driffield was boundless and the moment Lady Hodmarsh made her suggestion he said it would be too divine. The star guest of the party was a big young fat duchess and it appeared that her admiration for the celebrated writer was so intense that she was prepared to cut an engagement in London and not go up till the afternoon.

"That would make four of us," said Lady Hodmarsh. "I don't think they could manage more than that. I'll wire to Mrs. Driffield at once."

I could not see myself going to see Driffield in that company and tried to throw cold water on the scheme.

"It'll only bore him to death," I said. "He'll hate having a lot of strangers barging in on him like this. He's a very old man."

"That's why if they want to see him they'd better see him now. He can't last much longer. Mrs. Driffield says he likes to meet people. They never see anybody but the doctor and the parson and it's a change for them. Mrs. Driffield said I could always bring anyone interesting. Of course, she has to be very careful. He's pestered by all sorts of people who want to see him just out of idle curiosity, and interviewers and authors who want him to read their books, and silly hysterical women. But Mrs. Driffield is wonderful. She keeps everyone away from him, but those she thinks he ought to see. I mean, he'd be dead in a week if he saw everyone who wants to see him. She has to think of his strength. Naturally, we're different."

Of course, I thought I was. As I looked at them I perceived that the duchess and Lord Scallion thought they were, too; so I thought it best to say no more.

We drove over in a bright yellow Rolls. Ferne Court was three miles from Blackstable. It was a stucco house built, I suppose, about 1840, plain and unpretentious, but substantial. The drawing-room was furnished so exactly as you felt a drawing-room in a country house of modest size should be furnished that it was slightly disconcerting. Clean bright chintzes covered the comfortable chairs and the large sofa, and the curtains were of the same bright clean chintz. On little Chippendale tables stood large oriental bowls filled with pot-pourri. On the cream-coloured walls were pleasant water-colours by painters well-known at the beginning of this century. There were great masses of flowers charmingly arranged, and on the grand piano in silver frames photographs of celebrated actresses, deceased authors, and minor royalties.

It was no wonder that the duchess cried out that it was a lovely room. It was just the kind of room in which you felt that a distinguished writer should spend the evening of his days. Mrs. Driffield received us with modest assurance. She was a woman of about five and forty, I judged, with a small sallow face and neat sharp features. Her figure was slight and she was neither tall nor short, and she looked trim, competent, and alert. She might have been the squire's widowed daughter, who ran the parish and had a peculiar gift for organization. She introduced us to a clergyman and a lady, who got up as we were shown in. They were the Vicar of Blackstable and his wife. Lady Hodmarsh and the duchess immediately assumed that cringing affability that persons of rank assume with their inferiors in order to show them that they are not for a moment aware that there is any difference of station between them.

Then Edward Driffield came in. I had seen portraits of him from time to time in the illustrated papers, but it was a shock to me to see him in the flesh. He was smaller than I remembered and very thin, his head was barely covered with fine silvery hair, he was clean-shaven, and his skin was almost transparent. His blue eyes were very pale and the rims of his eyelids were red. He looked an old, old man, hanging on to mortality by a thread; he wore very white false teeth and they made his smile seem forced and stiff. I had never seen him but bearded and his lips were thin and pallid. He was dressed in a new, well-cut suit of blue serge and his low collar, two or three sizes too large for him, showed a wrinkled, scraggy neck. He wore a neat black tie with a pearl in it. He looked a little like a dean in mufti on his summer holiday in Switzerland.

Mrs. Driffield gave him a quick glance as he came in and smiled encouragingly; she must have been satisfied with the neatness of his appearance. He shook hands with his guests

"Lord George drove his own trap. He was a stoutish man with a pointed beard, and, remembering him, I think he must have looked like some rubicund merchant in an old Dutch picture."

"I pedalled and Driffield ran by me as I wobbled from side to side. 'Faster,' he said. Mrs. Driffield ran into the middle of the road, with her arms akimbo, shouting, 'Go it, go it, two to one on the favourite!'"

and to each one said something civil. When he came to me he said:

"It's very good of a busy and successful man like you to come all this way to see an old fogy."

I was a trifle taken aback, for he spoke as though he had never seen me before, and I was afraid my friends would think I had been boasting when I claimed at one time to have known him intimately. I wondered if he had completely forgotten me.

"I don't know how many years it is since we last met," I said, trying to be hearty.

He looked at me for what I suppose was no more than a few seconds, but for what seemed to me quite a long time. Then I had a sudden shock. He gave me a little wink; it was so quick that nobody but I could have caught it, and so unexpected in that distinguished old face that I could hardly believe my eyes. In a moment his face was once more composed, intelligently benign, and quietly observant. Luncheon was announced and we trooped into the dining-room.

This also was in what can only be described as the acme of good taste. On the Chippendale sideboard were silver candlesticks. We sat on Chippendale chairs and ate off a Chippendale table. The service was conducted by two deft maids in brown uniform and Mrs. Driffield in the midst of her fluent conversation kept a wary eye on them. I wondered how she had managed to train these buxom Kentish girls (their healthy colour and high cheek-bones betrayed the fact that they were "local") to such a pitch of efficiency. The lunch was just right for the occasion, smart but not showy, fillets of sole rolled up and covered with a white sauce, roast chicken, with new potatoes and green peas, asparagus to follow, and a gooseberry fool.

Mrs. Driffield, like the wives of most men of letters, was a great talker and she did not let the conversation at her end of the table flag; so that, however much we might have wanted to hear what her husband was saying at the other, we had no opportunity. She was gay and sprightly. Though Edward Driffield's indifferent health and great age obliged her to live most of the year in the country, she managed, notwithstanding, to run up to town often enough to keep abreast of what was going on, and she was soon engaged with Lord Scallion in an animated discussion of the plays in the London theatres and the terrible crowd at the Royal Academy.

I watched Edward Driffield. He was talking to Lady Hodmarsh. She was apparently telling him how to write a novel and giving him a list of a few that he really ought to read. Remembering the past I asked myself curiously what he thought of this grand company, his neatly turned-out wife, so competent and discreetly managing, and the elegant surroundings in which he lived. I wondered if he regretted his early days of adventure. I wondered if all this amused him or if the amiable civility of his manner masked a hideous boredom. Perhaps he felt my eyes upon him, for he raised his; they rested on me for a while with a meditative look, mild and yet oddly scrutinizing; and then suddenly, unmistakably this time, he gave me another wink. The frivolous gesture in that old, withered face was more than startling, it was almost shocking. I did not know what to do. My lips outlined a dubious smile.

At the end of luncheon we went back into the drawing-room and after we had been standing about for two or three minutes Edward Driffield came up to me. I was talking with the Vicar and for want of anything better to say was admiring the charming view from the drawing-room window. I turned to my host.

"I was just saying how picturesque that little row of cottages is down there."

"From here." Driffield looked at their broken outline and an ironic smile curled his thin lips. "I was born in one of them. Rum, isn't it?"

But Mrs. Driffield came up to us with a sort of bustling geniality. Her voice was brisk and melodious.

"Oh, Edward, I'm sure the duchess would like to see your writing-room. She has to go almost immediately."

"I'm so sorry, but I must catch the 3.18 from Tercanbury," said the duchess.

We filed into Driffield's study. It was a large room on the other side of the house, looking out on the same view as the dining-room, with a bow window. It was the sort of room that a devoted wife would evidently arrange for her literary husband. It was scrupulously tidy and large bowls of flowers gave it a feminine touch.

"This is the desk at which he's written all his later works," said Mrs. Driffield, closing a book that was open face downwards on it. "It's the frontispiece in the third volume of the edition de luxe. It's a period piece."

We all admired the writing-table and Lady Hodmarsh, when she thought no one was looking, ran her fingers along its under edge to see if it was genuine. Mrs. Driffield gave us a quick, bright smile.

"Would you like to see one of his manuscripts?"

"I'd love to," said the duchess, "and then I simply must bolt."

Mrs. Driffield took from a shelf a manuscript bound in blue morocco and while the rest of the party reverently examined it I had a look at the books with which the room was lined. As authors will, I ran my eye round quickly to see if there were any of (*Continued on page 129*)

Rebele

Dana B. Merrill

Beige sandstone with black plaques and borders give contrast to the façade of Helena Rubinstein's Salon.

By Helena Leigh

This Ageless Era

WHY grow old? It seems an altogether futile and unnecessary business in this year of grace, when there are so many delightful ways of defeating Father Time. As a matter of fact, he has become a frightfully outmoded old party in an age when grandmothers compete so successfully with their children's children.

There's a vast difference, mind you, between the older woman who tries to recapture youth by means of a grotesque girlishness, and the sane one who realizes that something must be done about a face that is falling to pieces. And this, by the way, is a calamity that is quite without excuse now. When one remembers that some of the "Famous Forty" of Paris—than whom there is no smarter, more unimpaired group of women—have passed the half-century milestone, one feels infinitely cheered and enormously encouraged.

The woman who is beginning to show the first traces of age need not despair if she will only give her skin the intelligent care and protection it needs. If in doubt about the right procedure, why not have a few treatments in one of the good salons by way of learning your way around among the wilderness of jars, bottles,

AMORSKIN

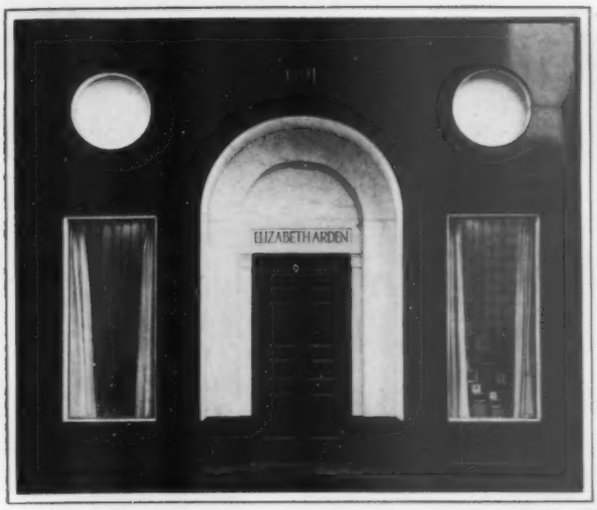
MADAME DE BOOR

DOROTHY GRAY

ELIZABETH ARDEN

MARIE EARLE

Listed in the order of their appearance, reading from the top, these decorative jars, bottles and boxes are among the latest contributions to beauty.



Dana B. Merrill

Striking colour contrasts, black, white and red, enliven the façade of the new Elizabeth Arden Salon.

Herein will be Found Pertinent Hints for the Beauty Seeker and a Guide for her Steps

masks and many other fascinating et ceteras?

That one will grow no older seems a goodly promise, but it is one which Madame de Boor does not hesitate to make to her clients. This remarkable woman, who has been giving equally remarkable facial treatments at Saks-Fifth Avenue, believes so thoroughly in her own method that she promises an indefinite postponement of the signs of age. And, indeed, as one feels her clever fingers warming and stimulating the face muscles, one believes what this brilliant woman says.

Her method is simple and scientific. It is not designed so much for merely momentary effect on tired faces as it is a far-reaching plan for future improvement of muscle support. It is expensive, it is true, but dividends are paid throughout the years by following daily the simple exercises Madame works out for each individual case.

Madame de Boor has had medical training and therefore has a truly scientific knowledge of the bone structure and facial muscles. She reconstructed *les gueules cassées* in France after the War, helping poor distorted faces to become human again. The daily hour under her gentle fingers is a joy (*Continued on page 122*)

MARGOT LANDBERG

KATHLEEN MARY QUINLAN

HELENA RUBINSTEIN

DENNEY & DENNEY

PRIMROSE HOUSE

Fascinating creams and unguents, liquid magic and delightful make-up essentials supply all needs for those who would beautify themselves at home.

Rebele

PHOTOGRAPHS BY INTERNATIONAL

These pictures were made especially for Harper's Bazaar. Above, in the patio of the new Seminole Club, the socially smart foregather.

From left to right above are Col. Williams, Mrs. John Whelen, Mrs. Harvey Shaffer, Mrs. John Fell, Mrs. Allen Wellman, and Mr. Fell

A new snapshot of Mrs. Harvey Wallace Shaffer, prominent in the smart winter colony, taken in the courtyard of her charming home.

Palm Beach in the Sun

By Frances Alexander Wellman

PALM BEACH miraculously changes winter into glistening summer. Life is vivid, informal, and for those not too concerned with serious things there is an amazing choice of diversions.

At the height of the season one can dine ideally from two to two hundred, and everything is enhanced by being done *en plein air*. The real life of the place is well hidden; even the houses keep their charms to themselves and do not look out, but inward upon the invariable patio, where, because of the marvellous climate, imaginative planting can make a spot of entrancing tropical splendour in a few short months.

The gay world seems attempting to prove the belief of the philosophers who said there is no time nor space. Its members rush up and down from north to south for a couple of weeks, and even when in Palm Beach go for an afternoon to the Seminole Club ten miles north or the Gulf Stream Golf Club eighteen miles south. Or down to Miami for a day or night, *(Concluded on page 186)*

M. ADOLFO PORRY-PASTOREL

Rome regained her ancient glory for the Prince's wedding. In the picture above is the royal reviewing stand.

A Royal Wedding

By Vittoria Colonna, Duchess of Sermoneta

(Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen of Italy)

WHEN, two thousand odd years ago, Cæsar was expected back from one of his victorious campaigns, and the populace of the capital and the inhabitants of all the neighbouring towns in the Alban hills flocked towards the Appian Way to see his triumphal procession, Rome may have been as crowded as she has been in these days.

Perhaps the same deep blue sky and brilliant sunshine gladdened those scenes of long ago, and certainly some of the majestic ruins that still remain have now witnessed both Cæsar's processions and the entrance into Rome of the future Queen of Italy. But Cæsar's triumphs came after long wars and their attendant horrors: wretched captives were dragged along chained to his chariot as it passed up the streets. Instead, the procession of the fifth of January was the triumph of Love and Happiness, and the deep-throated roar of the Roman populace, the same exultant note that sounded so many centuries ago, was inspired this time by the one touch of nature that (*Continued on page 146*)

The Crown Prince and Princess of Italy in the Loggia of Raphael in the Vatican. Immediately after their recent wedding ceremony they were received and affectionately blessed by His Holiness the Pope.

From the length and breadth of Italy, peasants came bearing wedding gifts. At the right, an ox-cart from Sardinia.

A Story by **Isa Glenn**

"The rose drew the attention of the group who demanded to know where and how she had got it. Consuelo said: 'Don't you wish you knew?'"

Lunar Enchantments...

The Call of the Blood in the Philippines and the Red Rose of a Certain Lady

THE best time of the day, in Manila, is the cocktail hour. This delightful period is sandwiched between two pauses—concert on the Luneta, with a military band playing tunes and winding up with the "Star Spangled Banner," which brings home to temporary doors, and dinner which is charming in whatever part of the world you find it. During this time, between the death of the sea breeze of the day and the birth of the land breeze of the night, a heaviness in the air forces down, like a shower from heaven, the scent of the *Ylang Ylang* trees; the coming of darkness having coaxed the *Dama de la Noche* to open its shy flowerets, its honey smell floats over the panting city, falling like a benediction. "Well done, thou good and faithful earth! Thou hast lived through another day of the trial by the fire of the sun. Thy reward shall come from Our Lady of the Night."

The massed humanity on the Luneta all at once shatters into groups. If you are orthodox, you will turn in at the Army and Navy Club which, as all globe-trotters know, is across the Luneta from the Manila Hotel and next door to the Elks Club. *The* Club stretches itself lazily, making ready; for, properly, the sun has gone down to the bugle call. Its wide verandas are deserted except for the chino servants. Chinos do not count; but the house itself sneers at the Elks who stay indoors during Retreat, and at the Hotel where "casuals" forget to stand during the slow descent of the flag. The building is arrogant. The movements of its habitués are regulated by those bugle calls which come, faint and clear and sweet, from the ramparts of Fort Santiago. Loud and clear come orders from the Ayuntamienta, but these scarcely disturb the armed peace of the Club, being civilian behests.

On a particular afternoon in January, which to the travelling eye is precisely like June but is really different, Colonel Fairfax arrived at the Club sufficiently on time to secure his favourite seat in the angle of the veranda overlooking the Luneta. From this seat, for too many years to contemplate with enjoyment, he had watched the comings and goings of young officers who grew older as their wives grew stouter or thinner, as the case might be. It was the stream of life, he told himself—a stream that ran its course around an eternal circle, everlastingly repeating, everlastingly monotonous to one who had grown old. He clapped his hands for a servant, and of the suave chino who slid deftly to his side he demanded a drink *pronto;* for he wished to pry his mind off that circle. He had been out here so often, since he had been a young man and the circle had seemed a straight line. He shook his head, but the impatient movement did not displace the neat arrangement of his grey hair which clung damply to his fine head; for this was the interval between life and death, and there was no air. He daubed at his forehead with a yellowed-white silk handkerchief, and thought of revivifying cold winds: he would be glad to go back to the States. Glad for more than one reason. He had been hearing gossip; and gossip, too, was on the whirling circle of which the arcs were made of the same mistakes.

The crowd was collecting. Monotonous white frocks, similar white uniforms—this was life in Manila at six in the afternoon.

"It's been a sickening day," needlessly remarked the young officer who had dropped into an adjacent chair. This lieutenant could not sit still but must ever squirm until he might gaze out over the walk leading to the entrance.

"Waiting for his wife," Colonel Fairfax reflected. "Consuelo coming?" he said aloud. But the two words were not a question; for if Consuelo had not been coming the youngster would have been on the veranda from which women are excluded—drinking, and staring out to sea, staring with his mind's eye back to that time when Consuelo had not worried him.

"I suppose so," replied the youngster. "She said she'd be a little late, but then she's always late since she came out here. She went to the Escolta, shopping," he said unnecessarily.

"H'm-m-m," said the Colonel reflectively.

"Oh, sir," said the youngster, "she doesn't spend so much. It's remarkable how little she spends. She just pokes round, she says. She loves the *feel* of the shops, with the Spanish women wrangling over prices—though, to me, that sounds positively crazy, if you take it as an amusement. But then, I don't like the Spanish." Sipping his newly arrived drink, he began to look satisfied with his wife. "She's romantic," he said, as if that settled it.

"She's young," said the Colonel soothingly.

The youngster settled in his chair, with contentment under which the plaited willow squeaked. For he was a big boy. A nice blond boy. You could see that, up to now, every thought in his head had been according to regulations. But, as one after another of those who now arrived in rapid succession asked where Consuelo was, and as one and all smiled

DRAWINGS BY PETER ARNO

"I went to lean over the parapet and found that I was staring into a walled garden, peeping in on a scene of the utmost privacy."

secretively, he again became defiant in his attitude towards something that he did not quite understand. "She doesn't run around the Escolta any more than the rest of you do," he chided them. "Besides," he added, on a note of high relief, "here she is, and she hasn't got a single parcel!"

Consuelo had a very white skin—the mat white so rarely seen in the United States. She held a small and stunted rose to her delicate nose. And this rose drew the attention of the group, who demanded in their various fashions to know where and how she had got it. For roses with this pinched appearance are the pot-grown treasures of Spanish balconies. Consuelo said: "Don't you wish you knew?"

The pleasant relaxation induced by cocktails mingled with that disintegrating relaxation which follows every day in the tropics, and one saw why all chairs in the Club were of the lounging type. Colonel Fairfax said: "This might be the first of the century, for any essential changes that I can perceive."

But the women jeered that he was more unobservant than even a man had any right to be. "Those women who were out here then wore corsets!" they crowed over him. "And a corset, Colonel, is more than a garment; it's a gesture."

He smiled. "Correct, ladies! But is it a national gesture, or only an individual one? I haven't noticed the (*Continued on page 164*)

PERFECT "FORM" IN GOLFING THINGS

REALIZED WITH THESE NEW SLIDE FASTENINGS

CADDY BAGS, carryalls and sports clothing fitted with the very smart Talon Slide Fasteners have a flatteringly professional air. These fasteners give things a smoothly tailored appearance. They make a continuous closure that offers absolute security against the hardest wear. They don't rust. And they *always* behave perfectly. Talon Slide Fasteners at least give your game the moral support of equipment perfect in form.

Look for the name TALON or Hookless on the slider pull just as carefully as you look for the maker's name on your pet midiron or mashie.

Left

WITH a Talon-fastened hood and pockets (and what spacious pockets), these two golf bags—one of alligator skin and one of black leather—will heighten the morale of any golfer! The indispensable carryall bag, too, takes on a fresh smartness with its neat Talon Slide Fastener

From ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

Above

THE tweed skirt introduces an interesting new note. Its Talon closing gives the flat tailored appearance so essential to a fashion-right sports outfit.

Left and above

No wonder chamois jackets are so important this season, when they fasten smartly and expertly with a Talon Slide Fastener.

From ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

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An Index to the Advertisements in this Issue

The advertisements in this issue represent a social register of fashionable products, places, and shops. You are invited to make use of this index in planning your purchasing.

AUTOMOBILES

American Austin Car Company ..... Opp. 144
Cadillac Motor Car Company ..... Opp. 17
Chrysler Sales Corporation 181
Ford Motor Company ..... Opp. 32
Lincoln Division (Ford Motor Co.) 163
Nash Motors Company 159
Packard Motor Car Company ..... Opp. 120
Pierce Arrow Motor Car Company ..... Opp. 24
Studebaker Corporation of America 35

CIGARETTES

American Tobacco Company (Lucky Strike) ..... Opp. 160
Axton Fisher Company (Spud) ..... Opp. 145
R. J. Reynolds Company (Camel) ..... Back Cover

CONFECTIONERY AND CHOCOLATES

Stephen F. Whitman & Sons, Inc. 58

CORSETS AND ACCESSORIES

Hookless Fastener Company (Talon) 48
Kestos 192
Lily of France 26
The Modart Company 189
Slote & Klein, Inc. 180

FABRICS

Celanese Corporation 27
Rayon Institute of America, Inc. 32
Stehli Silk Corporation ..... Opp. 16
L. O. Thompson 129

FOOD PRODUCTS

Campbell's Soup Company 115
H. J. Heinz Company 158
W. K. Kellogg Company (Corn Flakes) 178
W. K. Kellogg Company (Kaffee Hag) 156
Peek Frean & Co., Ltd. (Allwheat Crispbread) 157

FURS

Fromm Bros. 17

GLOVES

Alexandre Gloves (Marshall Field & Co.) 25
Van Raalte 15

HOME FURNISHINGS

A. Theo. Abbott & Company 178
American Radiator Company ..... 120 B & 120 C
Brewer-Titchener Corporation 176
Cannon Mills ..... Opp. 121
Carlin Comforts 154
Crane Company (Bathroom Fixtures) ..... Third Cover
Luminator Inc. 152
Wm. H. Plummer & Co., Ltd. 118
Simmons Company 155
Valentine-Seaver 153

HOSIERY

Artcraft Silk Hosiery Mills 174
Brown Durrell Company (Gordon Hosiery) 6
Davenport Hosiery Mills, Inc. (Humming Bird) ..... Opp. 25
Dexdale Hosiery Mills 140
Gotham Hosiery Company (Onyx) ..... Opp. 33
Julius Kayser 2
Largman Gray Company (Blue Moon Hosiery) 29
Silk-Eze Corporation (Soap for Hosiery) 146
Van Raalte 15
Windsor Mills 19

JEWELLERY AND SILVERWARE

The Gorham Company 143
Poole Silver Company 172

LEATHER GOODS—TRUNKS, BAGS AND NOVELTIES

Hartmann Trunk Co. 142
The Meeker Company, Inc. 183
The Mendel Drucker Company 186
Oshkosh Trunk Company ..... Opp. 197
C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc. 24

MILLINERY

Bloomfield & Company (Pinehurst Hats) 148
Crofut & Knapp Company 54
Kaskel & Kaskel—Dunlap 12

PERFUMES, TOILETRIES—BEAUTY PREPARATIONS, ETC

Elizabeth Arden 123
The Armand Company, Inc. 171
Boncilla Laboratories, Inc. 166
Caron Corporation 117
Colgate Palmolive Peet 141
Coty, (Manicure) 28
Coty, (Perfumes) 135
Denney & Denney 8
Marjorie Dork 169
Parfum D'Orsay 130
Marie Earle 133
Eugene, Ltd. 177
The Glazo Company 127
Golden Peacock 160
Dorothy Gray 10
Guerlain 21
Hannibal Pharmacal Company (Neet) 179
Hind's Honey & Almond Cream 187
Hinze Ambrosia, Inc. 165
Houbigant 31
Richard Hudnut 144
Kent Brush Sales Corporation 126
Jas. S. Kirk & Company (Pall Mall Soap) 121
Kleenex 137
Kotex 147
Lambert & Fesler (Dew) 162
Lambert Pharmacal Company (Listerine) 175
Lanchere 34
Princess Laurina Blu ..... Opp. 129
Lentheric ..... Opp. 128
Lucien Lelong 37
Geo. W. Luft Company (Tangee) ..... Second Cover
Luna Laboratories 191
B. Manuel 169
Maybelline Company 161
Mme. Mays 168
Molyneux 47
Mulhens & Kropff, Inc. 134
Murine (for the eyes) 190
Louis Philippe, Inc. (Angelus) 167
Louis Parme 169
Pepsodent 145
Pierre 168
Pinaud, Inc. ..... 150 & 151
Pond's Creams 119
Primrose House 125
Helena Rubinstein 128
J. Schaeffer 168
E. R. Squibb & Sons 149
Venus Corporation 190
Yardley & Co., Ltd. 22

READY TO WEAR

Del Monte Hickey 185
Linder Bros. (Shagmoor) 43

SHOES

Boyd Welsh Shoe Company (Peacock Shoes) 33
Andrew Geller 49
Daniel Green Felt Shoe Company 138
Everett & Barron (Cinderella Polish) 174
La Valle, Inc. 144
I. Miller & Sons, Inc. 11
Thos. G. Plant (Dorothy Dodd) ..... Opp. 161
Wingait Division (I. Miller & Sons, Inc.) 11

UNDERWEAR

Julius Kayser 2
Van Raalte 15

RETAIL STORES AND SHOPS

Apparel—Shoes, Etc.

B. Altman & Company 9
Bergdorf Goodman 51
Best & Company 7
Bonwit Teller & Company 5
Hattie Carnegie 132
Dobbs 120
Franklin Simon & Company 3
Nat Lewis 122
Mabel Eldridge & Daisy Garson, Inc. 169
Jas. McCutcheon & Company 14
Maybelle Manning 169
Marshall Field & Company 13
McAvoy (Chicago) 176
Milgrim 16
Oliver A. Olson 168
Saks-Fifth Avenue ..... 56 & 116
Stein & Blaine 139
Stewart & Company 51
A. Sulka & Company 164
John Wanamaker 166

Jewellery

Brand-Chatillon 136
Black Starr & Frost—Gorham, Inc. 131
J. E. Caldwell & Company 4
Tiffany & Company 1

Shoes

Delman Shoe Salon 30
Fortmason British Boots 168
Shoecraft Salon 168
J. & J. Slater 169

LONDON AND PARIS HOUSES

Aine Montaillé 38
Goupy 39
Kargère 38
Jane Regny 36
Cecile Welly 38
Paris Shops 37
London Shops 170

HOTELS, RESORTS AND TRAVEL

American Express Company 202
American Express Company (Traveler's Cheques) 198
Canadian National Railways 201
Frank C. Clark 203
Cunard Line 197
Dollar Steamship Line ..... Opp. 196
French Line 182
Furness Prince Line 201
Grace Line 203
Hamburg American Line 203
Hawaii Tourist Bureau 200
Hotel St. Regis 196
International Mercantile Marine (First Class) 195
International Mercantile Marine (Panama Pacific) 195
Japan Tourist Bureau 198
Lloyd Sabaudo Line 200
London Midland Scottish Railway 194
London N.E. Railway 200
Fraser McLean Company 200
Nippon Yusen Kaisha 199
Norwegian Government Railways 200
Plaza—Savoy Plaza 203
Railways of France (International Wagon Lits.) 194
Royal Mail Steam Packet Company 202
Southern Pacific Company 197
Student's Travel Club 202
Swedish State Railway 203
Swiss Federal R. R. 193
Ward Line 199

SCHOOLS 40-46

TELEPHONE SERVICE ARRANGEMENTS

American Telephone & Telegraph Company 204

MISCELLANEOUS

Curtiss-Wright 52
Dean's 172
Aimé Dupont 189
Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. 30
Superior Color Co., Inc. 210
Wrigley's 173

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The natural line is always indicated... Suits that are "man-tailored" yet each has a feminine touch... Soft woolens are smartest, for they are pliable to tailoring manipulations... Woolens are smartly suited in plain, woven patterns, or in pin dot designs... Everything is a jacket and a skirt... The soft silk blouse is a chic ally... Galyac is the smartest suit fur.

Suits . . 65.00 to 125.00
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STEWART

FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY SIXTH ST.

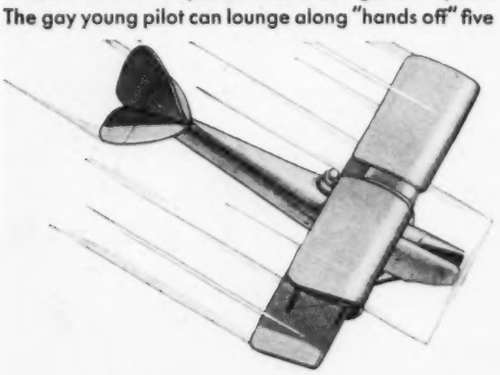
HATS OFF TO THE YOUNG MODERN

SHE'S done with the ground thrills—they're all right for mother. She's through with crawling nose-to-tail-light—when the sky's free . . . She owns the snappiest, easiest handled air-roadster that ever took off in 80 yards of parental lawn, or taxied to a stop in 120.

Down South today, she can hop off for a round of golf a hundred miles away—and land in 90 minutes. Later on, when the world swelters up North, she can think of the beach in the mountains, or the mountains at the beach—and go for a dip or a deepwoods hike while the rest are toiling up and down by road. She can climb 10,000 feet in 21 minutes and see the sunrise after a party . . . that's the life!

Her Gypsy Moth is a two-place biplane, open-cockpit, all-metal fuselage built for strength—with the slimmest silhouette that ever cut head-resistance to a minimum. Thirty-foot span—release the wing lock and the wings fold up to 9—stows in a single-car garage—runs for less than 7 cents a mile, cruising speed.

Her owner changes wheels for floats—and owns a sea-plane. Adds slotted wings—and even Aunt Sophie isn't afraid to go for a spin... The gay young pilot can lounge along "hands off" five thousand feet above those boiling Sunday highways—powdering her nose. She can relax utterly, "feet off" in the ultimate blue—and calmly change her slippers . . . She wouldn't be as thoroughly at ease in Mother's Rolls, with Home-James at the wheel.



Come on, you swearing motorists—get an eagle's view of the world, with an eagle's way in the air! Make time you never dreamed of. Find speed that puts your tied-to-earth performance in a class with the one-horse shay . . . If you're young, keen, modern—give her the gun! Booklet? Write Dept. M-14

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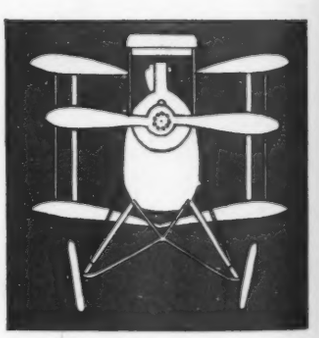
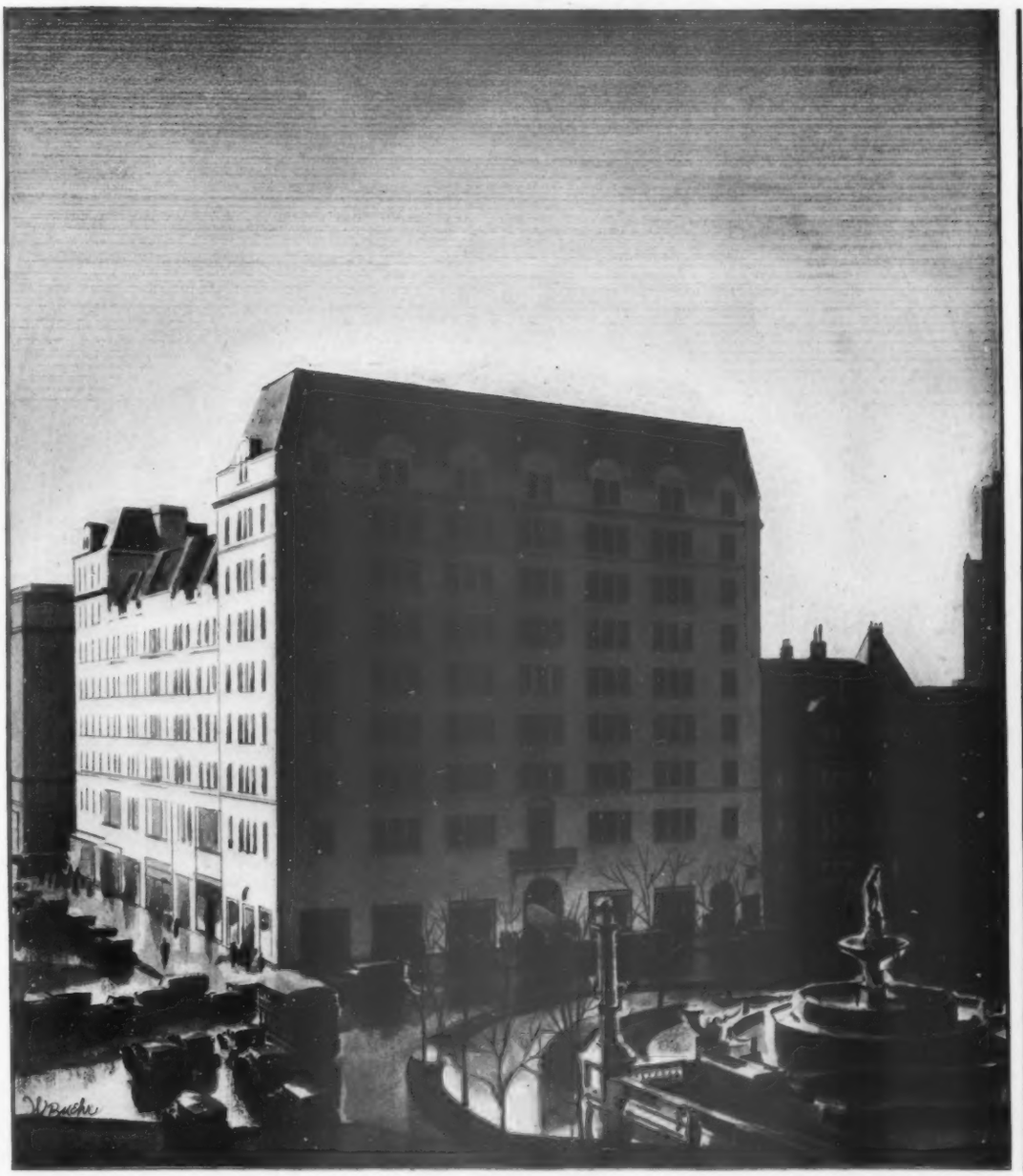


With wings folded, the MOTH easily fits into a one-car garage

D.H. *Gipsy* MOTH

An Impression

OF BERGDORF GOODMAN . . . ON THE PLAZA



Bergdorf Goodman's spring opening is imbued with the exhilaration of the season. It presents brilliant Paris innovations just brought back by their staff, as well as several hundred original and exclusive Bergdorf Goodman creations. The effect of this most important collection is as utterly new as spring on the Plaza.

BERGDORF GOODMAN

NEW YORK

KNAPP-FELT HATS FOR WOMEN

The Knapp-Felt Claudette *is especially designed for casual days in the Southlands. Its beautifully soft texture is zephyr-like Knapp-Felt . . . in a host of lovely colorings and a full complement of sizes.*

Made by THE CROFUT AND KNAPP COMPANY · FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

Presented by Carter & Johnston, 22 East 49th Street, New York; Loeser's, Brooklyn; The White House, San Francisco; Neiman-Marcus Co., Dallas; and at the Smartest Shops in the Principal Cities

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HARPER'S BAZAR

MARCH
1930

64th Year
Number 2609

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Editor*

CONTENTS

Cosmetics and Early Spring Fashions

FICTION:

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM	Cakes and Ale	*Drawings by* WALLACE MORGAN	67 to 69
ISA GLENN	Lunar Enchantments	*Drawings by* PETER ARNO	74, 75
DANA GATLIN	The Road Called You	*Drawing by* JAMES PRESTON	88, 89
JOHN HELD, JR.	Till the James Runs Dry	*Drawings by* RUSSELL PATTERSON	112, 113
RICHARD LE GALLIENNE	There Was a Ship	*Drawings by* ERTÉ	116

PARIS AND NEW YORK FASHIONS:

A RAIN OF HATS: *By* KATHLEEN HOWARD	*Drawings by* DOROTHY COX	57
TIMELY HINTS: *By* BARON DE MEYER	*Photographs by* BARON DE MEYER	60 to 65
PARIS LETTER: *By* MARJORIE HOWARD	*Drawings by* REYNALDO LUZA, CHARLES MARTIN, M. FROMENTI, *and* DYNEVOR RHYS	76 to 87
NEW YORK FASHION NOTES: *By* KATHLEEN HOWARD	*Drawings by* FLORENCE BLECKER	94, 95
EVENING APPAREL FOR SPRING	*Drawings by* MÀLAGA GRENET	96, 97
DAYTIME IMPRESSIONS OF COATS	*Drawings by* BERNARD BOUTET DE MONVEL	98, 99
ALLURING LINGERIE FOR MADAME	*Drawings by* GRACE HART	100, 101
FROM THE NEW YORK SHOPS	*Drawings by* VERONICA E. KELLY	102, 103
LUGGAGE PLANNED FOR COMFORT	*Drawings by* GASTON SUDAKA	104, 105
SIX SPRING FROCKS	*Drawings by* R. A. SURIS	106, 107
FROCKS USEFUL FOR RESORTS	*Photographs by* ARTHUR GERLACH	108, 109
LAST-MINUTE SKETCHES FROM PARIS	*Drawings by* ENID ENGEL	114

SOCIETY AND SPECIAL FEATURES:

CONCERNING BEAUTY: *By* THEODOSIA GARRISON	*Drawings by* CHARLES GILBERT	59
PORTRAIT OF MRS. JOSEPH B. THOMAS		66
THIS AGELESS ERA: *By* HELENA LEIGH		70, 71
PALM BEACH IN THE SUN: *By* FRANCES ALEXANDER WELLMAN		72
A ROYAL WEDDING: *By* VITTORIA COLONNA, DUCHESS OF SERMONETA		73
VANISHING VAUDEVILLE: *By* GEORGE JEAN NATHAN	RALPH BARTON *drew the Pictures*	90, 91
THE ONCE RICH	*Drawings by* FISH	92
ST. MORITZ IN THE SNOW		93
OUR ADVENTURE IN MODERN DECORATION: *By* CURTIS PATTERSON		110, 111
SOCIAL CALENDAR		168
MEALS WE HAVE REMEMBERED		193
POEMS: *By* ELIZABETH LAROCQUE, ADA ALDEN *and* DANIEL HENDERSON		62, 89, 176
INDEX TO HARPER'S BAZAAR ADVERTISING		50

Cover by LÉON BÉNIGNI

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The Bride-to-be

will find at Saks-Fifth Avenue . . . those fashions that are an integral part of the smart wedding . . . She will find everything that is a part of chic . . . from her wedding dress to her luggage . . . from her bridesmaids' hats to her own going-away shoes . . . and especially those clothes that she will wear in her new role as the young matron.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

A rain of hats . . . .

PARIS cables: The first spring hats feature the felt cloche, made with many new tricks, for sport and travel. For town wear there are many bérets in all kinds of materials, also toques and turbans featuring fabrics of all kinds. For formal afternoon wear, later, there are new straws, panamalac and bakoulac, thin, supple, shiny and exotic weaves. There are also many satin hats, frequently long on one side only, sometimes unevenly long on both sides, but much shorter in the back. Wider hats of extremely fine horsehair are for summer in capeline form with simple ribbons or flat flower trimming. Rose Descat shows many sports felts, always with the brims short in front, wider at the sides, all with some original quirk, usually in neutral colours. For town, many bérets in fabrics; they are sometimes pieced together like patchwork. One in black antelope, but many in satin. Also many satin hats of the type drawn in March Harper's Bazaar, page 76. Modistes are using trimmings over one ear, sometimes metallic flowers or a knot of fabric. New diamond clips that fasten anywhere, much seen on hats, also on shoulder-strap or a corner of the décolleté for evening.

All the sketches on this page are from Agnès hats. The leading idea of the new Agnès collection is that of making two hats and one scarf to go with the same costume. The thought is that women sometimes feel like wearing a small, and sometimes a large hat, and that occasions for both types vary. They are done in coloured linen, pastel shades, such as pervenche blue, apricot, pale pink, orchid mauve; also in the new tomato-rose red. They are also made in Rodier's white dotted linen. At the lower right-hand corner of the hat sketches at the top of the page is drawn a hat and scarf in pervenche linen. It is elaborately cut and fitted to the head in sections. The top left-hand hat is in orange linen. . . . . The larger hat is often of felt, matching in colour, and trimmed with encrustations of the linen. Two hats drawn on this page, in the lower group, are in the combination of felt and white dotted linen. Both are red, one a cloche shape, one a turban. The top right corner hat is in a straw plaid of black, white and red, with a silk cord. . . . . Agnès makes cloche-brimmed hats, the brims varying in width, some of them very wide, trimmed with ribbons, or with a flat flower, often placed under the brim, over one ear. . . . . A new straw jersey looks like jet beads, and is as light as a feather in the hand. This is made into toques sometimes of almost béret form, and sometimes combined with satin, also black. The straw-like material is cellophane . . . . . Another new fabric is a jersey tulle, like a coarse-mesh net, made of ostrich in two colours, black and white, for example. Still another fabric, unusual for millinery, is écru linen checked with red, exactly like a glass-towel. This comes from Rodier and has great possibilities for summer. . . . . A charming hat for later wear, with a formal afternoon gown, is illustrated at the top of the lower group. It is in finest horsehair, quite transparent, in cocoa brown shirred here and there in rows, and trimmed with two long ends of cocoa-coloured velvet ribbon. The edge is in crin lace. Many milliners are using this new, transparent, very fine crin, for wide-brimmed hats, often coming well over the cheeks in poke-bonnet shape, so that the profile is seen through the brim. These will be worn later with fluttery, longish chiffon gowns for garden parties. . . . . Drawn on this page at the bottom is a hat in red panamalac trimmed with a large knot of black taffeta ribbon tied over one ear in a stage Spanish smuggler fashion. The lacy pattern hat at the top, centre, is of hemp, knitted by hand. It is écru and is sometimes combined with black satin.

KATHLEEN HOWARD

Drawings by Dorothy Cox

Prestige

All that Whitman's have learned in eighty-eight years about making good chocolates is summed up in this box of Prestige Chocolates.

The pieces are small, shaped with care, beautiful as well as tasteful.

Centers are new confections, covered with three kinds of those distinctive Whitman's chocolate coatings, vanilla, milk and semi-sweet.

The metal box containing the Prestige pieces is a step forward in the combination of art and utility.

Sold everywhere by the selected stores—usually drug stores—that sell the Sampler and other Whitman's candies.

Whitman's
PRESTIGE
CHOCOLATES

in one, two & three pound—$2 the pound

Prestige

© S.F.W. & Son, Inc.

Concerning Beauty . . .

YOU will find them set like jewels among the chains of shops that string the famous avenues of New York and its sister cities. There they stand between or above dignified windows that present faceless forms in priceless furs and laces. In the lesser streets and humbler avenues that run parallel to their more fashionable sisters, they shine between a delicatessen and a stationer's shop. To every normal woman these beckon and allure, for here beauty is for sale and the promise that one can secure at least a suggestion of "the face that launched a thousand ships" hangs in the air even as the aroma of as many perfumes, lotions and creams that greet one as she enters. Despite its glittering promises and its reassuring atmosphere, there is pathos in a shop of this sort, seeing that in its sign too many read that here not beauty alone is for sale but armour is burnished, renovated, repaired and made ready again for battle. Youth goes here lightly to gild refined gold and add a perfume to the violet, but the veteran in this hard crusade of living has beaten the path to its door with the firm feet of those who go to secure the stuff of existence.

It is not a merry game that Campaspe of the 90's plays with Time, but she plays it like a sportswoman. The gentleman with the scythe is certainly going to win sooner or later, but Campaspe is getting, as it were, a run for her money. It would be interesting to know if the attendant nymphs of these scented and softly lighted grottoes of perpetual youth and permanent waves know what they are really doing as they apply the fragrant creams and oils and massage and smooth the countenance as a good laundress irons creased linen. To them, small doubt, they are simply improving a face to the best of their ability and have no idea that their real work is taking away yesterday's worry, last night's tears, or the various bright and merry parties of last week. What the confessional is to the soul, the Shoppe may claim to be to the visage of womankind. Not that it does. Jeanette or Margaret are too concerned with making one line fade where two had shown before to indulge in psychological fancies. Under their light and skilful fingers, however, one has time to indulge in a fancy of one's own and construct, even as Kubla Khan under Coleridge's direction, a stately pleasure dome that shall be The Beauty Shoppe of the Mind.

To this might flock those whose tired brains have insisted upon a holiday, the very hour one would have them at their busiest and best. The Bishop is coming to dinner. What, *under* Heaven, does one talk to a Bishop about? The last line of the poem refuses to click; the short story refuses to end; the superfluous character cannot be removed from the play without inartistic force. Plainly, the mind needs to be brightened. To this end, one enters the Mind Shoppe and is instantly taken in charge by an angelic attendant somewhat like St. Cecelia in appearance whose conversation might run somewhat in this fashion: "Oh, certainly Madam is right. Just a bit rusty, I perceive. It can be brightened easily; and then just a touch of our tonic on these old ideas. Oh, yes, we can assure a new growth in time, without fail. And while Madam is in the chair it might be well to let me trim this fancy (a little *too* whimsical at the end, I think) and this dislike for the work she is doing,—I can massage that away in a second, and the wit needs sharpening too . . . Oh, decidedly. There! And now just a little dash of inspiration. Oh, that *does* brighten Madam up! And this time again next week? Certainly, Madam! No, we haven't taken on the permanent brain brightening yet, but we're working on it. Yes, Madam. Thank you, Madam."

One would flash, as it were, from the presence and, pausing at the notion counter to select an original epigram for the Bishop, go on one's way rejoicing.

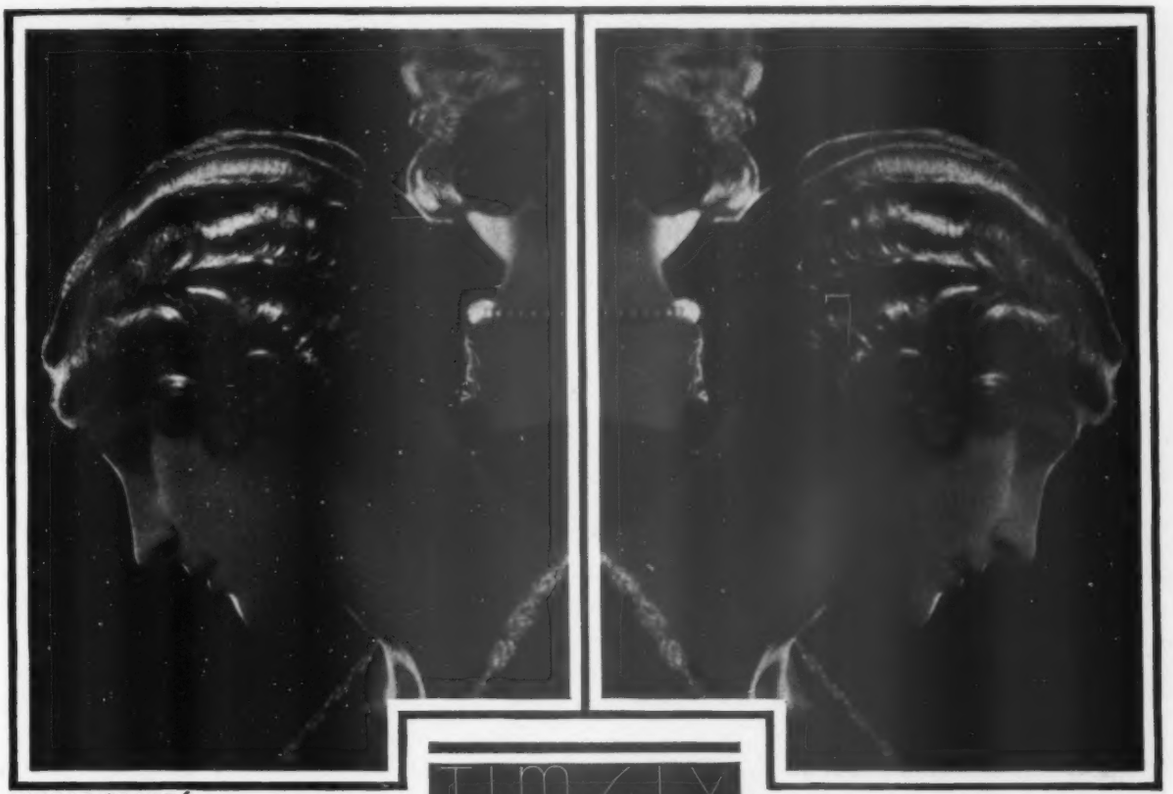
Campaspe, I wonder if The Beauty Shoppe and The Mind Shoppe stood side by side, which one we would enter oftenest!

THEODOSIA GARRISON

AGNÈS

DEMEYER

BLACK AND WHITE TURBAN AND HAT BY AGNÈS BOTH IN BAKOULAC



ROBERT GRAUDÉ

TIMELY HINTS

DEMEYER

SUGGESTIONS ON STYLE CHANGES AND OTHER TOPICS BY BARON DE MEYER

18 rue Vaneau, Paris.

THE destiny of the long skirt has been settled in the affirmative, a most convincing argument in its favour being that the short evening frocks have a last season's look.

It is quite untrue that fashions are retrograding (as has been asserted by people who have not studied the subject). Fashions do not retrograde because of a change in skirt lengths. The long evening skirts are a novelty, especially in juxtaposition to the short ones at present standardized for sport and business. The full-length skirt, as a matter of fact, now means to women what the full dress, tailed evening coat does to men. A suitable garment for gala occasions!

Suggestions to women still reluctant to approve of the change in styles:

All novelty is to be approached with a hopeful disposition, not to mention an open mind; having abjured all prejudice, having laid aside last year's views on the subject of smartness, alongside with last season's frocks, having decided not to be obstinate on the subject of change, remembering that even old fashions must have been revolutionary once. (This applies both to the present and the future.)

It should be borne in mind that no mode (however rational the skirt) can possibly remain standardized for ever, "renewal" being, so far, the best way invented to forestall staleness.

I was recently asked, "What is actually meant by a new mode?" My reply was, "Merely the identical style of clothing adopted for the time being by the greatest number of women."

From a fashion angle the word "mode" is taken seriously only by people making a living by its speedy renewal, as well as by women not themselves interested in clothes but firmly believing all others to be.

"And what is meant by fashion decrees?"

My reply: "The term has no meaning at all. It is much used, however, for headlines in daily papers; it is never to be found in any fashion magazine."

"And why not?"

"Because fashion magazines are aware that no woman would allow herself to be dictated to as to what clothes she should or should not wear."

"Don't dressmakers decide on such matters?"

"Certainly not! The dressmakers' rôle is restricted to the suggesting of novelty, but with no power to impose it. The responsibility for all new fashions rests with the client, depending on what smart women are willing to wear, a decision very few take lightly.

A few words concerning the new and genuine quality of imitation jewels:

I must here introduce Count Etienne de Beaumont, Paris illusionist and *magicien de luxe*, originator of many of the glittering beads invented to adorn fashionable women.

I shall try to transcribe (for the reader's benefit) Monsieur de Beaumont's very original conclusions on how his modern interpretation of the fantastically genuine at present affects the very smartest women in Paris.

He starts by reminding one how only twenty-five years ago the discovery that any woman wore imitation jewels would have disgraced her. The old-fashioned kind of imitation jewels, the Count asserts, was a form of deception which the year 1930 has definitely abolished. He claims, as a substitute, to have invented the *bijou illusion*, a make-believe gem composed of genuine matter, such as:

Scraps of blown glass (genuine), crystallized gellalite (genuine), bits of facetted mirror (genuine).

Monsieur de Beaumont pursues: Good taste in decorative jewels, in contrast to sophisticated simplicity of clothes, requires an illusion of unsurpassed splendour, achieved by supernatural size and luminosity. Why? In order that all semblance of reality may be destroyed, with no room left for deception.

Really to fulfil its purpose the *bijou illusion* should be used as pure decoration; not in any sense as a jewel, so says Monsieur de Beaumont. He hopes in this way to lead the public gradually towards a better understanding of a jewel's original purpose, which was decorative and in which intrinsic value was of secondary importance.

Monsieur de Beaumont further claims that the wearing of illusion jewels *with chic* means treating them as women might formerly have treated their ostrich feather boa, as accessories made to harmonize with their frock.

He warns against the combining of real stones with what is merely meant to produce an illusion, there being a danger, he says, of one kind of jewel being detrimental to the other.

The Count emphasizes the fact that modern mentality in jewels runs to size above all, and that historical pearl necklaces such as are owned by famous duchesses have of late been found to pale before the glittering bits of luminous mirrors simulating diamonds of enormous size of the kind at present finding favour with the very smartest women in Paris.

A rather amusing phase of the development of this craze for decorative jewellery, is that the very lack of cost of it advertises its wearer as one who is not always willing to have her financial standing judged by her display of jewels. Million dollar strings of pearls, while always desirable and chic, at once suggest this, so Monsieur de Beaumont would lead one to think.

Notes dealing with the 1930 Riviera season:

Most wardrobe trunks seem to contain not merely Southern sea-front fashions, but winter sports outfits for the snowy altitudes above the coast, as well. Norwegian styles for Alpine heights, gabardine skiing suits alongside of pastel shaded crêpe de Chines for strolls on sea-front promenades.

What a smart Parisienne's wardrobe trunk contains, besides skiing trousers:

Jersey suits, others of tweedy fabrics, pliable woollen costumes, the woollen skirts reaching to just below the knees.

Crêpe de Chine and shantung frocks suitable for the luncheon hour, to be worn until tea-time. All afternoon skirts slightly lengthened. As a matter of fact, the later the daylight hour, the longer the skirt.

For the ultimate cocktail, just before dinner, some points and flounces are seen to have dropped down to the ankles.

A suitable assortment of wraps matching the frocks, some of them with fur collars, the coat not to reach lower than half-way between hips and knees.

An entirely new collection of evening dresses, with every one of the skirts quite long, even-hemmed, few of them trailing.

Sweeping panels and too long wisps of materials, not to say actual trains, are, so far, exceptional and rarely to be met with. They are objected to because of the dance floor. The looping-up gesture is, as yet, considered not graceful. It is, however, undoubtedly to be launched sooner or later—to become a next season fad.

Textures—for some of the new dresses contained in the aforementioned trunks:

Printed chiffons made up into useful frocks, taking their chance of being labelled "last year."

Coloured lace used for long, rather full, stiffened-out skirts, considered by some people a modified version of the late *robe de style*.

Soft silver and gold gauzy fabrics, as well as (in most English women's trunks) brocaded lamés. These are likely to be featured as a Paris novelty in most of the new spring collections.

Spangled textures (embroidery on net foundation), particularly smart in midnight blue.

Venetian red *velours anglais* (velveteen), attractive both for plain tailored coats and skirts, as well as for long clinging evening dresses, to be worn with corresponding (*Concluded on page 64*)

NEW YORK . . .

We are a tribe apart who love you well,
A restless people, haunted by the cry
Of voices you awakened with your spell
Within our hearts, that we may not deny,
That never can be silenced till we die.
And yet we have no longing for the peace
Of those untroubled ones we hurry by
Upon the streets, we would not seek release.

From far-off lands we turn us back to this
That has enchanted us and is our own,
For in the silence of the night we miss
That lack of silence that we once have known,
And somehow in the silence are alone.
And so we seek again the vibrant roar
Of traffic, and your buildings wrought of stone,
And the white glory of Broadway once more.

Envoie

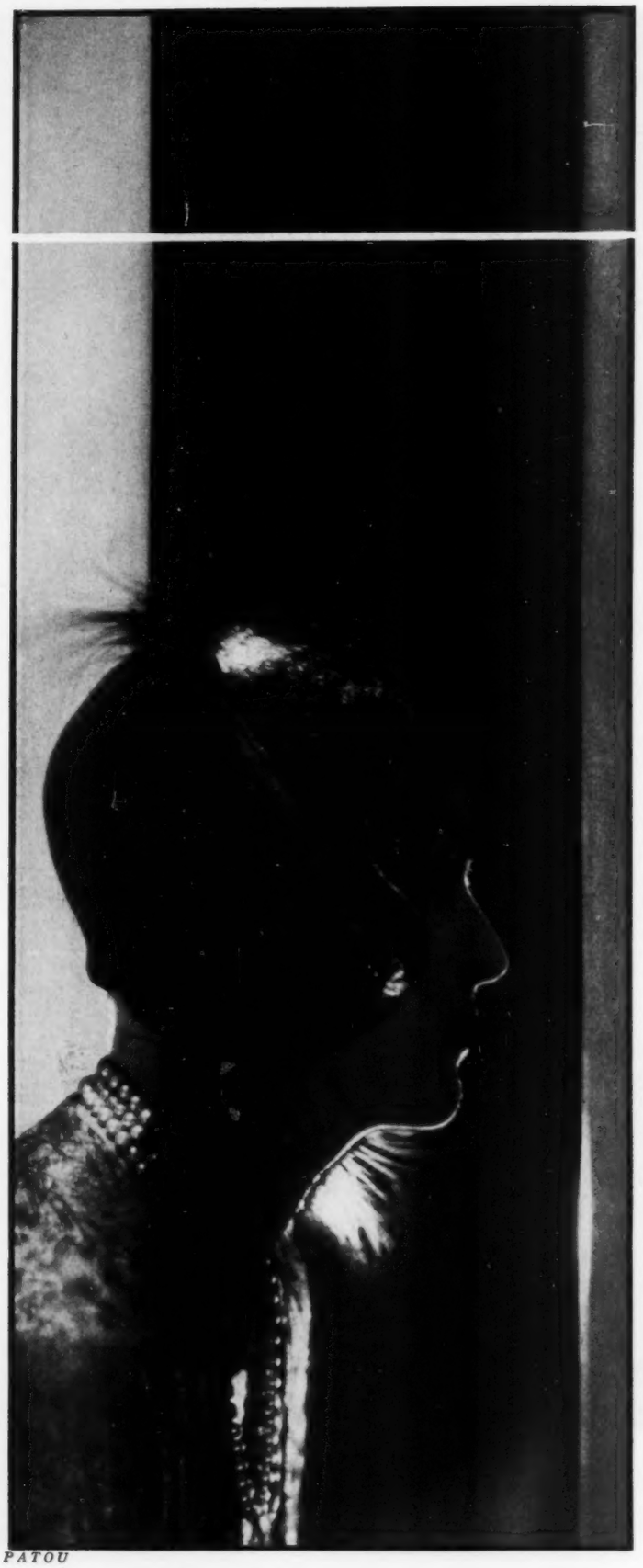
City of light and shadow and unrest,
Of sound that rises like a frenzied prayer
Into the darkness of the outer air.
We are your people, echoes of your soul,
A thousand kinds and creeds, a mighty whole,
A tribe that has no future but its quest.

ELIZABETH LAROCQUE

MARY NOWITZKY

DEMEYER

BLACK VELVET DINNER PYJAMAS WITH COLOURED FLOWERS APPLIQUÉ



PATOU

DEMEYER

A SOPHISTICATED HAT OF BLACK STRAW TRIMMED WITH BLACK OSPREY

short restaurant capes. The latter is a new kind of garment, not to be confused with the matching evening wrap. It is merely a substitute for the sheer dinner jacket, giving an over-elaborate gown the so fashionable "under-dressed" appearance.

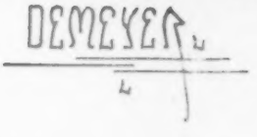
The trunks further contain but a very restricted number of small close-fitting hats, though an unlimited quantity of béret basques, in all shades and textures, in cloth, in tweed, in velvet and satin.

Women who have adopted the béret basque to the exclusion of all other headgear, both in town and resorts, are mostly of the kind known to be spending fortunes on their clothes.

Strange to say, the béret is only really becoming to either ultra-smart women or shop girls (the latter, however, despising it). As a matter of fact, worn by ordinary looking people, the béret has a tendency to accentuate cheapness; its cost, being but a very few francs, becoming very noticeable.

SUZANNE TALBOT

THIS BLACK HAT HAS
A FELT CROWN AND A
BRIM OF HORSEHAIR



Lenare

MRS. JOSEPH B. THOMAS

Mrs. Thomas, the former Miss Clara Fargo, descendant of one of the founders of the Wells, Fargo Company, is one of the most interesting of New York's younger hostesses. Possessing a rare artistic talent, the petite Mrs. Thomas spends much time in her studio producing works that have won for her the praise of the art critics. The entertainments given at the Thomas residence in New York's "Block Beautiful" are among the unique events of the season in town.

A Novel by **W. Somerset Maugham**

Cakes and Ale

Drawings By
Wallace Morgan

"Driffield took his banjo, tuned it and began to sing. The ditty that he sang had a chorus and the curate and Lord George joined in lustily."

. . . Never has the Victorian Era been so Blithely Satirized. Here is Maugham's most Powerful Story

Part II

To my surprise two or three days after I lunched with Alroy Kear I received a letter from Edward Driffield's widow. It ran as follows:

Dear Friend:

I hear that you had a long talk with Roy last week about Edward Driffield, and I am so glad to know that you spoke of him so nicely. He often talked to me of you. He had the greatest admiration for your talent and he was so very pleased to see you when you came to lunch with us. I wonder if you have in your possession any letters that he wrote to you and, if so, whether you would let me have copies of them. I should be very pleased if I could persuade you to come down for two or three days and stay with me. I live very quietly now and have no one here, so please choose your own time. I shall be delighted to see you again and have a talk of old times. I have a particular service I want you to do me and I am sure that for the sake of my dear dead husband you will not refuse.

Yours ever sincerely,
Amy Driffield.

I had seen Mrs. Driffield only once and she but mildly interested me. I do not like being addressed as dear friend; that alone would have been enough to make me decline her invitation. And I was exasperated by its general character which, however ingenious an excuse I invented, made the reason I did not go quite obvious, namely, that I did not want to. I had no letters of Driffield's.

I suppose years ago he had written to me several times, brief notes; but he was then an obscure scribbler, and even if I ever kept letters it would never have occurred to me to keep his. How was I to know that he was going to be acclaimed as the greatest novelist of our day? I hesitated only because Mrs. Driffield said she wanted me to do something for her. It would certainly be a nuisance, but it would be churlish not to do it if I could; and after all her husband was a very distinguished man.

The letter came by the first post and after breakfast I rang up Roy. As soon as I mentioned my name I was put through to him by his secretary. If I were writing a detective story I should immediately have suspected that my call was awaited, and Roy's virile voice calling hullo would have confirmed my suspicion. No one could naturally be quite so cheery so early in the morning.

"I hope I didn't wake you," I said.

"Good God, no!" His healthy laugh rippled along the wires. "I've been up since seven. I've been riding in the park. I'm just going to have breakfast. Come along and have it with me."

"I have a great affection for you, Roy," I answered, "but I don't think you're the sort of person I'd care to have breakfast with. Besides, I've already had mine. Look here, I've just had a letter from Mrs. Driffield asking me to go down and stay."

"Yes, she told me she was going to ask you. We might go down together. She's got quite a good grass court and she does one very well. I think you'd like it."

"What is it that she wants me to do?"

"I think she'd like to tell you that herself."

There was a softness in Roy's voice such as I imagined he would use if he were telling a prospective father that his wife was about to gratify his wishes. It cut no ice with me.

"Come off it, Roy," I said. "I'm too old a bird to be caught with chaff. Spit it out."

There was a moment's pause at the other end of the telephone. I felt that Roy did not like my expression.

"Are you busy this morning?" he asked suddenly. "I'd like to come and see you."

"All right, come on. I shall be in till one."

"I'll be round in about an hour."

I replaced the receiver and relit my pipe. I gave Mrs. Driffield's letter a second glance.

I remembered vividly the luncheon to which she referred. I happened to be staying for a long week-end not far from Tercanbury with a certain Lady Hodmarsh, the clever and handsome American wife of a sporting baronet with no intelligence and charming manners. Perhaps to relieve the tedium of domestic life she was in the habit of entertaining persons connected with the arts. Her parties were mixed and gay. Members of the nobility and gentry mingled, with astonishment and an uneasy awe, with painters, writers, and actors. Lady Hodmarsh neither read the books nor looked at the pictures of the people to whom she offered hospitality, but she liked their company and enjoyed the feeling it gave her of being in the artistic know. When on this occasion the con-

"Mrs. Driffield came to the gate and opened it. Lord George stepped across the road and slipped in. He took her in his arms and gave her a great hug. She gave a little laugh. 'Take care of my hat,' she whispered."

versation happened to dwell for a moment on Edward Driffield, her most celebrated neighbour, and I mentioned that I had at one time known him very well she proposed that we should go over and lunch with him on Monday when a number of her guests were going back to London.

I demurred, for I had not seen Driffield for five and thirty years and I could not believe that he would remember me; and if he did (though this I kept to myself) I could not believe that it would be with pleasure. But there was a young peer there, a certain Lord Scallion, with literary inclinations so violent that instead of ruling this country as the laws of man and nature have decreed, he devoted his energy to the composition of detective novels. His curiosity to see Driffield was boundless and the moment Lady Hodmarsh made her suggestion he said it would be too divine. The star guest of the party was a big young fat duchess and it appeared that her admiration for the celebrated writer was so intense that she was prepared to cut an engagement in London and not go up till the afternoon.

"That would make four of us," said Lady Hodmarsh. "I don't think they could manage more than that. I'll wire to Mrs. Driffield at once."

I could not see myself going to see Driffield in that company and tried to throw cold water on the scheme.

"It'll only bore him to death," I said. "He'll hate having a lot of strangers barging in on him like this. He's a very old man."

"That's why if they want to see him they'd better see him now. He can't last much longer. Mrs. Driffield says he likes to meet people. They never see anybody but the doctor and the parson and it's a change for them. Mrs. Driffield said I could always bring anyone interesting. Of course, she has to be very careful. He's pestered by all sorts of people who want to see him just out of idle curiosity, and interviewers and authors who want him to read their books, and silly hysterical women. But Mrs. Driffield is wonderful. She keeps everyone away from him, but those she thinks he ought to see. I mean, he'd be dead in a week if he saw everyone who wants to see him. She has to think of his strength. Naturally, we're different."

Of course, I thought I was. As I looked at them I perceived that the duchess and Lord Scallion thought they were, too; so I thought it best to say no more.

We drove over in a bright yellow Rolls. Ferne Court was three miles from Blackstable. It was a stucco house built, I suppose, about 1840, plain and unpretentious, but substantial. The drawing-room was furnished so exactly as you felt a drawing-room in a country house of modest size should be furnished that it was slightly disconcerting. Clean bright chintzes covered the comfortable chairs and the large sofa, and the curtains were of the same bright clean chintz. On little Chippendale tables stood large oriental bowls filled with pot-pourri. On the cream-coloured walls were pleasant water-colours by painters well-known at the beginning of this century. There were great masses of flowers charmingly arranged, and on the grand piano in silver frames photographs of celebrated actresses, deceased authors, and minor royalties.

It was no wonder that the duchess cried out that it was a lovely room. It was just the kind of room in which you felt that a distinguished writer should spend the evening of his days. Mrs. Driffield received us with modest assurance. She was a woman of about five and forty, I judged, with a small sallow face and neat sharp features. Her figure was slight and she was neither tall nor short, and she looked trim, competent, and alert. She might have been the squire's widowed daughter, who ran the parish and had a peculiar gift for organization. She introduced us to a clergyman and a lady, who got up as we were shown in. They were the Vicar of Blackstable and his wife. Lady Hodmarsh and the duchess immediately assumed that cringing affability that persons of rank assume with their inferiors in order to show them that they are not for a moment aware that there is any difference of station between them.

Then Edward Driffield came in. I had seen portraits of him from time to time in the illustrated papers, but it was a shock to me to see him in the flesh. He was smaller than I remembered and very thin, his head was barely covered with fine silvery hair, he was clean-shaven, and his skin was almost transparent. His blue eyes were very pale and the rims of his eyelids were red. He looked an old, old man, hanging on to mortality by a thread; he wore very white false teeth and they made his smile seem forced and stiff. I had never seen him but bearded and his lips were thin and pallid. He was dressed in a new, well-cut suit of blue serge and his low collar, two or three sizes too large for him, showed a wrinkled, scraggy neck. He wore a neat black tie with a pearl in it. He looked a little like a dean in mufti on his summer holiday in Switzerland.

Mrs. Driffield gave him a quick glance as he came in and smiled encouragingly; she must have been satisfied with the neatness of his appearance. He shook hands with his guests

"Lord George drove his own trap. He was a stoutish man with a pointed beard, and, remembering him, I think he must have looked like some rubicund merchant in an old Dutch picture."

"I pedalled and Driffield ran by me as I wobbled from side to side. 'Faster,' he said. Mrs. Driffield ran into the middle of the road, with her arms akimbo, shouting, 'Go it, go it, two to one on the favourite!'"

and to each one said something civil. When he came to me he said:

"It's very good of a busy and successful man like you to come all this way to see an old fogy."

I was a trifle taken aback, for he spoke as though he had never seen me before, and I was afraid my friends would think I had been boasting when I claimed at one time to have known him intimately. I wondered if he had completely forgotten me.

"I don't know how many years it is since we last met," I said, trying to be hearty.

He looked at me for what I suppose was no more than a few seconds, but for what seemed to me quite a long time. Then I had a sudden shock. He gave me a little wink; it was so quick that nobody but I could have caught it, and so unexpected in that distinguished old face that I could hardly believe my eyes. In a moment his face was once more composed, intelligently benign, and quietly observant. Luncheon was announced and we trooped into the dining-room.

This also was in what can only be described as the acme of good taste. On the Chippendale sideboard were silver candlesticks. We sat on Chippendale chairs and ate off a Chippendale table. The service was conducted by two deft maids in brown uniform and Mrs. Driffield in the midst of her fluent conversation kept a wary eye on them. I wondered how she had managed to train these buxom Kentish girls (their healthy colour and high cheek-bones betrayed the fact that they were "local") to such a pitch of efficiency. The lunch was just right for the occasion, smart but not showy, fillets of sole rolled up and covered with a white sauce, roast chicken, with new potatoes and green peas, asparagus to follow, and a gooseberry fool.

Mrs. Driffield, like the wives of most men of letters, was a great talker and she did not let the conversation at her end of the table flag; so that, however much we might have wanted to hear what her husband was saying at the other, we had no opportunity. She was gay and sprightly. Though Edward Driffield's indifferent health and great age obliged her to live most of the year in the country, she managed, notwithstanding, to run up to town often enough to keep abreast of what was going on, and she was soon engaged with Lord Scallion in an animated discussion of the plays in the London theatres and the terrible crowd at the Royal Academy.

I watched Edward Driffield. He was talking to Lady Hodmarsh. She was apparently telling him how to write a novel and giving him a list of a few that he really ought to read. Remembering the past I asked myself curiously what he thought of this grand company, his neatly turned-out wife, so competent and discreetly managing, and the elegant surroundings in which he lived. I wondered if he regretted his early days of adventure. I wondered if all this amused him or if the amiable civility of his manner masked a hideous boredom. Perhaps he felt my eyes upon him, for he raised his; they rested on me for a while with a meditative look, mild and yet oddly scrutinizing; and then suddenly, unmistakably this time, he gave me another wink. The frivolous gesture in that old, withered face was more than startling, it was almost shocking. I did not know what to do. My lips outlined a dubious smile.

At the end of luncheon we went back into the drawing-room and after we had been standing about for two or three minutes Edward Driffield came up to me. I was talking with the Vicar and for want of anything better to say was admiring the charming view from the drawing-room window. I turned to my host.

"I was just saying how picturesque that little row of cottages is down there."

"From here." Driffield looked at their broken outline and an ironic smile curled his thin lips. "I was born in one of them. Rum, isn't it?"

But Mrs. Driffield came up to us with a sort of bustling geniality. Her voice was brisk and melodious.

"Oh, Edward, I'm sure the duchess would like to see your writing-room. She has to go almost immediately."

"I'm so sorry, but I must catch the 3.18 from Tercanbury," said the duchess.

We filed into Driffield's study. It was a large room on the other side of the house, looking out on the same view as the dining-room, with a bow window. It was the sort of room that a devoted wife would evidently arrange for her literary husband. It was scrupulously tidy and large bowls of flowers gave it a feminine touch.

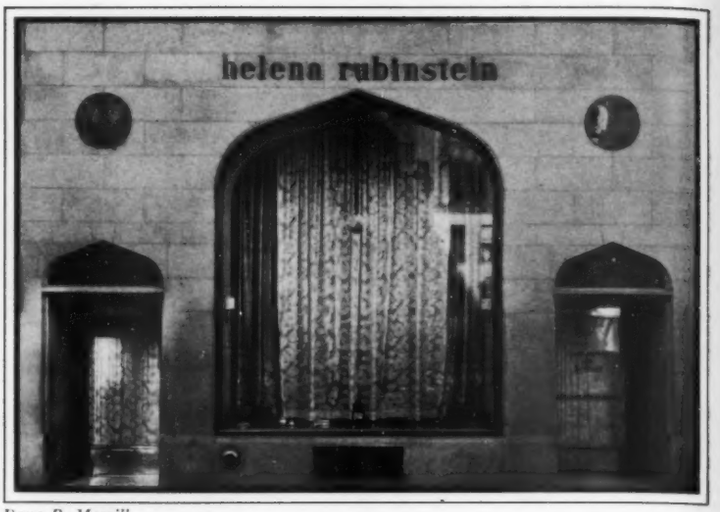
"This is the desk at which he's written all his later works," said Mrs. Driffield, closing a book that was open face downwards on it. "It's the frontispiece in the third volume of the edition de luxe. It's a period piece."

We all admired the writing-table and Lady Hodmarsh, when she thought no one was looking, ran her fingers along its under edge to see if it was genuine. Mrs. Driffield gave us a quick, bright smile.

"Would you like to see one of his manuscripts?"

"I'd love to," said the duchess, "and then I simply must bolt."

Mrs. Driffield took from a shelf a manuscript bound in blue morocco and while the rest of the party reverently examined it I had a look at the books with which the room was lined. As authors will, I ran my eye round quickly to see if there were any of (*Continued on page 129*)



Dana B. Merrill

Beige sandstone with black plaques and borders give contrast to the façade of Helena Rubinstein's Salon.

By Helena Leigh

This Ageless Era

WHY grow old? It seems an altogether futile and unnecessary business in this year of grace, when there are so many delightful ways of defeating Father Time. As a matter of fact, he has become a frightfully outmoded old party in an age when grandmothers compete so successfully with their children's children.

There's a vast difference, mind you, between the older woman who tries to recapture youth by means of a grotesque girlishness, and the sane one who realizes that something must be done about a face that is falling to pieces. And this, by the way, is a calamity that is quite without excuse now. When one remembers that some of the "Famous Forty" of Paris—than whom there is no smarter, more unimpaired group of women—have passed the half-century milestone, one feels infinitely cheered and enormously encouraged.

The woman who is beginning to show the first traces of age need not despair if she will only give her skin the intelligent care and protection it needs. If in doubt about the right procedure, why not have a few treatments in one of the good salons by way of learning your way around among the wilderness of jars, bottles,

Rebele

AMORSKIN

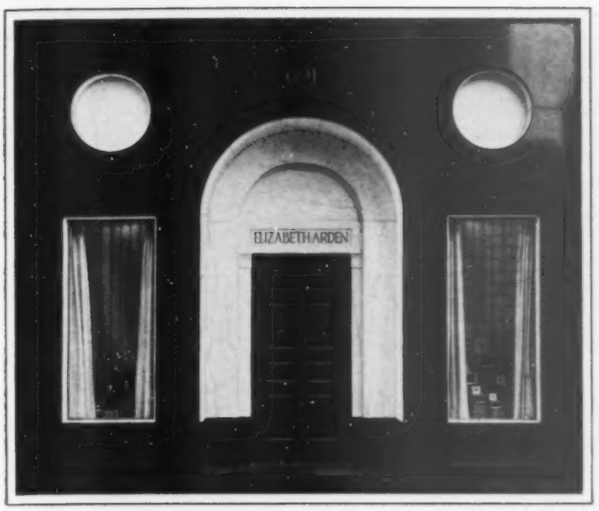
MADAME DE BOOR

DOROTHY GRAY

ELIZABETH ARDEN

MARIE EARLE

Listed in the order of their appearance, reading from the top, these decorative jars, bottles and boxes are among the latest contributions to beauty.



Dana B. Merrill

Striking colour contrasts, black, white and red, enliven the façade of the new Elizabeth Arden Salon.

Herein will be Found Pertinent Hints for the Beauty Seeker and a Guide for her Steps

masks and many other fascinating et ceteras?

That one will grow no older seems a goodly promise, but it is one which Madame de Boor does not hesitate to make to her clients. This remarkable woman, who has been giving equally remarkable facial treatments at Saks-Fifth Avenue, believes so thoroughly in her own method that she promises an indefinite postponement of the signs of age. And, indeed, as one feels her clever fingers warming and stimulating the face muscles, one believes what this brilliant woman says.

Her method is simple and scientific. It is not designed so much for merely momentary effect on tired faces as it is a far-reaching plan for future improvement of muscle support. It is expensive, it is true, but dividends are paid throughout the years by following daily the simple exercises Madame works out for each individual case.

Madame de Boor has had medical training and therefore has a truly scientific knowledge of the bone structure and facial muscles. She reconstructed *les gueules cassées* in France after the War, helping poor distorted faces to become human again. The daily hour under her gentle fingers is a joy (*Continued on page 122*)

MARGOT LANDBERG

KATHLEEN MARY QUINLAN

HELENA RUBINSTEIN

DENNEY & DENNEY

PRIMROSE HOUSE

Fascinating creams and unguents, liquid magic and delightful make-up essentials supply all needs for those who would beautify themselves at home.

Rebele

PHOTOGRAPHS BY INTERNATIONAL

These pictures were made especially for Harper's Bazaar. Above, in the patio of the new Seminole Club, the socially smart foregather.

From left to right above are Col. Williams, Mrs. John Whelen, Mrs. Harvey Shaffer, Mrs. John Fell, Mrs. Allen Wellman, and Mr. Fell

A new snapshot of Mrs. Harvey Wallace Shaffer, prominent in the smart winter colony, taken in the courtyard of her charming home.

Palm Beach in the Sun

By Frances Alexander Wellman

PALM BEACH miraculously changes winter into glistening summer. Life is vivid, informal, and for those not too concerned with serious things there is an amazing choice of diversions.

At the height of the season one can dine ideally from two to two hundred, and everything is enhanced by being done *en plein air*. The real life of the place is well hidden; even the houses keep their charms to themselves and do not look out, but inward upon the invariable patio, where, because of the marvellous climate, imaginative planting can make a spot of entrancing tropical splendour in a few short months.

The gay world seems attempting to prove the belief of the philosophers who said there is no time nor space. Its members rush up and down from north to south for a couple of weeks, and even when in Palm Beach go for an afternoon to the Seminole Club ten miles north or the Gulf Stream Golf Club eighteen miles south. Or down to Miami for a day or night, *(Concluded on page 186)*

M. ADOLFO PORRY-PASTORELL

Rome regained her ancient glory for the Prince's wedding. In the picture above is the royal reviewing stand.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Italy in the Loggia of Raphael in the Vatican. Immediately after their recent wedding ceremony they were received and affectionately blessed by His Holiness the Pope.

A Royal Wedding

By Vittoria Colonna, Duchess of Sermoneta

(Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen of Italy)

WHEN, two thousand odd years ago, Cæsar was expected back from one of his victorious campaigns, and the populace of the capital and the inhabitants of all the neighbouring towns in the Alban hills flocked towards the Appian Way to see his triumphal procession, Rome may have been as crowded as she has been in these days.

Perhaps the same deep blue sky and brilliant sunshine gladdened those scenes of long ago, and certainly some of the majestic ruins that still remain have now witnessed both Cæsar's processions and the entrance into Rome of the future Queen of Italy. But Cæsar's triumphs came after long wars and their attendant horrors: wretched captives were dragged along chained to his chariot as it passed up the streets. Instead, the procession of the fifth of January was the triumph of Love and Happiness, and the deep-throated roar of the Roman populace, the same exultant note that sounded so many centuries ago, was inspired this time by the one touch of nature that (*Continued on page 146*)

From the length and breadth of Italy, peasants came bearing wedding gifts. At the right, an ox-cart from Sardinia.

A Story by **Isa Glenn**

"The rose drew the attention of the group who demanded to know where and how she had got it. Consuelo said: 'Don't you wish you knew?'"

Lunar Enchantments...

The Call of the Blood in the Philippines and the Red Rose of a Certain Lady

THE best time of the day, in Manila, is the cocktail hour. This delightful period is sandwiched between two pauses—concert on the Luneta, with a military band playing tunes and winding up with the "Star Spangled Banner," which brings home to temporary doors, and dinner which is charming in whatever part of the world you find it. During this time, between the death of the sea breeze of the day and the birth of the land breeze of the night, a heaviness in the air forces down, like a shower from heaven, the scent of the *Ylang Ylang* trees; the coming of darkness having coaxed the *Dama de la Noche* to open its shy flowerets, its honey smell floats over the panting city, falling like a benediction. "Well done, thou good and faithful earth! Thou hast lived through another day of the trial by the fire of the sun. Thy reward shall come from Our Lady of the Night."

The massed humanity on the Luneta all at once shatters into groups. If you are orthodox, you will turn in at the Army and Navy Club which, as all globe-trotters know, is across the Luneta from the Manila Hotel and next door to the Elks Club. *The* Club stretches itself lazily, making ready; for, properly, the sun has gone down to the bugle call. Its wide verandas are deserted except for the chino servants. Chinos do not count; but the house itself sneers at the Elks who stay indoors during Retreat, and at the Hotel where "casuals" forget to stand during the slow descent of the flag. The building is arrogant. The movements of its habitués are regulated by those bugle calls which come, faint and clear and sweet, from the ramparts of Fort Santiago. Loud and clear come orders from the Ayuntamienta, but these scarcely disturb the armed peace of the Club, being civilian behests.

On a particular afternoon in January, which to the travelling eye is precisely like June but is really different, Colonel Fairfax arrived at the Club sufficiently on time to secure his favourite seat in the angle of the veranda overlooking the Luneta. From this seat, for too many years to contemplate with enjoyment, he had watched the comings and goings of young officers who grew older as their wives grew stouter or thinner, as the case might be. It was the stream of life, he told himself—a stream that ran its course around an eternal circle, everlastingly repeating, everlastingly monotonous to one who had grown old. He clapped his hands for a servant, and of the suave chino who slid deftly to his side he demanded a drink *pronto;* for he wished to pry his mind off that circle. He had been out here so often, since he had been a young man and the circle had seemed a straight line. He shook his head, but the impatient movement did not displace the neat arrangement of his grey hair which clung damply to his fine head; for this was the interval between life and death, and there was no air. He daubed at his forehead with a yellowed-white silk handkerchief, and thought of revivifying cold winds: he would be glad to go back to the States. Glad for more than one reason. He had been hearing gossip; and gossip, too, was on the whirling circle of which the arcs were made of the same mistakes.

The crowd was collecting. Monotonous white frocks, similar white uniforms—this was life in Manila at six in the afternoon.

"It's been a sickening day," needlessly remarked the young officer who had dropped into an adjacent chair. This lieutenant could not sit still but must ever squirm until he might gaze out over the walk leading to the entrance.

"Waiting for his wife," Colonel Fairfax reflected. "Consuelo coming?" he said aloud. But the two words were not a question; for if Consuelo had not been coming the youngster would have been on the veranda from which women are excluded—drinking, and staring out to sea, staring with his mind's eye back to that time when Consuelo had not worried him.

"I suppose so," replied the youngster. "She said she'd be a little late, but then she's always late since she came out here. She went to the Escolta, shopping," he said unnecessarily.

"H'm-m-m," said the Colonel reflectively.

"Oh, sir," said the youngster, "she doesn't spend so much. It's remarkable how little she spends. She just pokes round, she says. She loves the *feel* of the shops, with the Spanish women wrangling over prices—though, to me, that sounds positively crazy, if you take it as an amusement. But then, I don't like the Spanish." Sipping his newly arrived drink, he began to look satisfied with his wife. "She's romantic," he said, as if that settled it.

"She's young," said the Colonel soothingly.

The youngster settled in his chair, with contentment under which the plaited willow squeaked. For he was a big boy. A nice blond boy. You could see that, up to now, every thought in his head had been according to regulations. But, as one after another of those who now arrived in rapid succession asked where Consuelo was, and as one and all smiled

DRAWINGS BY PETER ARNO

"I went to lean over the parapet and found that I was staring into a walled garden, peeping in on a scene of the utmost privacy."

secretively, he again became defiant in his attitude towards something that he did not quite understand. "She doesn't run around the Escolta any more than the rest of you do," he chided them. "Besides," he added, on a note of high relief, "here she is, and she hasn't got a single parcel!"

Consuelo had a very white skin—the mat white so rarely seen in the United States. She held a small and stunted rose to her delicate nose. And this rose drew the attention of the group, who demanded in their various fashions to know where and how she had got it. For roses with this pinched appearance are the pot-grown treasures of Spanish balconies. Consuelo said: "Don't you wish you knew?"

The pleasant relaxation induced by cocktails mingled with that disintegrating relaxation which follows every day in the tropics, and one saw why all chairs in the Club were of the lounging type. Colonel Fairfax said: "This might be the first of the century, for any essential changes that I can perceive."

But the women jeered that he was more unobservant than even a man had any right to be. "Those women who were out here then wore corsets!" they crowed over him. "And a corset, Colonel, is more than a garment; it's a gesture."

He smiled. "Correct, ladies! But is it a national gesture, or only an individual one? I haven't noticed the (*Continued on page 164*)

Drawings by Reynaldo Luza

ROSE DESCAT

The fabric hat will be very good this spring. This one from Rose Descat in a heavy double-faced black satin has its edges bound with black grosgrain ribbon. The right side is most intricately cut, and dips deeply. The left side, which is simple, is shown in the croquis below.

MARJORIE HOWARD'S

PARIS LETTER

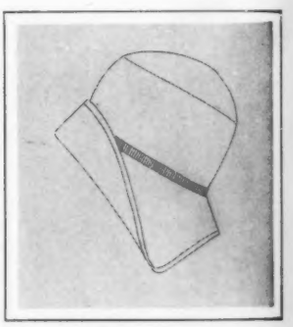
DISCUSSING PARIS HATS · ST MORITZ NOTABLES · AND GLORIOUS JEWELS

15 rue de la Paix, Paris.

THE March issue always presents certain difficulties because, when it appears, the new collections have been shown. Also, late winter is a dull time in Paris, most Parisians of importance having left its rather dismal skies for sunnier climes. There is nothing new to be seen at the dressmaking establishments, though the moment is one of great activity, for the new clothes are in preparation and no one is allowed even the merest peep behind the scenes. Only at the milliners' is one a welcome guest; so I have decided to begin this letter with hats.

The Reboux felt, chosen to be illustrated by Luza, is typical of the sort of thing that this great house is doing for early spring. You see, the new hats follow the new gowns; that is to say, they are of simple material, usually of one colour, and of most complicated cut. Note the artful way in which this dark red felt is folded and flapped at one side. Unequality in the sides is a typical quality of the millinery at this house. It is a sort of thin end of the wedge leading to the wider brimmed hats that we shall all be wearing when we leave off our fur collars.

The Descat hat illustrates the present feeling for fabric instead of the usual felt or straw. It also is a masterpiece of cutting, and it also dips deeply on one side. Its material is a heavy double-faced black satin.



I have just seen the first spring collection at Agnès's, and Baron de Meyer has photographed two models on his first page. They illustrate Madame Agnès's latest idea, which is to make two hats, one small, and one larger, in the same colour scheme, and often in the same materials, to be worn with the same gown, according to one's mood. She thinks that most women can wear either a large or a small hat, and that their choice depends largely on the way they feel at the moment. As hats, to be successful, must complement the costume, she has had the happy idea of making them in the two sizes, to complete each gown. The example photographed is in black and white, that almost inevitable combination, which bids fair to be as strong in early spring as it has been all winter. The material of the larger hat is new this season and is called "bakoulac," because it is a bakou straw weave with a particularly shiny surface. The straw in this case is reversible, black on one side and white on the other, and the patches of light and dark are amusingly used, while the only trimming is a bias of black satin, imitating a ribbon. The small toque is in the same straw, crumpled into a béret (you cannot down the béret), and trimmed with a big white pompon of fine straw, that looks like wool. Another version shows the small hat in a tricorne shape, turned up to show the white under-side.

The collection is full of unusual materials, for Agnès is never tired of experimenting with fabrics not usually seen in millinery. In addi-

REBOUX

Here again, in this very dark red felt, which is typical of Reboux's hats for spring, the two sides are quite different. The brim is turned up across the front, and on one side it is very long and artfully plaited in a complicated folding. The sketch below shows the long side.

tion to bakoulac (lacquered bakou), she is using a new jersey straw, that looks like flat jet beads and is as light as a feather in the hand. Also, she has a jersey made of ostrich, that looks for all the world like an indestructible net of coarse mesh, in black and white; and another lacy net-like material in natural écru, that is made of hemp, and woven by hand. Still another open-mesh net is made of écru-coloured string, while other toques and turbans are made of fine horse-hair, embroidered all over in a cotton twist of the same deep cream. Fine black and white chenille, knitted together to make a tiny check, is also used for turbans. Most of them fit the head closely, and come down on the sides in a squared-off flared line that recalls the classic Egyptian head-dress. Nearly all are complicated in cutting, and closely adjusted to the head.

She makes sets of two hats, one brimmed and of moderate size, the other a turban, with a scarf to match, in pale shades of heavy linen, orchid, pastel blue, apricot, pink and pinky-mauve. Sometimes the larger hat is of felt, with encrustations of the linen, while the small one is of the linen used alone. One set is in a Rodier linen, that looks for all the world like a glass-towel, in deep écru, with the regulation line-check in red. Another is in Rodier's linen, dotted with white. Striking combinations of écru and black, the black being sometimes satin, are also seen.

With her larger hats, she has a charming way of tucking a flower, or a knot of taffeta, over one ear. One model is in red bakoulac, a sealing-wax red, bound with black, and with a black taffeta ribbon chou over the left ear, coming forward onto the cheek. An apricot felt, wide-brimmed and shallow-crowned, has a matching linen gardenia over the right ear. A wide simple capeline of black bakoulac is trimmed with a spray of glazed satin eucalyptus leaves, in shades of grey-green, at one side. Another, also black, has a huge flat apricot velvet flower in the centre of the brim in front. Capelines of natural coloured Bengal straw are encircled with plaid taffeta ribbons, in soft blended tones, with flat soft bows, tied in an artfully artless fashion in the back. A charming wide hat of thinnest horse-hair, in a pinky cocoa brown, has a horsehair lace edge, and is shirred in rows round and round. It has long ends of matching velvet ribbon hanging over one shoulder. Still another is in a new shaded bakou, in dusky orange tones smocked all round the lower part of the crown, the flexibility of the material allowing of this unusual treatment of straw.

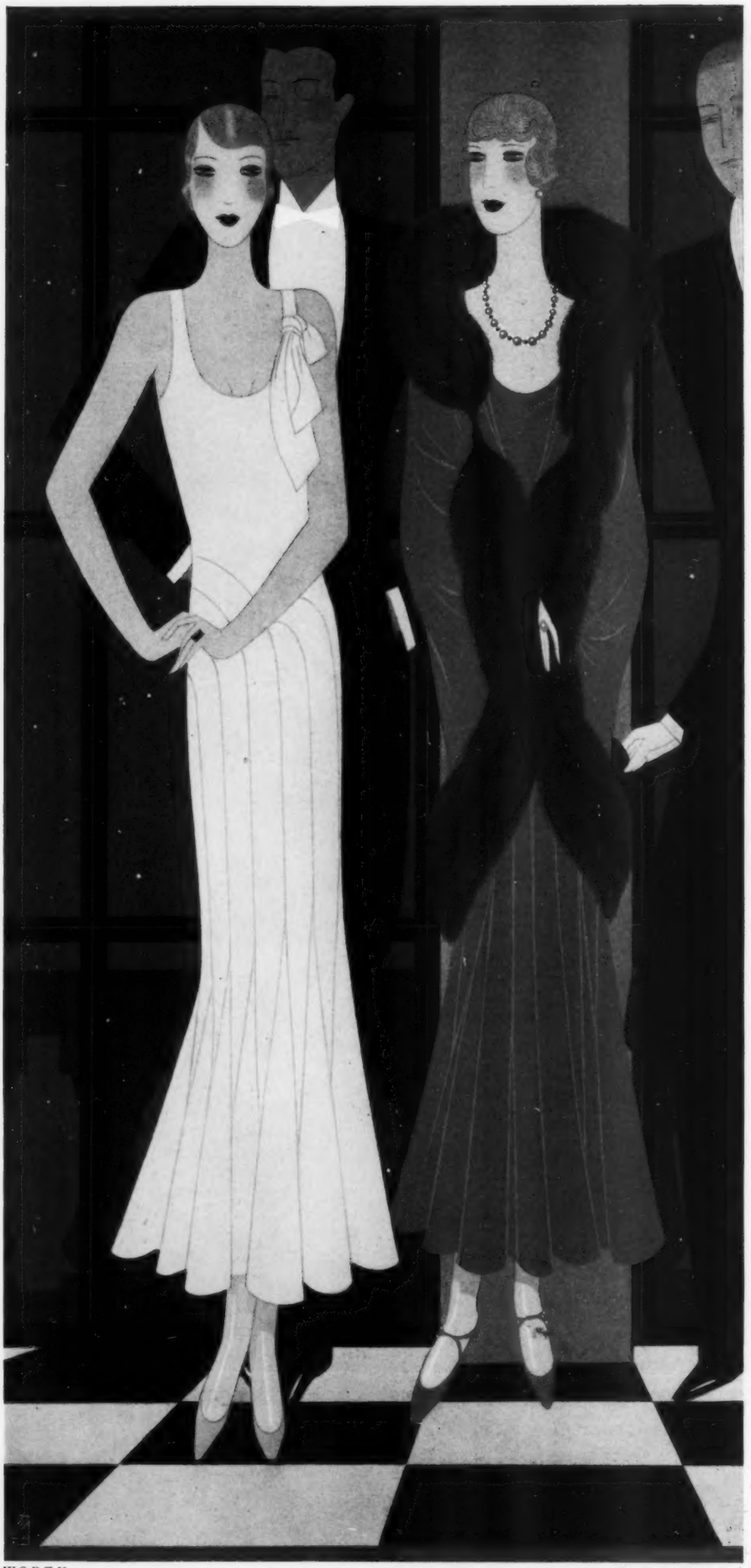
A set of speckly straw, in black, red and white, exactly like certain tweeds, is shown in a brimmed hat and a turban with a scarf to match, and one of her bead necklaces made in the same colours, like that shown in the January Harper's Bazaar. All her pretty mannequins wear black ciré satin frocks from Schiaparelli, and necklaces of this type. A big capeline of white bakoulac is trimmed with a great knot of black organdie, and later she will use this delightful material for entire hats. Altogether the collection is inspiringly original, and it is having a great success.

Because Paris did not offer much in the way of novelty, I went to St. Moritz, for the keen pleasure of its sparkling frosty sunshine, and to see what I could see for Harper's Bazaar. Of course, it is late in the year to be talking of winter sports clothes, but I may repeat that real sportswomen have adopted a thoroughly standardized type of dress, founded on the Norwegian, and intensely practical in all details. Newish, this year, were the short double-breasted (*Continued on page 81*)

At first sight this panne velvet pyjama is exactly like a gown. The wide circular trousers dip at the sides, and the jacket is pulled over tightly to one side and buttoned on a slanting line. The draped collar and soft loops on one shoulder give becoming importance to the neckline. Under the jacket there is a simple panne blouse. It is, in Vionnet's new way, more of a hostess gown than a pyjama.

Lelong's pyjama ensemble of youthful cut and striking colour combination is in crêpe satin, used on both the dull and the shiny side. The slim, straight trousers and the flaring coat are of the shiny black satin. The tuck-in blouse and the coat lining are in pale yellow on the dull side. The encrustations that trim the coat and the blouse are darker yellow and white satin, used on the shiny side. A costume for lounging.

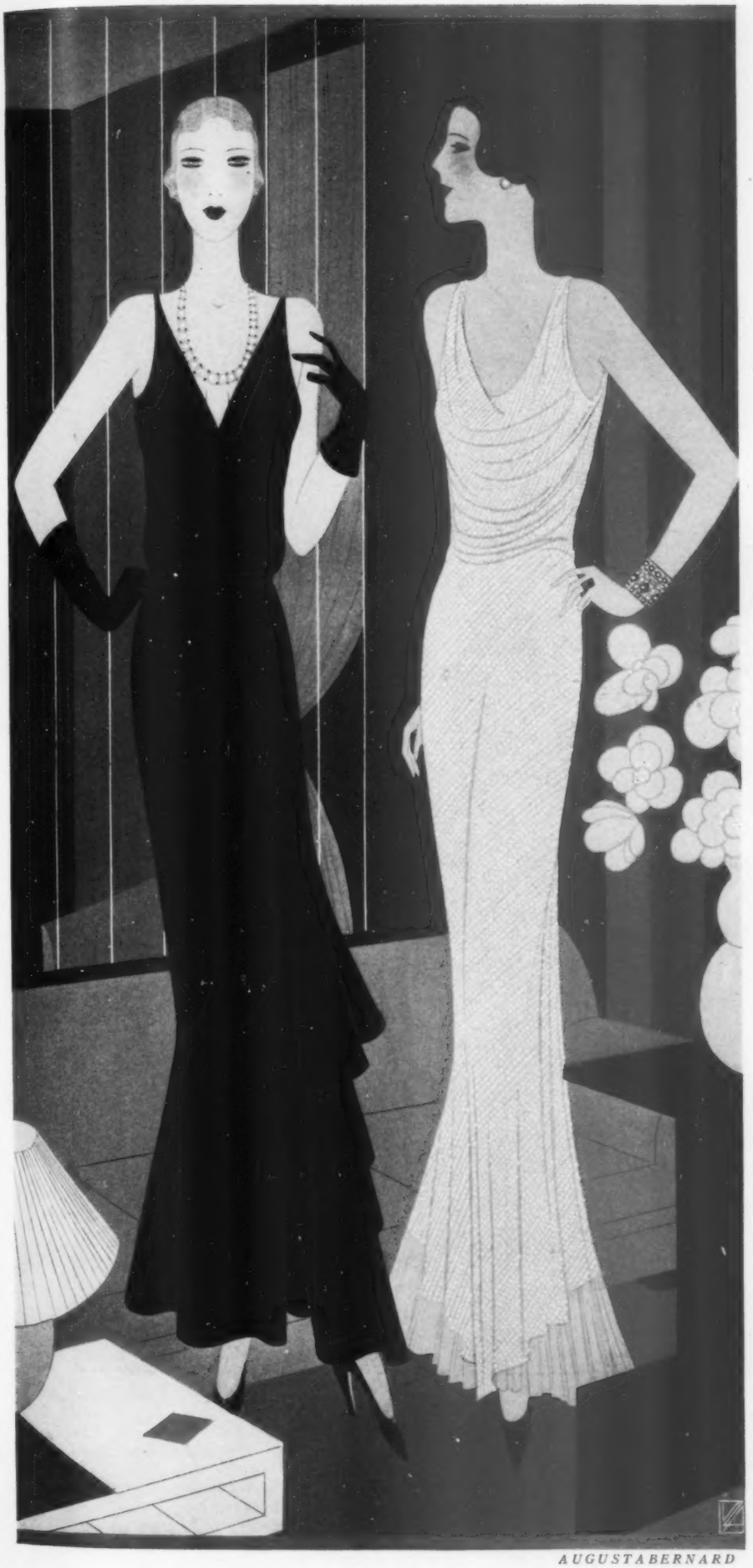
Drawn in colour by Reynaldo Luza



WORTH

An evening ensemble from Worth is in dark seal brown, a colour most unusual for evening. The material is satin. The gown is a modified princess shape, with a skirt, slim to the knees, in a series of set-in curved sections.

Deep pointed godets in the lower part introduce a flare to the ankle-length, even all around skirt. On one shoulder there is a soft knot of the satin. The wrap is a narrow cape of the satin with collar and border of blue fox.



AUGUSTABERNARD

Augustabernard likes slimness all the way down. Very new is her idea of slitting the skirt at various points around the hem, thus giving freedom of movement and yet avoiding too great fulness about the feet. This gown is black crêpe satin of heavy quality.

A gown of thin marquisette, beaded with square paillettes of opaque material, like crystal, gives the effect of lamé, and though heavy enough to fall in clinging folds, it is not too heavy to wear. There is a deep border of double tulle. From Augustabernard.

(*Continued from page 77*) jackets, worn, perhaps, by less strenuous skiers. The Duchesse d'Albe wears one in heavy blue cloth, with a checked béret, scarf and socks, of navy, red and white wool. Those who adopt the ski costume for its warmth and comfort alone, sometimes permit themselves a more fantastic touch. Madame Henri Labourdette, for example, wore a suit made entirely of flexible black pony-skin, ski-trousers, and a sort of long Russian blouse, with a capuchin hood. Señorita de Alvarez, the tennis player, though she is a thoroughly competent skier, likes a touch of fancy in her costume, and often wore a short buttoned jacket of thick white dressed leather, with a standing military collar, left open. I also saw a chamois jacket, lined with beige kasha, worn with dark brown ski-trousers by a pretty, tall woman. Only tall, slim women should adopt trousers, unless they are really devoted to sports, for the effect is anything but good otherwise. In fact, one sees many figures of fun, to be excused only on the score of real strenuous work on skis. I noticed that many women wore trousers of the type that fit the lower part of the leg, instead of the full straight ones, that turn under in a plus-four fold at the top of the boot. One must be very sure of possessing straight, slim legs for this style.

The newest thing (*Continued on page 84*)

Drawn in colour by
Charles Martin

Coiffures by Antoine
Jewels, Van Cleef and Arpels

A novel coiffure for dark hair has curled ends up each side of the head and across the top, like a flattened flower seen from the back. The necklace and earrings are of diamonds and pear-shaped emeralds. In the back, a diamond tab, emerald drop.

For this coiffure the back hair is curled upwards, and on the top of the head the short hair is brushed into a thick roll. With this is worn a parure of sapphires and diamonds. The bracelet has a flat pavement of diamonds with large sapphires.

Coiffures by Antony
Jewels by Mauboussin

NEW COIFFURES AND EXQUISITE JEWELS

This coiffure, invented for the Princesse de Caraman Chimay, may be adapted to formal or informal wear. The ends are curled up in a thick roll, and for formal occasions a braid is added. The necklace of rubies and diamonds has a pendant in the back.

The same coiffure is shown at the right without the braid, for a simple occasion. With it, a novel necklace made of links of rock crystal held by rings of light sapphires and diamonds. On the shoulder, a very new pin of diamonds and sapphires.

in sweaters was Schiaparelli's idea of triple ones, in three colours, showing at the neck, waist, and wrists. Madame Agnès wore them in black, orange, and yellow, and I saw many other combinations of colour as well. They are very short, coming just to the natural waist, and extremely becoming when well worn. Baroness de Meyer had a new sweater from Schiaparelli, in black and white, short, jacket shape, with the sleeves sewn in with white blanket-stitch, recalling the Serbian national dress.

Everyone wore mannish tuck-in shirts with this costume, but this year instead of being invariably of heavy crêpe de Chine, they were sometimes of flannel, with a tie in the same material. The Marquise de Paris wore a pale yellow one, or a blue linen one with her dark blue regulation ski-suit. Mrs. Jay O'Brien wore knitted ones, with turn-down collars, and matching ties. As to the coloured accessories, I thought bright red, yellow, or white, looked the best on the whole. Mrs. Paget wore, one day, with her dark blue suit, Reboux's béret and scarf in wide-welt red corduroy. The béret had a navy visor, and her socks were red with vertical blue stripes. She also wore a pinky-mauve orchid blouse and tie with her black suit. Madame Agnès sometimes wore turquoise blue with her black one. Baroness de Meyer frequently wore pale blue accessories with a black suit and black Fascist shirt. The Princesse Cito de Bitetto wore black and white from Patou, with a close-fitting cap, like a bathing cap.

This year, few women changed into skirts for tea, though Madame de Gainza usually appeared at this hour in brown or beige Chanel tweeds. Madame Agnès wore, one day, a geranium red duvetine frock, and wide scarf, from Louiseboulanger, with a red knitted cap, and a choker necklace of big silver beads, with earrings to match. When she left the Palace, she put on a coat of grey astrakhan. Another day, she wore a short jacket of white astrakhan, belted with black leather, a plaited skirt of black kasha, and cap, muff and gloves of the white fur, with a blouse of black and white tricot in coarse, loosely knitted wool. I saw Schiaparelli's tweed suit, in navy, red and white speckles, worn with a red and blue crêpe blouse at the tea hour. Mrs. William Fiske, who is always dressed by Vionnet, wore to tea a pair of blue serge trousers, exactly like a man's, with turn-up "cuffs" at the hems, and a Vionnet blouse of pale blue jersey with an inset scarf of crêpe in the same blue. Almost all the women appeared hatless at tea, with their hair beautifully arranged. Most of them kept on their ski-boots and coloured socks, but some changed to low-heeled sports shoes. The few who made the mistake of wearing high heels with their ski-trousers looked as if they had left their rooms before they were properly ready. For sleighing expeditions, fur-lined coats were

CHANTAL *CHANTAL* *IRÈNE DANA*

Drawings by M. Fromenti

The material of this frock, called "Tennis," is fine white cotton net, durable and washable. Piping and sash are of indigo blue linen, the sash lined with Chinese red.

The jacket worn with the one-piece tennis frock is indigo blue linen. It ties at the side front, and Chinese red lines the tie. The jacket is made also in blue jersey.

At the right is a sleeveless frock in white cravat silk with a shiny jacquard design. The turban and double-breasted jacket are of a thick, rough green woollen material.

HEIM PREMET PREMET

worn, or fur coats of "sports pelts," chevrette, nutria, or astrakhan. Mrs. Jay O'Brien wore an interesting cape from Chanel, in brown and beige man's tweed, with slits for the arms, that could be buttoned up closely, and a fur collar. With this she wore a brimmed Reboux felt. She also wore Chanel's rough tweed coat in navy, lined with beige, the lining coming right to the edges like a reversible material, with a big scarf-collar to match. Madame Juliette Talbot wore a black ski-suit, with an amusing hat in black felt, the rolled-up edge in white chevrette, with scarf and long gloves to match. The hat was rather like a Japanese coolie's, and tied under the chin.

The evening dresses were much more interesting for a March issue. All the good ones were very long, but I cannot pretend that every woman wore them. Some seemed to have been in so much of a hurry to get to the snows that they had not taken the time to order new, long gowns. At St. Moritz, if you are Somebody, with a big S, you wear what you like, or what you happen to have. That is the beauty of it.

The Redfern gala brought out quite a number of pretty gowns, and was most amusingly staged. The gowns were named Palm Beach, Wimbledon, Engadine Express, et cetera, and the models appeared (*Continued on page 178*)

The white woollen coat, with its black fox collar set away from the neck, might serve as a coat dress. Made for Mme. Yturbide.

The rage for black and white is spreading to the sports realm. This spring sports costume has a jacket of checked marocain.

The frock with which the jacket is worn is black crêpe de Chine. The tie and skirt border are of the checked marocain.

ST. MORITZ IN THE EVENING

Drawings by Dynevor Rhys

REDFERN

Baronne Graffenried wearing a Redfern gown of white lunasol brochê with a little dull flower. Necklace of "emeralds" and crystal.

CHANEL

The Duchesse d'Albe wearing a pale pink frock from Chanel. Round spangled cuirass and tulle skirt.

The Baroness de Meyer in Chanel's model in black lace. The long skirt is stiffened with crin lace. This model is said to be the basic point of the new Chanel collection.

CHANEL AUGUSTABERNARD

At right, the Marquise de Paris wearing the lovely silver lamé gown from Augusta-bernard, in which she was awarded first prize at St. Moritz, Concours d'Élégance.

PATOU

Mrs. Arthur Vincent in a pale pink chiffon gown trimmed with decoration of intricate crossed, stitched bands. From Patou.

This slipper from Greco, worn by Madame Agnès, is interesting in its colour combination. It is black and water-green satin.

IRÈNE DANA

Mrs. Richard A. Parke wearing leaf-green jersey tulle from Irène Dana. Necklace of rubies, emeralds, sapphires, diamonds.

The ten sketches on this page, from the Embassy Room and the Concours d' Élégance at St. Moritz, show the trend in the early spring evening mode in gowns, jewellery, footwear, and coiffures.

VIONNET

Madame Agnès in a black chiffon by Vionnet, with coral necklace, earrings, ring and pin.

VIONNET TALBOT

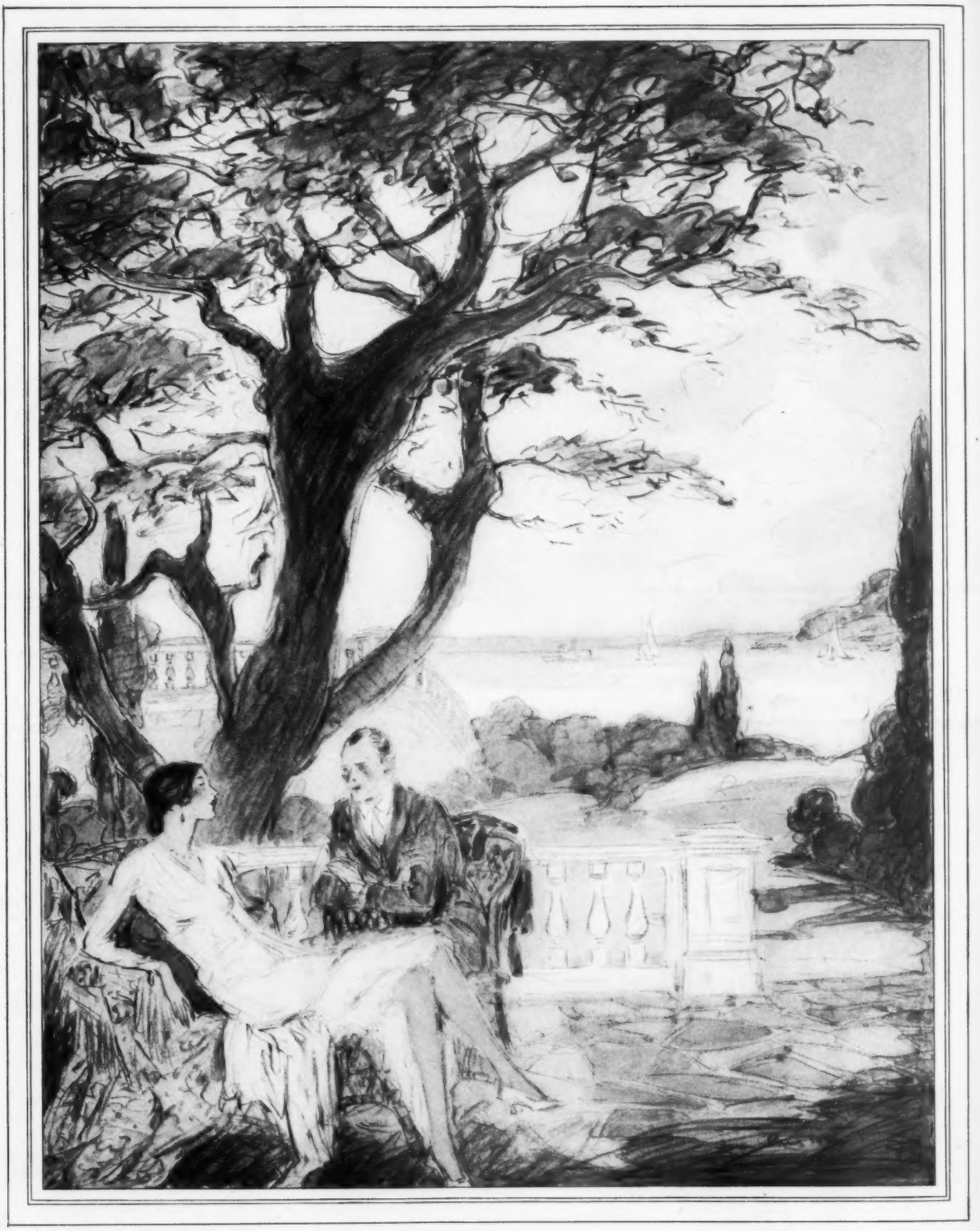
Madame Henri Labourdette wearing a Suzanne Talbot gown of black satin, very décolletée, with a cape collar of sunburst plaited satin in the back.

This sandal is the type favoured by the Marquise de Paris. She wears it in white, silver, or black, according to her gown.

LONDON TRADES

At left, Madame Agnès in a white moire Vionnet gown. This is most ingeniously cut, all in great oblongs. The bow at the side is cut in one with that side of the corsage.

Madame Porel wears a grey satin gown from London Trades. Satin is important for evening in the collections.



DRAWING BY
JAMES PRESTON

"'Yes,' said Marianna, 'I used to dream of happiness—I suppose most people do. They think they can make life into something different, to their order—rather, that something fantastically lovely is going to pop up around the next corner!'"

A Story by **Dana Gatlin**

The Road Called You

Out on the Terrace that Summer Night

Strange Things were Learned

IT WAS the day the Drew Rawson scandal broke. Even before the advent of Atwood, Rawson's personal lawyer, the group at Rawson's dinner-table had sat and talked unimportances in an atmosphere tense and charged.

The August evening was sticky-hot and still. The sultriness invaded this Italian interior, which looked dim and cool, yet as if latently akin to sultry invasions; a room that might have been lifted bodily from some Renaissance villa among the hills and cypresses of Fiesole. Rawson's Long Island place was very sumptuous—Rawson could afford sumptuousness; he could afford to lift a room bodily from across the sea, if he wished. He could afford almost anything he wished, including Marianna. Marianna was not sumptuous, but she fitted peculiarly into this room. In her soft, misty gown she sat there looking as dim and cool as her setting, luminous, with utter repose. But her dark eyes were veiled, and they were not cold!

Although she had been twice married she was still scarcely more than a girl; and young Cordier thought her the most beautiful, desirable and elusive creature he had ever seen.

With the exception of young Cordier it was a family group around the splendidly appointed table: Drew Rawson, the famous multi-millionaire, his wife Marianna, and Mrs. Wickes, of course—Marianna's mother. Young Cordier would have vastly preferred not to be sitting here tonight. The arrangement had been for him to take Marianna to a party, and when he had telephoned her a little earlier she had verified the engagement, and asked him to "run over" for dinner. So Cordier had come. It had become a habit, his taking Marianna to parties, and his informal "running over," as if he were somehow a part of this strange family group. To himself the situation had grown increasingly intolerable, and he had submitted to it merely because, whatever the terms, he could not resist being near Marianna. He wondered at Rawson's acquiescence, had never ceased to wonder; he knew Rawson hated him. Well, he hated Rawson, too!

It irked him that he could not withhold a reluctant admiration for the man, and never more than tonight had he been forced to yield tribute to that magnificently impassive control and sheer brutal strength. It had carried Drew Rawson high, very high. Rawson had come up out of the dumps somewhere in the West, where fabulous things seem to happen. With Rawson it had been oil. He was still in his thirties, but his name was a symbol of wealth and power to conjure with; he had driven his way and wrenched and accumulated; he could afford to buy whatever he wanted—even to Marianna Wickes, Marianna Boyd.

But even Rawson could overreach himself. To his ruthless reputation had lately been added uglier rumours, and now it was no longer rumour. Today the evening papers had scare-headed the findings of a Senatorial investigating tribunal against Drew Rawson—an attempt at bribery, corruption aimed at the heart of the Government itself! He faced actual ruin, scandal and disgrace.

Yet when Cordier telephoned Marianna regarding their plans she had merely said, "Of course," and gave no sign; she still gave no sign. And Rawson gave no sign. He sat there at the head of his table, neither talkative nor taciturn, impassive, inscrutable. Strikingly handsome, massive, dark and hard. His face at the same time vital and cold, his jaw suggesting the Italian Mussolini's, his lips cut full but held in a firm line. His dark thick hair, brushed sleekly, giving the odd effect of being about to spring into a riot of curls. Eyes which looked at you level and cold while they smouldered—who could guess what fires slumbered under that mask as imperturbable as stone?

Would he actually be brought to trial? It would be characteristic of him to bludgeon and weather through. (*Continued on page 154*)

THE ABIDING ILLUSION . . .

I saw wide visions and I built high towers;
The heavens arose miraculously fair.
A gay magician touched the waste to flowers,
And painted changing colours on the air.

Softly he came, and whispered wordless things,
Till the world glowed and trembled into song
As young Illusion spread his brightening wings;
Hovered and paused, but could not linger long.

And now I know that it can never be—
Never the dream's fulfilment to its round;
But I will build a taller dream, and see
It climb above ascending sight and sound.

And watch them burn with beauty day by day,
The joys that pass, yet never pass away.

Ada Alden.

An Article by **George Jean Nathan**

RALPH BARTON
DREW THE PICTURES

"Nor do we forget the hobo comique with a target sewed to his breeches."

"Nor all the beloved witticisms on prominent men of the hour."

"Who forgets—'Are you a Democrat?' 'No, I'm a Presbyterian.'"

Vanishing Vaudeville . . .

. . . A wistful Sigh for the Dear, Dead Days, and a Smile at Departed Jokes

THE corpse of vaudeville, that diversion of an earlier generation when in its cups, lies upon a bier bare of nosegays save for the few tenderly deposited upon it by sentimental oldsters saddened by the passing of an old, quite idiotic, but somehow genial friend. For today not only have these left-overs from a broader day no cups to get in but no place to go to after they might be in them. Home? That would be unthinkable; no gentleman ever goes home save to answer the telephone to say he is out. The theatre? Bah! The theatre is no place for gentlemen; unlike the bygone vaudeville halls which one might drop into at any time, it intrudes upon a leisurely dinner; it corrupts one's post-prandial Laranaga Superbissimo; it interrupts the coincidental naughty story; it keeps one from joining the ladies. And, forsooth, bah again! It substitutes, to the agony of the adult intelligence, pseudo-philosophy in glum Ibsen whiskers for the gaiety of squirting dill-pickle *mots*, spectacles of connubial joy or connubial infelicity, both equally depressing, for the inspiriting and resounding whacks of bladders and slapsticks (the latter delightfully embellished with a droll torpedo), and discourses on sex equality and the single standard, highly offensive to the romantic mood inculcated in all true gentlemen by true cocktails, for the vastly more appetizing, if less humorous, jocosities on Limburger cheese and Philadelphia.

With the theatre, except on such occasions as it abandons neo-Strindbergianism for Ring Lardner or pretty girls, thus automatically denied to them, the boys who once sought out vaudeville as men seek out a Turkish bath—to sweat the humour out of them—presently have nowhere to go when the I-got-a-sister-Lena feeling is upon them. Burlesque has slid down the chute and practically disappeared; all that is left of it is some second-hand Broadway musical comedy scenery, some third-hand Broadway chorus girls, much the sorrier for wear and tear, and some revivals of fourth-rate smoking-car stories. The talkies are simply drama at second-hand, doubly as unendurable as the drama which they offer previously was at first-hand. And when the talkies go in for musical comedy, they are even worse. To these wistful old boys they seem like a phonograph factory, spattered—at such times as they are done in colour—by an explosion in an adjacent Easter-egg dye works. And so far as the girls are concerned—well, say these souvenirs of a happier metropolitan day, well, if you've got to look merely at photographs of girls, you might just as well put on short pants again and collect cigarette pictures.

But musical comedy and revue are still left, you say? Not to hear the boys of the crimson decade talk about it! In the former, the places once so eye-fillingly and pulse-beatingly filled by such ne-plus-ultras as Lotta Faust, Irene

Bentley, Vashti Earle, Christine Blessing, Polly Chase, Marie George, Della Fox, Edna May and Edna Wallace, are now occupied, groan the boys, either by cabaret women, dead around the eyes from sleepless hours in all-night restaurants, or by empyreumatic coons. And in the latter, in place of Weber and Fields and old Pete Dailey and Marie Dressler and all that dear, gay, departed crew, there is little nowadays, except perhaps when Ziegfeld bestirs himself, but a string of blackouts on people getting into the wrong beds, the aforesaid sketches interrupted now and again by a series of monotonous anatomical disturbances known as Charlestons, Black Bottoms, 'Varsity Drags or Snake Hips.

It is not that the old-time vaudeville show was a good show; it often, certainly, was anything but. It was rather that it had an innocence and artlessness that made it appealing to

"No longer are ease and casualness part of our lives; no longer are evenings to be sampled haphazardly."

souls who prefer to take their diversion in an easy-come-easy-go fashion instead of in the railroad-schedule manner imposed upon them by present-day theatrical managers and traffic cops. That is the trouble with amusement in America under existing conditions. It has become a business where once it was a pleasure—and that goes not only for the theatre but for drinking, under the strictures of Prohibition; for reading, under the strictures of book-of-the-month clubs; for dancing, under the boiled-shirt and boiled-collar strictures of gunmen-operated night clubs; for eating, under the protein and vitamin strictures of quack dietitians, and for almost everything else, including what the poets call love. Vaudeville, whatever its periodic asininity, was at least to be taken casually and the worse it was the more jocular it seemed to fellows who didn't mind throwing away a dollar but who currently object to throwing away six to see the same clog-dancers and acrobats performing in front of a diamond revue curtain instead of in front of the good old drop of Union Square peopled by Pepsin Gum, Moe the Tailor and Root Beer advertisements. No one complains about a drugstore sandwich, because a drugstore sandwich is taken for granted. But anyone has a right to complain if one gets a drugstore sandwich at Savoy-Plaza prices.

That vaudeville is dead is clearly reflected in the dismal reports chronicled in the journals which devote themselves to that phase of the amusement business. "Things are getting so tough," observes *Variety* under the caption "One-Time Act," "that an act lately went to a circuit booker with a new proposition. 'We'll go into the Jazzbo and at the last show we'll commit suicide any way you want it,' said the layoffs. 'Can be hanging, shooting, anything.' The booker thought for a moment. 'O. K.,' he said, 'but I'll have to book you for a trial showing first at the Blotz Theatre downtown!'"

"'And who might you be, miss?' 'I might be Lillian Russell, but I ain't.'"

With what talent was left to it hired away by the musical comedy, revue, movie palace and cabaret operators, and with most of its theatres gone over to the films, vaudeville has become a memory of the past, along with painted china spittoons and Hamilton Wright Mabie. And hundreds upon hundreds of the performers who used to earn their livelihood in it by throwing an imaginary object into the wings and ringing a bell or by asking the orchestra leader who was that lady they seen him walking on the street with last night—hundreds upon hundreds of such great artists are now reduced to making a living at humiliating and soul-searing trades that vulgarly require them to get up in the mornings.

Not long ago, I had dinner with Dr. Martin Beck, former sachem of the Orpheum vaudeville chain, at his house. Impressed by the dexterity of his butler, who—there were a dozen of us at table—manipulated trays, dishes and glasses in a way to command the awed admiration of any house-wife, I made bold subsequently to enquire—impolitely, I fear—where he had unearthed such a professor. "Oh," said Beck, "I got him off the Orpheum circuit. He used to be a juggler." And his wife's excellent kitchen maid, the M. Beck informed me, he had got for her out of an old vaudeville sketch called, "Lady Staffordshire and the Duke."

Ah, the dear, dead days! Those days perfumed not only by Pineapple Bronxes at the Holland House, by Old-Fashioneds at Delmonico's and by H. P. W.'s at the Netherland, each at the absurdly meagre rate of twenty cents per hallelujah, but by all the now departed though fondly remembered jests of vaudeville! Who forgets them? Certainly not the men who studied under the white-aproned Charlies, Joes and Eddies, the Fritzes, Augusts and Emils of the days when a man's kidneys *were* a man's kidneys and not, thanks (*Concluded on page 162*)

"Who, as I say, forgets the Hebrew comedian with his size 11½ derby?"

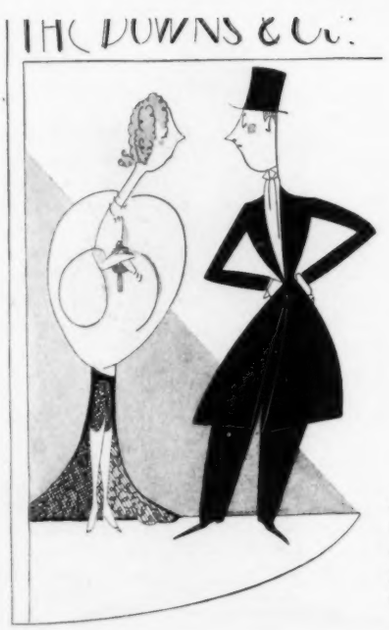
The Once Rich

Drawings by Fish

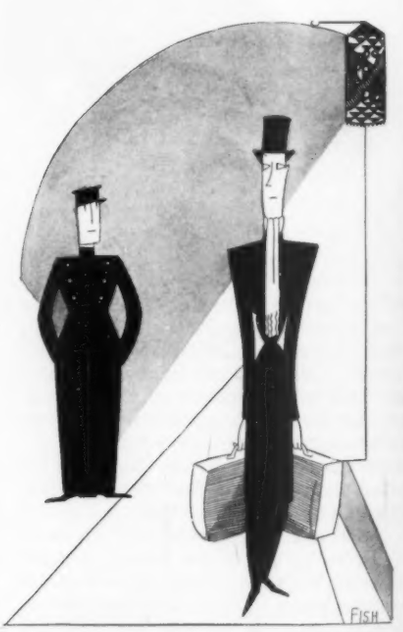
Among Wall Street's four hundred neediest cases, the most pitiful is that of Bettina and Algernon. After expensively collected evidence, there's not a cent left for that Paris divorce.

The slump in the market is nothing compared to the slump in Mrs. Baggs' face when the doctor tells her that the third face-lift will cost her one thousand dollars an inch extra.

Conditions like this are deplorably prevalent among the newly-poor. Mrs. Wyllys has just fluttered in with the surprise: "Darling, we'll keep the cook, and I'll be your secretary."



Le dernier cri in fashionable economy is doing one's own bootlegging. Decidedly chic this season, but Horace finds it a bit disconcerting under unsympathetic surveillance.



No ostentatious thrift for Herbert, even if Albertina's money has gone to the bears. "If this is the best you can do," he announces, "I'm afraid our little Romance must end."

Mlle. Sturm wears a Jane Regny ensemble for skiing, with a skeleton cap.

Schiaparelli's new trio of sweaters in three colours with an Agnès cap.

Prepared to whizz down a snowy slope in an Och ensemble, is this skier.

St. Moritz in the Snow

Schiaparelli's tweed suit in red, white and blue has a blouse which matches it.

Mrs. Jay O'Brien is ready for a busy day in one of Chanel's practical suits.

All Photographs by Seeberger

A Chanel sports costume, inside collar of nutria, worn with an Agnès hat.

Mrs. Jay O'Brien in a Chanel brown and beige tweed cape. Hat from Rébouz.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard A. Parke seen with the Baron and Baroness de Meyer.

Patou's hat is one piece of beige bakou, shirred into shape, with crocheted ribbon. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

A picture hat of black panamalac from Kurzman with black Chantilly sides over stiffened pink maline.

Bendel imports a navy blue balibuntl by Rose Descat with stitching around the edge of the brim.

A Delft blue felt and polka-dotted linen chapeau of Agnès, intricately cut. Kaskel and Kaskel-Dunlap.

An écru bakou is used by Rose Descat with triangular brown and écru ribbon insets on both sides of the crown. Rollée, Inc.

NEW YORK FASHION NOTES

BY KATHLEEN HOWARD

WE ALL love the brimless turbans, made in the most unexpected materials, which we have worn for a few seasons past. Now they are appearing again in still newer fabrics, knitted straws, horsehair, and silks for spring. Nevertheless, we shall all welcome the marked return to brims. Certainly a brim is flattering, not only in its shade to the eyes, but in its frame for the face.

The felt hats in pastel tints, with vagabond droops, clever seams, little puckered flares in the brims, novel slants over the forehead are much seen in New York shops. The English influence of soft smartness is noticed in many of them. But these brims no longer extinguish us as did the ubiquitous cloche of other days. The crown is now cut shallow in front and the brim is rather high-set over the eyes, allowing them to appear in their full radiance. No longer must we keep our chins upthrust in order to thread our way through taxi-crowded thoroughfares. Visibility is good and hair curves are once more revealed on foreheads.

The longer skirts, the long-limbed silhouette, demand a wider brim for perfect figure-balance, and thus the medium-sized hats may feel sure of a popular season.

Straws are numerous. The new panamalac, a pliable, sheened surface, is manipulated in angles of smartness, and all the exotic straws of last season have returned in finer weaves and more subtle colourings.

The afternoon hat is now quite different from the morning hat. Therefore I have selected one from Milgrim which has a swathe of lace that may be draped in many ways to soften the face and add gracious importance to the woman's head. For the unfortunate whose under-chin is beginning to pucker, this hat will prove flattering.

Capes and cape effects are good for spring. They are adapted in many ways to coats and suits, in sleeve tops only, or in smart, longer forms. They also balance the flared skirts and lend harmony to the whole silhouette. Fur-trimmed or plain are the coats and suits of the spring of 1930. The flat furs, like galyak or the new galalamb, are especially adapted to intricate trim effects, though the fox still rolls its flatteringly vague outlines about our throats. Small, straight collars are sometimes seen on the new coats and are good for the woman who likes a trim neckline.

Printed silks are booming. One can hardly (*Continued on page 102*)

Milgrim executes a poke bonnet in black panamalac. Chantilly lace is used on the crown and in the back as a deep veil

Drawings by Florence Blecker

LACE AND LAMÉ ARE OFFERED

Drawings by Málaga Grenet

Like a spring moon-beam is this lamé evening gown of Jay-Thorpe's, silver and white. Its square mantilla has a deep border of black shadow lace. The skirt, which is longer in the back than in the front, just touches the floor.

Alençon lace in an apricot shade is deftly fashioned into a jeune fille dress by Hattie Carnegie. The cutting of the double bertha and the skirt suggests the clustering of gay summer butterflies.

Turquoise and gold brocade is blended with blue fox in this Bergdorf Goodman evening coat. The lines are long and slim from its double sleeve to its hem which droops in the back.

From ice-blue satin, Louiseboulanger cuts a sophisticated formal evening gown. Mysterious orchids drip exotically out of the V-décolletage. Saks-Fifth Avenue's Salon Moderne.

Circular from ruffled cape to hem is a black net gown from Kurzman. It accents the width of its wearer's shoulders cleverly. Hesitant, intermittent diamonds trim its narrow belt around the sheaf-like bodice.

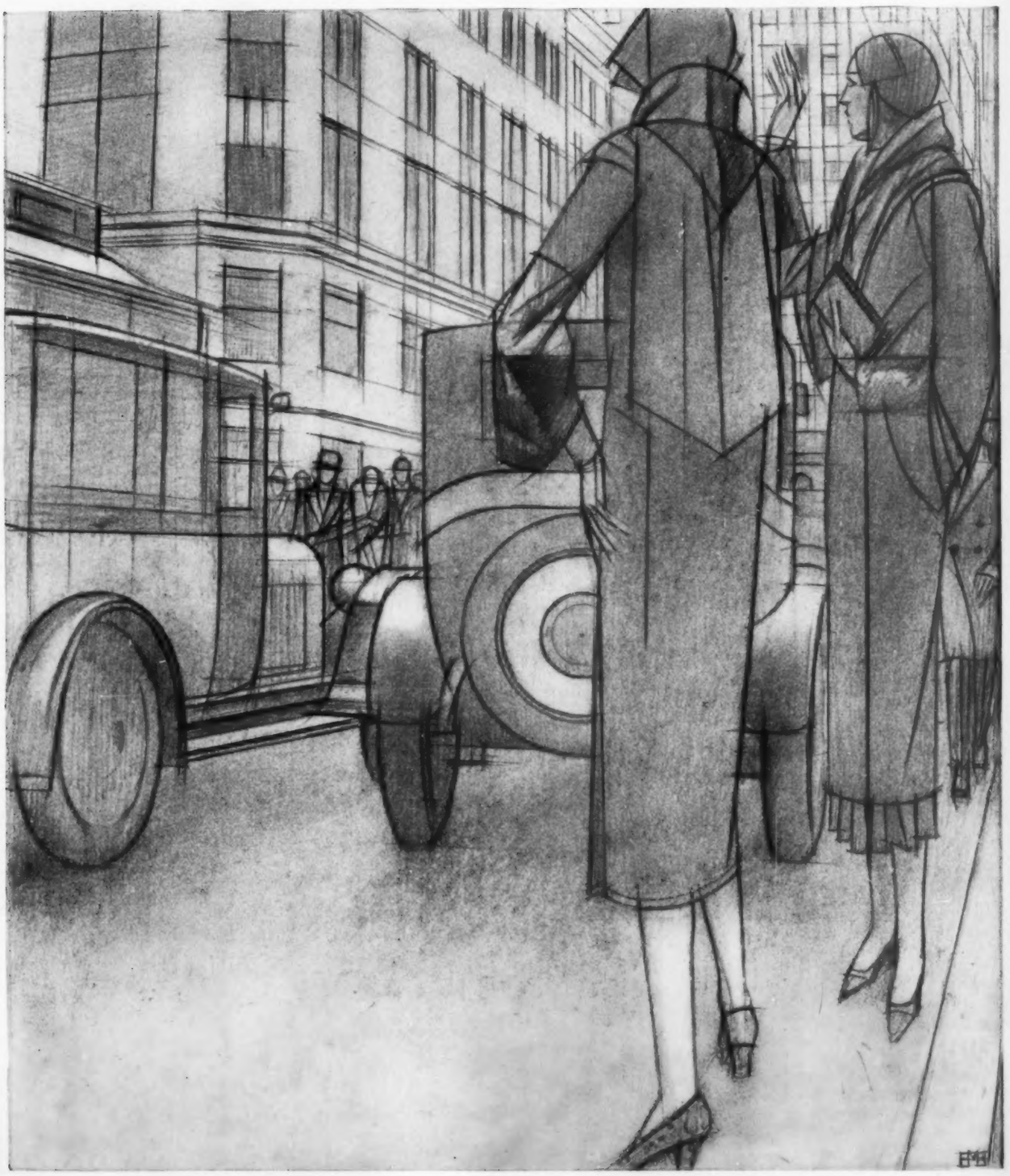
A dinner gown for spring is in blue Chantilly lace with an engagingly draped décolletage. Its stiff lace belt has a Chanel buckle. The skirt is fitted snugly and becomingly around the hips. From Stewart.

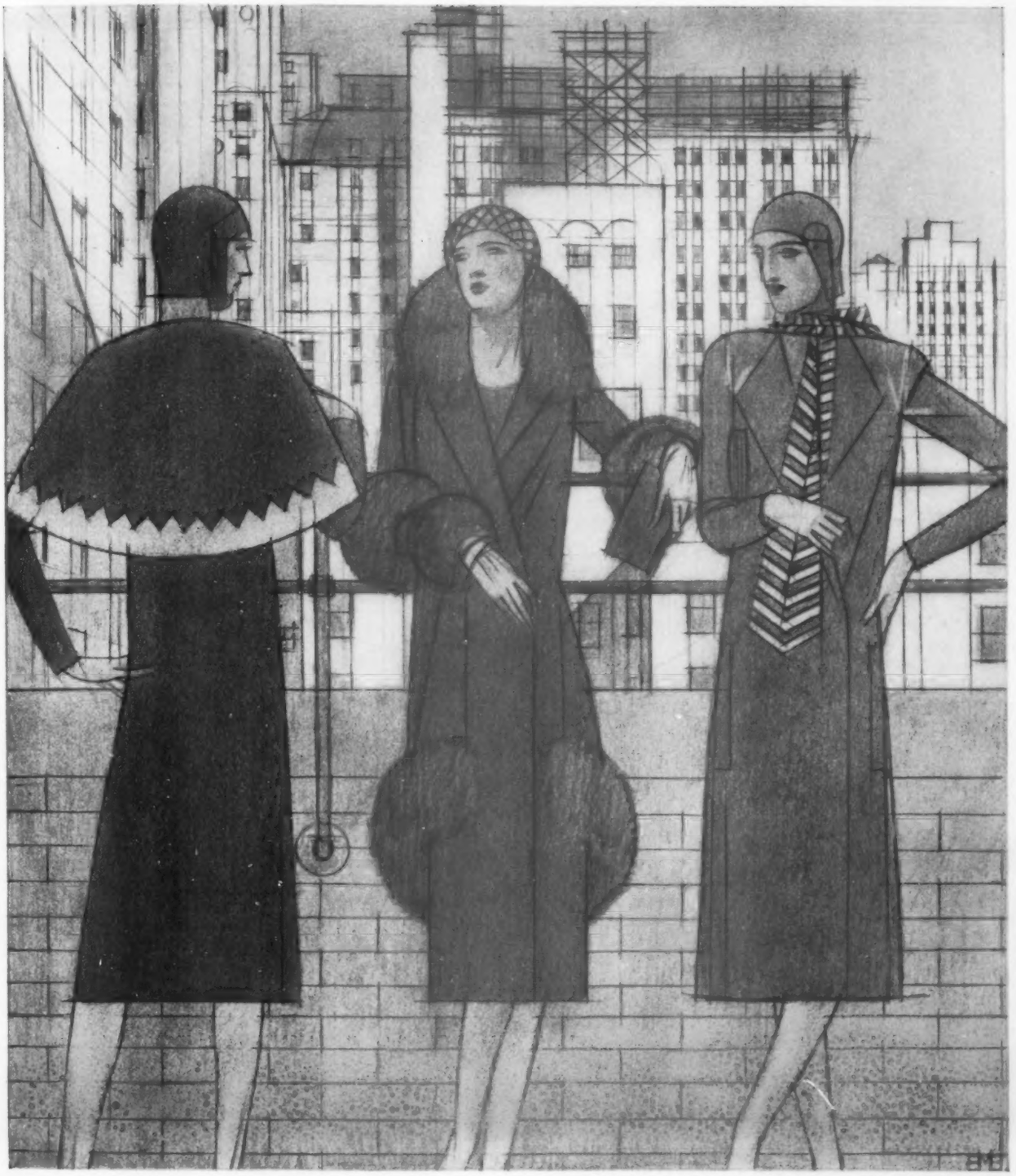
GRACE IN SATIN OR IN TULLE

DAYTIME IMPRESSIONS OF COATS

At the left, an all black coat by Worth. The fur yoke, continuing in a standing collar, and flared cuffs, are of black caracul. The cape is short and in two panels, easily worn by shorter women. This is from Altman.

Molyneux graciously interprets the coat for the more mature figure. The full shawl collar and tight high undercuff are of black caracul. A most useful and charmingly dignified version of the first new coat. Bonwit Teller.





Drawings by Bernard Boutet de Monvel

A lovely and important example of the cape influence. Black kasha, belted at the high waistline, very smoothly falls into a low flare. White galyak, in a pointed motif, is used to trim the edge of the cape collar. Milgrim.

Jane Regny's successor to the fur coat. Pigeon-grey wool suède, generously trimmed with soft grey fox. A two-band fur cuff and long peplum achieve a gracious formality. A coat for the tall. From Franklin Simon.

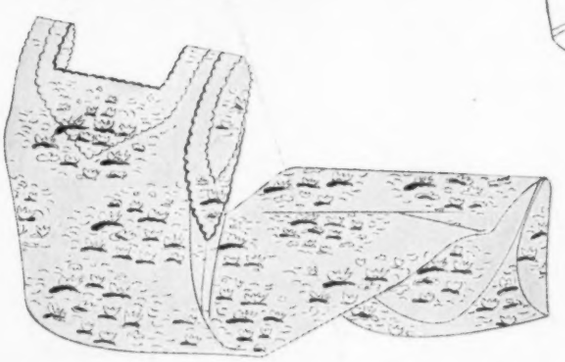
The soigné informality of the raglan shoulderline. This coat of Léda cloth, detailed in stitching, has a fitted waistline and ends in a slightly flared skirt effect, and can be had in any colour to suit your spring fancy. Best.

Margot of Paris makes this exact copy of her original gown in the trousseau of H. R. H. Marie-José of Belgium for Saks-Fifth Avenue. White satin and Racine lace combine in train and bolero.

Best and Company have designed a filmy evening chemise especially for the "young thing." Bretagne lace borders a pale pink ninon, delicately plaited.

A new lingerie idea developed by Jay-Thorpe. Alençon lace is dyed to match a rosy crêpe de Chine. Clever cutting gives it an excellent evening-back décolletage.

Ideally planned for the sports or ultra-tailored costume, is this fitted, silk jersey combination of Van Raalte's, in peach pink. Saks-Fifth Avenue.



Pond-lilies, lavender, rose, and yellow, float lightly on a knee-length crêpe de Chine robe de nuit with scallops. It is from Bergdorf Goodman.

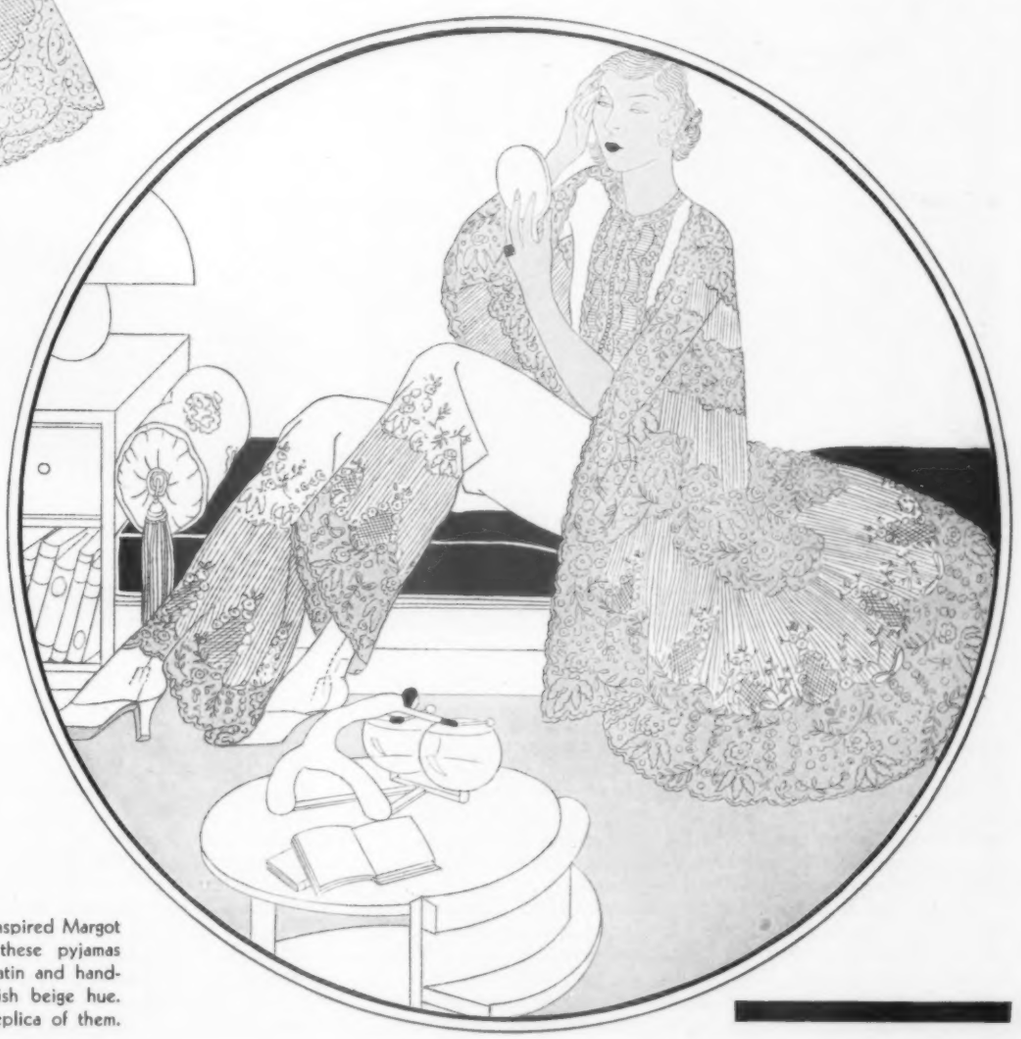
ALLURING LINGERIE FOR MADAME

A specialty of Bonwit Teller is the combining of corset, bandeau and panties in one light and exquisite garment. This one is trimmed with Alençon lace.

This wisp of a chemise by Saks-Fifth Avenue is made entirely of Alençon lace, even to its straps. In the back it is cut down in a deep V-décolletage.

A nightgown of egg-shell crêpe de Chine, upon whose Alençon yoke vine leaves are appliquéd, fits the figure and ties at the waist. Mabel Eldridge and Daisy Garson.

Drawings by Grace Hart



The former Princess Astrid inspired Margot to create the original of these pyjamas and their cape of mimosa satin and hand-run Racine lace in a purplish beige hue. Stewart imports Margot's replica of them.

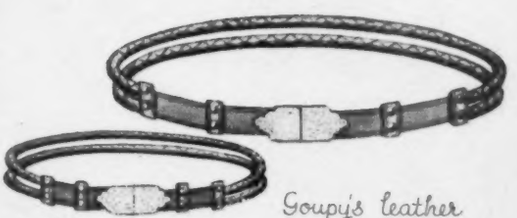
From the New York Shops

Blue silk, pineapple-carved umbrella. Lord and Taylor.

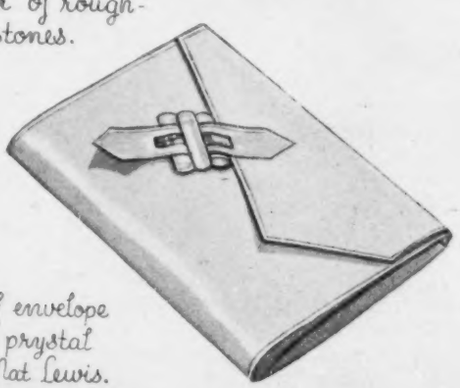
Suède slippers and case, gold stitched. Franklin Simon.

Agnès's blue shantung hat. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

From Lord and Taylor is a choker of rough-cut real stones.



Goupy's leather belt and hat-band match. Lord and Taylor.



A beige calf envelope purse with prystal clasp from Nat Lewis.

Zipper bag in many fabrics. Nat Lewis.

(*Continued from page 95*) wait for spring to come to wear their gaiety. Indeed, it is not necessary to do so, for the new short-sleeved printed silk frocks made their first appearance this spring worn under fur coats. Lingerie touches are there for those who like them. Small designs on dark grounds rule for daytime, though the yellow silk from Jay-Thorpe is quite irresistibly sunny, when seen on a dull day, and even more joyous on a bright one.

The short sleeves of this spring are a welcome revival. They are seen in elbow length, with charming tie effects just above or below the turn of the arm, or they stop suddenly and decisively about four inches from the shoulder. They are youthful and practical and become a pretty arm. They should greatly influence the longer glove market, though they are also smart with the shorter gloves.

Sunday evening gowns are a distinctly American development and fill a long-felt want. You may now stay as long as you like at some delightful tea party and not find it necessary to rush home to change for the equally delightful supper party. The same frock will do. Some of them, in chiffon, have little jackets, upcurved in front, or of cardigan type, which may be worn for tea and dropped for supper.

Jacquard silks are exceedingly good for daytime suits. The black and white one from Stein and Blaine is a perfect suit for a long season. It may be worn under a coat for spring and later for town wear. It will prove a boon on hot summer days. It is also the perfect compromise suit for travelling.

I saw a long dark blue georgette coat at Hattie Carnegie's, worn over a frock of the same. The long lines of it were becoming, and,

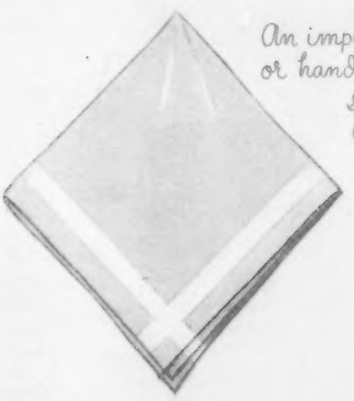
Black faille and silver kid evening sandal. Bergdorf Goodman.

Distinctive details in a white crêpe de Chine blouse. Bonwit Teller.

A vivid blue grosgrain envelope purse with metal clasp. B. Altman.

Evening scarf and kerchief, pink chiffon and black net. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

An imported linen scarf or handkerchief in pastel shades is from Bonwit Teller.



Beige snakeskin pump, kid trimmed. B Altman.

Jay-Thorpe dyes a suede afternoon pump any pastel shade.

Drawings by Veronica E. Kelly

for the woman who likes to wear some sort of coat over every dress while in the street, it would be ideal. Miss Carnegie's exquisite workmanship allows her to use georgette and crêpe Elizabeth to perfection. The dark green suit photographed on page 108 would be a real possession at any resort and would solve many a summer's problem. Miss Carnegie makes this suit in all shades, and the hat of panamalac matches it.

Printed silk suits are delightful in their informality. The jackets are usually seven or eight inches below the waist. Black and white suits of this type will undoubtedly be much seen, worn with tailored black straw hats. The blouse may be of white satin, sleeveless, or of plain white flat crêpe, tuck-in, or short, in the new length.

Black flat crêpe suits are also extremely good, trimmed with summer furs or exquisitely tailored, worn with or without a coat.

It is astonishing how lace holds its own for evening. Its packing qualities are now known to every woman, and its adaptability to all climates makes it a favourite. In dusty pinks and powder blues, or in slimming black, lace is seen everywhere.

Two reports come to me from far removed fashion centres: the Riviera and the Pacific coast. These stress a demand for black chiffon evening frocks. The little black rag of other days has graduated into a swirling film of extraordinary usefulness, and most women find in it an answer to the "What shall I wear tonight?" problem.

Turquoise shows signs of a revival for sports wear, and for the woman whose complexion it irradiates, it may be a triumph for evening. From Paris comes a report that lace, dyed to match the body

In the bag at the right of this picture, Monsieur can pack three of his suits on wardrobe hangers in order that they may remain flat. Made by Wheary in black cowhide. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

Madame's dressing-case at the left is no less practical, and is a vivid blue. Its blue enamel and chased crystal fittings are planned for her every need while she travels. From Wanamaker.

Drawings by Gaston Sudaka

material is to be found in the newest lingerie. The deep-toned Alençon has won its way, but pink dyed lace is encroaching upon it. Jay-Thorpe shows a step-in where this has been used. Its exquisite workmanship and its vanished back make it adorable. Printed chiffon for nighties is very young and gay. They are laceless, of course, and some painstaking needle has overcast or embroidered their seams into lines of beauty.

The evening slipper from Bergdorf Goodman, on the pages from the New York Shops, has a lift to its ankle strap which provides a becoming line. It is said to make the foot unbelievably short. This shop also has a black linen pump, which, I was told, stays black and is coolness itself on the foot. A medium heel has been given it, to add to your comfort.

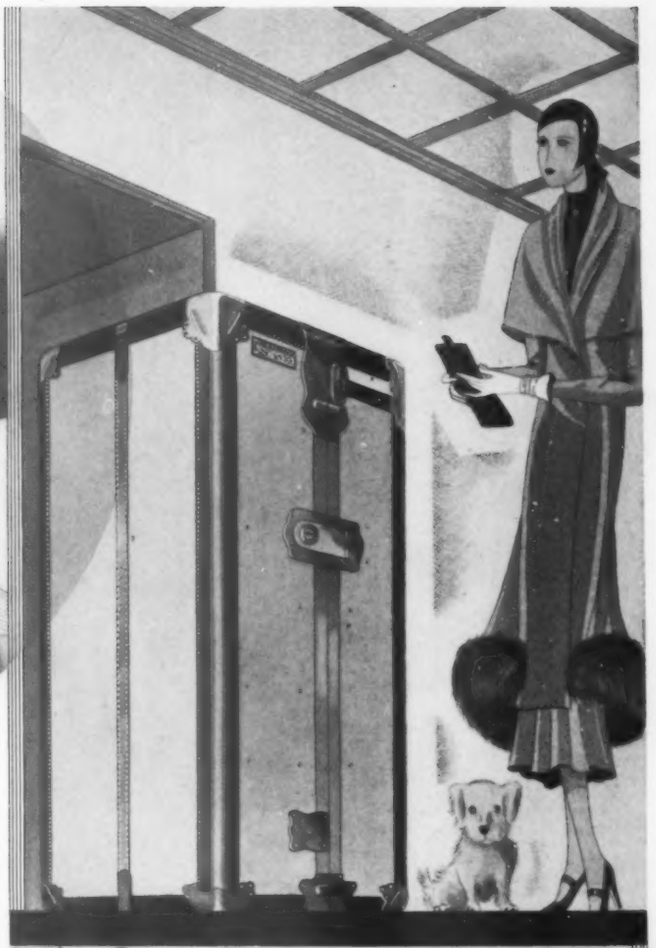
Pongee hats, one of which from Saks-Fifth Avenue is shown on these pages, are delightful fancies. Unending in colour range and design, you may revel in them to your heart's content, for they are cool and grateful to the head.

If you like a man-type panama for wear with your tennis or sports frocks, the leather thong hat-band and belt from Lord and Taylor are very good. They may be transferred from costume to costume and are also in place with tweeds and a little felt hat.

It is quite possible that we may see a return to coloured stockings, dyed to match our evening gowns. Certainly under the long, full skirts of a printed chiffon evening frock, a silk instep of the same shade as the slipper or gown looks charming. Also the powder-blue lace evening frocks grade beautifully into the dyed-to-match hose and satin slipper, the matched colour being less conspicuous than a beige

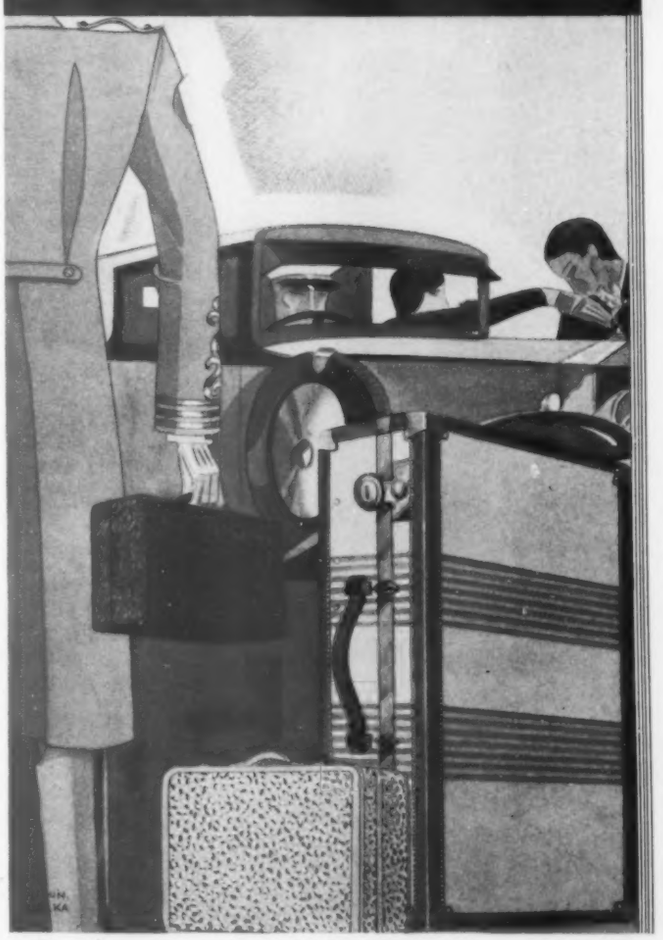
Hartmann plans a wardrobe trunk which is especially "for him" with its compartment for opera hat, drawers for collars, et al. Sturdy brown and white canvas outside and regimental striping. B. Altman. A picture frame to gladden any voyage is Rumpp's of écrasé leather and carved jade. Ovington.

LUGGAGE PLANNED



The lady in the picture is armed for any difficulty at the frontier with a Rumpp passport case, black pin seal, scarlet lined. Ovington. Her wardrobe trunk from Stewart is in a beige canvas, bound with raw-hide and made by Mendel.

The doorman carries an Orthophonic Victrola from Landay. 16½ by 14 inches. Nubby tweed makes the centre bag by Victory, Saks-Fifth Avenue. Right, an Oshkosh "visiting case," all drawers, is from Abercrombie and Fitch.



hyphen would be. Years ago we did this, of course, but the hose quality of other days was usually a heavy one and had a tendency to make ankles appear thick, which the sheer nothings of today forbid.

Undoubtedly, long full skirts take up more room in trunks than the scanty garments of past years have done. Coats, too, have become bulkier and the fashion of having several evening coats to suit our different gowns has complicated our packing problems. Therefore, thought has been given to this in luggage building. I have found it an excellent plan to pack all my coats, fur, sports and evening, in one large flat bag when travelling. Coats pack better flat; the long ends do not get rumpled as they are so apt to do in an upright trunk. Try it and see whether you agree with me.

Try also, if you wish, my idea of packing my day creams, make-up and lotions in one Italian straw box, my night necessaries in another, my manicure outfit in a third. I also divide all my beads and earrings into two lots, for day and evening, and put them into separate cases of straw. I may take out each of these units without disturbing the others, and that is a great comfort, I find, in a sleeping car or in one-night stops at hotels, when *en route*.

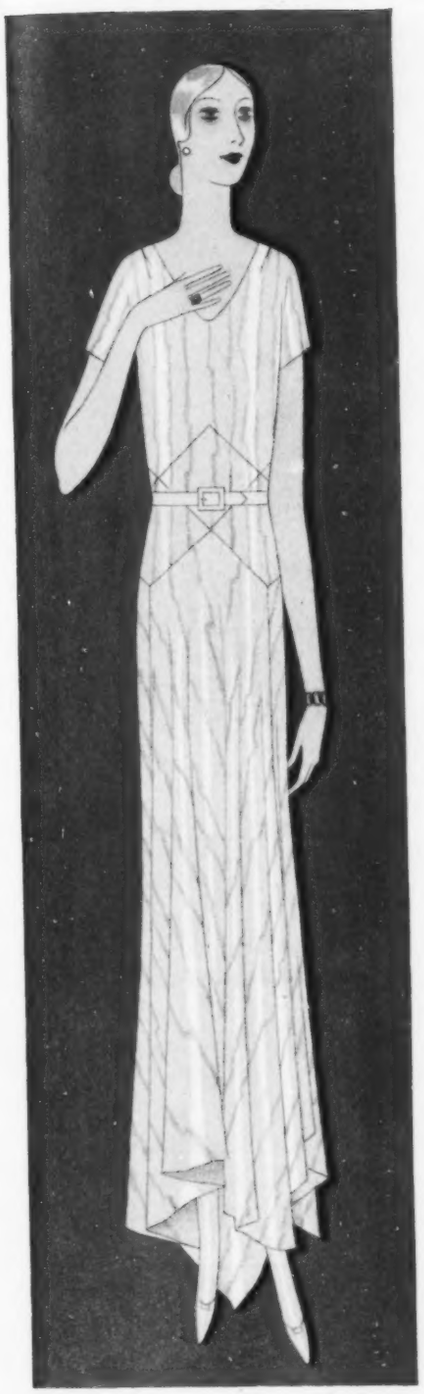
FOR COMFORT

WITH OR WITHOUT A COAT

Black and white as it is interpreted by Stein and Blaine in Rodier's wool fabric, "Rodella," trimmed with white piqué collar and wrinkled piqué vest and cuffs. The slight flare, which is set into the skirt, is markedly low.

A short-sleeved print dress designed for wear later in the spring, or now under a fur coat, from Jay-Thorpe. A yellow printed crêpe with a finely clustered pattern is bordered about neck and cuffs with a white ruffle.

The shade of a tomato juice cocktail is a crêpe Elizabeth afternoon frock from Kurzman with gracefully slashed sleeve. A pin which combines a ruby, jet and brilliants, is pinned at the neck. The full skirt is cleverly cut.



Drawings by R. A. Suris

THREE SUNDAY EVENING FROCKS

Joseph adapts a Lanvin model in beige moire with the short sleeve so important for spring. The lines are very princess, with a shirred bow at the back of the waist. Seaming about waist forms a geometric pattern.

This dress in reseda green Spanish lace and chiffon is ideally suited to the mature figure. Mrs. Franklin, Inc. Its dignity is enhanced by side and back panels which trail slightly on the ground in a flattering fulness.

Maybelle Manning uses beige Spanish lace over a chartreuse slip in this dress with the peplum. A wide bend of simulated fagoting down the back of the bodice terminates in a diamond brooch set on the narrow lace belt.

Photographs by Arthur Gerlach

USEFUL FOR RESORTS IN EARLY SPRING

Supple black faille-like silk with a tiny white figure makes jacket and skirt of the Stein and Blaine suit above. Very becoming are the heavy white crêpe blouse, with scarf and draped neck, and the felt vagabond hat. The linen shoes are from Bergdorf Goodman.

In reseda green crêpe Elizabeth, with a white satin blouse, is an original suit from Hattie Carnegie. Geometric designs in tucking and a green crêpe Elizabeth bow on the blouse are important details. The hat, the same shade as the suit, is panamalac and grosgrain.

Bergdorf Goodman presents a printed crêpe informal suit, black with little pastel flowers. Its off-white blouse is fagoted and tucked, and it is worn underneath a jacket with a peplum. Black slippers and a black panamalac and satin hat are worn with it.

From the French Salon of Franklin Simon comes a printed dress with beige and green flowers on a black ground. Cuffs and bertha, with lingerie details, are green. The hat is a gay green panamalac.

Burgundy red is the base of this multi-colour Patou print dress in wool crêpe with the little puffed sleeves. From Bonwit Teller. The manille hat, by Boucheron, is imported by Princess Rospigliosi.

Best and Company make a printed silk crêpe dress in two tones of blue with a demure white georgette yoke and short sleeves. The Rose Descat hat, also Best's, is leghorn with a capucine ribbon.

Looking west in the Harper's Bazaar Galleries, devoted to problems of contemporary interior decoration. Above is seen the décor arranged by Howland Spencer of the Park Avenue Galleries in cooperation with Harper's Bazaar.

Below, the north wall which focuses around a modern fireplace before which is a Brandt screen. The walls are an off-shade of white.

Photographs by Sherril Schell

By Curtis Patterson

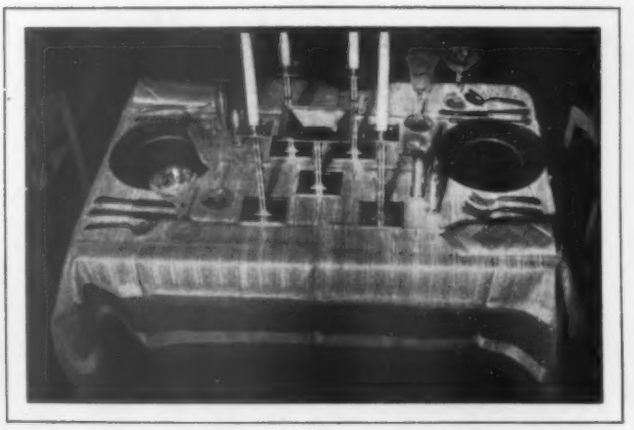
...Our adventure in modern decoration

IN THIS issue Harper's Bazaar starts an interesting and practical experiment in interior decoration.

For this purpose we have set aside a room with the generous floor space of fourteen by thirty-two feet, the background of which has been developed in a comparatively restrained, not to say discreetly chaste, modern manner. This room is very much the size and very much the type of living-room or dining-room or combination bed and sitting-room with which any family may be confronted in moving into one of our cleanly steel constructed modern apartments. It therefore presents an everyday problem in our constantly changing metropolitan life.

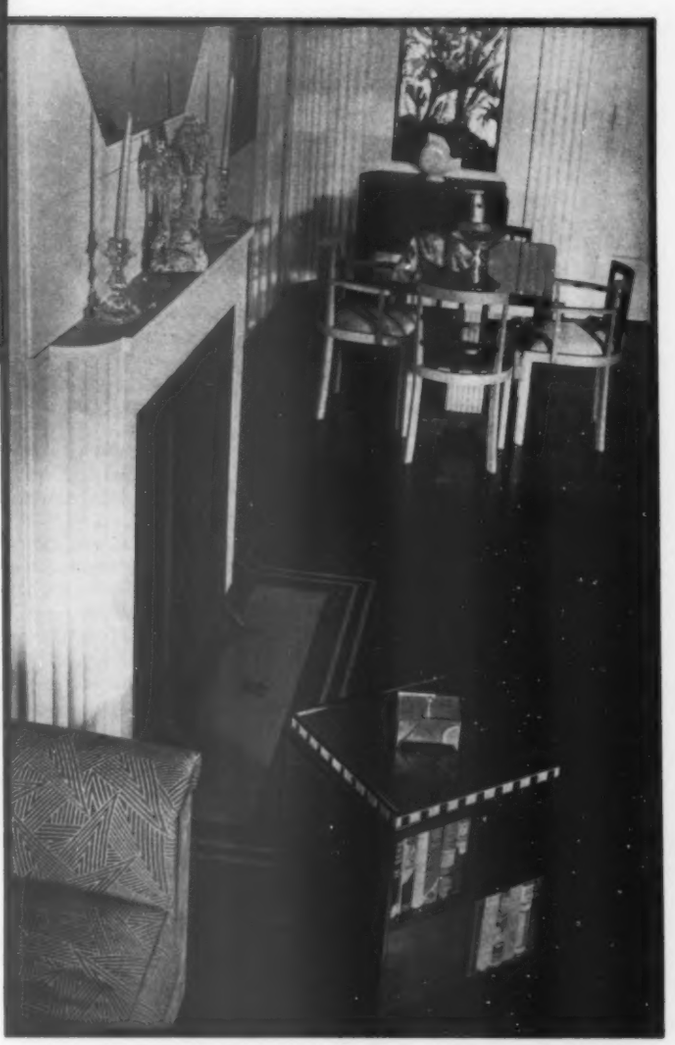
The problem is, of course, immediately the question of the decorative point of view. Shall it be bookishly (*Concluded on page 152*)

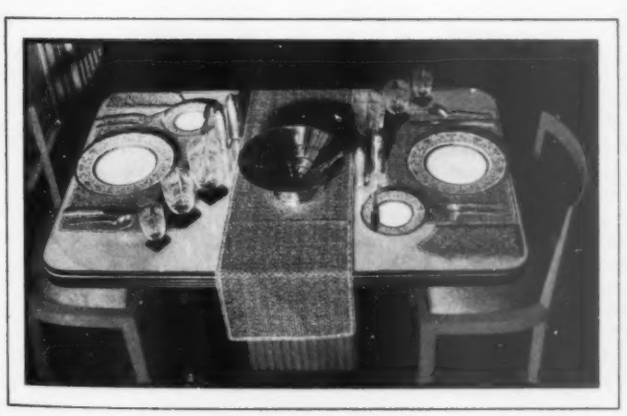
Light filters through Venetian blinds on a richly textured day-bed and keen furniture profiles. The black linoleum floor is blue-starred. The screen is by Robert W. Chanler.



A little dinner for two. The colour idea is particularly clever. The plates are black and gold on a grey and white damask cloth. The shapely flat and ornamental silver is spirited and modern in style and execution.

The little dining-corner, often found convenient in the modern living-room. In the background is Mr. Chanler's decorative panel. On the mantel is a crystal tree by Madame Sert, wife of the mural painter.





The table, in three shades of blue, with a heavy plate glass top, is arranged for luncheon. The linen, glass, porcelain and silver reflect the contemporary point of view so unhesitatingly represented in the room.

A Short Short Story by **John Held, Jr.**

Till the James Runs Dry

Drawings by Russell Patterson

"Judy ignored his protests as she said, 'Come with me. There is a young lady here who's crazy to meet you.'"

. . . For thus shall it be, Forever and a Day, when the South comes North

TED was on his way to the men's coat-room, as his arm was firmly grasped by Judy.

"Whoa, big boy, I have a painful duty for you."

"Yeah?" said Ted. "You wait till I return."

"Wait, nothing. If I let you go, you wouldn't be back. Don't try to fool mama."

"But listen, honest—"

"Now, don't be a gripe. Come with me." She ignored his protests as she led him to the davenport.

"There is a young lady here who's crazy to meet you."

"Yeah? She must be crazy to want to meet me," Ted assured her.

"Miss Mead, allow me to present Mr. Bennett," said Judy, as she faded into a nearby group.

"Pleased to meet you," Ted mumbled, as a misty vision rose before his eyes: a vision in chiffon and tulle and rosebuds and curls. Added to the mist was the sickly sweet odour of gardenia.

"I certainly am happy to meet you, Mr. Bennett. I was askin' Judy who you were just now, 'cause you looked like you were just awfully important—yes, suh, I certainly am happy to meet you." She emphasized the word "you." Just then the music started on a fox-trot, blue and hot.

"Dance?" said Ted.

"I'd love it," she said as she floated into his arms. "Oh, dearie me! Can I put my vanity in your pocket? And my program too; but don't forget to give 'em back to me because I want to save the program for my memory book. That is, I want to if you will sign it." She slipped them into the pocket of his dinner-jacket, along with the vanity-cases that belonged to four other girls with whom Ted had danced that evening. They started to glide upon a floor that had been waxed in spots. Ted's method of dancing was to ignore the beat of the music. He had a slower rhythm all his own, but she followed perfectly, as she had that unconscious feminine ability to adapt herself to any masculine mood.

"Isn't this music divine?" she said on the intake of her breath. "I could just go on like this forever." She had a soft sort of giggle that came through her set smile—a smile that seldom lighted her eyes. "I think you dance just perfect, and I was watchin' you when you were dancin' with those other girls, and said to myself, *'There's* a man I've just got to dance with tonight,' but you looked so impo'tant, I didn't think I'd get a chance to meet you." The emphasis was always on the "you." "I certainly am enjoyin' my visit up here. I'm havin' the grandest time. The No'thern boys are all givin' me a grand rush. I'm from the South, you know."

"Yeah, I thought you were," said Ted.

She giggled again.

"And I certainly was glad when I got away from that old dead home town of mine. Oh, it's so dead I don't think I've ever hated a town like I hate it down home. Just hasn't got a bit of pep. I'm just too lively for that old town. I'm always away ahead of it. Up No'th here it's different. It's so lively, and everybody is always havin' such a good time. All the girls think about down home is gettin' married, and I certainly don't want to get married yet," again the giggle. "I want to have some fun. Just as soon as a girl gets seventeen down home, she just goes and gets married. I can't see that, I can't see that at all; and everybody thinks I'm funny and they call me the old maid. I'm nineteen. All the girls think I'm terrible because all they think about is gettin' married."

"Yeah?" said Ted. "I think—"

"I guess you think I'm awful talkin' away like this. Everybody says my tongue must be hung in the middle 'cause it's always waggin' at both ends. My mother always tells me I ought to button up my mouth, but I don't think I talk too much, do you?"

"Well—I—" said Ted; but she went on:

"You ought to hear some of the other girls down home. That's all they do all the day long: talk, talk, talk. They'd just talk a man's arm off if they got a chance."

"Yeah?" said Ted.

"Yes, suh; and another thing I think is so terribly odd up here, is the way the No'thern girls dress; so plain. I don't like it much because I think a man likes to see girls all feminine like. I'll bet right now you wish you were in the cloak-room a-drinkin', instead of dancin' with me. Down home all the boys go to the cloak-room and drink co'n, or else they take the girls out to the parkin', and sit in dark keahs. I'll bet you wish you were sittin' out in a dark keah with some real nice girl right now. Don't deny

it! I can tell what you're thinkin'. . . . I'm awful glad I haven't been cut, because I wouldn't want to be dancin' with anyone but you. I guess you think I'm funny talkin' that way, don't you? But then I always say just what I think. I'm not the kind of a girl to think one thing and then say another, but I bet you wish that somebody would cut. Down home it's terrible. A girl can't dance half way round the floor with somebody they like without bein' cut. I don't know why I'm sayin' all these things to you. I don't suppose you're interested in what we do down in our dreary old town. I guess it's because I like to dance with you—it gives me a grand feelin' way down deep, and my Father always says, 'Still waters run deep.' Yes, father always says that; Father, he's a railroad man. He isn't home very much. He don't like railroadin'; he's full of life like I am, and he says railroadin' is quiet, but I guess you're not interested in my folks. Oh, excuse me, I didn't mean to squeeze your hand that way, but I thought I was goin' to fall when you turned me round. I guess you think I'm awful, squeezin' your hand like that."

She was silent for a moment—that is, silent in that she was singing the words to the dance music. It was a tune newly published, but she knew the words.

"I think that's a beautiful song, don't you? Did you see the picture? We always go to the pictures down home. I think they're wonderful. I don't know what we'd do if we couldn't go to the pictures; it's the only way we have of seein' life. I like to see life, and the other girls down home, all they think about is gettin' married. I always say I don't want to get married until I see life and have some fun. I certainly was glad when I got this invitation to come up here because my home town is so dead. All the boys think about down home is ridin' round in keahs and drinkin' co'n. I guess you wish you were out sittin' in a keah right now with some girl, 'stead of dancin' with me. I can't understand why all the girls up here dress so plain-like, because I think a man likes a girl to be feminine. I always tell Mother, when she's making things for me, I always say, 'Put ribbons on them, Mother, and lace,' because I think if a girl's goin' to be popular, she's got to be like the men want her to be, and a man wants a girl all soft-like, and men don't have any frills on what they wear. Men are always so stern, and they like a girl to be soft and pinky-like, when they dance with them. . . . I don't know why I'm chatterin' all these things to you. I've never talked like this to a man before. I reckon you think I'm awful. Maybe it's just the music makes me, or maybe it's because you dance so divine. I think you're a wonderful dancer and I suppose you're beginnin' to think that you're stuck with me, but I've just been hopin' all the time that I wouldn't get cut, and I guess that's why I haven't been; but I bet you think you're stuck, don't you?"

Ted was giving the stag line some nasty looks, but the looks were ignored.

"Yeah. No—no—no! Of course, I don't think I'm stuck with you," said Ted as the music kept on and on.

"Oh, I'm havin' such a lovely time. Everybody has been too sweet to me. All the boys have been givin' me the rush of my life, since I've been up No'th. I bet you do wish you were out in the parkin' with a girl, maybe kissin' her. Down home that's all the boys want to do at dances—take a girl out to the parkin' and kiss her and drink co'n. I don't like co'n. I can't drink it without ginger ale or coca-cola. You don't have co'n up here, do you? And it seems like the boys up No'th here don't always want to take a girl out to the parkin' so they can kiss her like they do down in my town. Oh, that dead old town—I never want to go back to it. You've never been in my home town, have you? I know you haven't because if you had I would have met you, and you can never know how dead it is unless you've been there. All the boys think about is ridin' round in keahs or sittin' on the porch or drinkin' co'n; all the girls think about is gettin' married when they're seventeen. They call me the old maid down there because ah'm nineteen and I haven't ever got married or even thought about it. No, suh, I want to have some fun before I get married. Some of the boys have proposed to me, but I say 'No,' because I don't want to have to spend the rest of my life in that old dead town where all they think about is ridin' round in keahs and drinkin' co'n and then gettin' married. Both my sisters are married. One of them has got two of the cutest children you ever saw. Oh, they're cute. Their husbands travel. Now if I had a husband I'd make him let me travel with him. I wouldn't want to set on the porch till he was through with his travellin' and have to go to parties and be chaperoned and have to be careful about goin' out to sit in the (*Concluded on page 176*)

"'I can't understand why all the girls up here dress so plain-like, because I think a man likes a girl to be feminine.'"

"Ted was giving the stag line some nasty looks, but the looks were ignored, and the music kept on and on and on."

Last-Minute Sketches from Paris

Annek

Pale pink night-gown of plaited chiffon and lace.

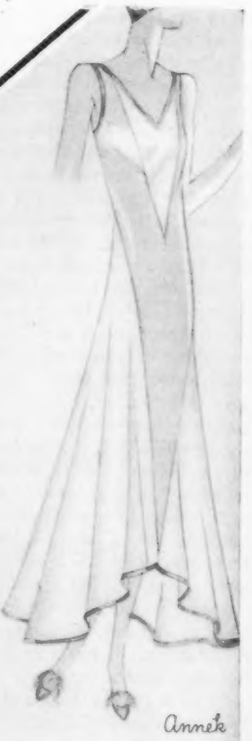
Léna

Wide culotte in crêpe satin.

Chemise and culotte of pink crêpe georgette and crêpe satin.

Combination of pale pink crêpe georgette and crêpe satin.

Annek



Annek

Nightgown of pale pink chiffon and crêpe satin. Satin bias edging.

Bayard

Evening combination in pink crêpe satin with cocoa lace at edges.

Pale pink crêpe de Chine step-in, trimmed with "point turc".

Bayard

Bayard

Nightgown in pale pink crêpe. Frill and yoke of georgette.

Rosa Pichon

Pyjama and coat in printed crêpe de Chine.

Sports lingerie with chemise and culotte in putty crêpe satin and point turc lace.

Rosa Pichon

Combination, two thicknesses chiffon, violet and rose.

Annek

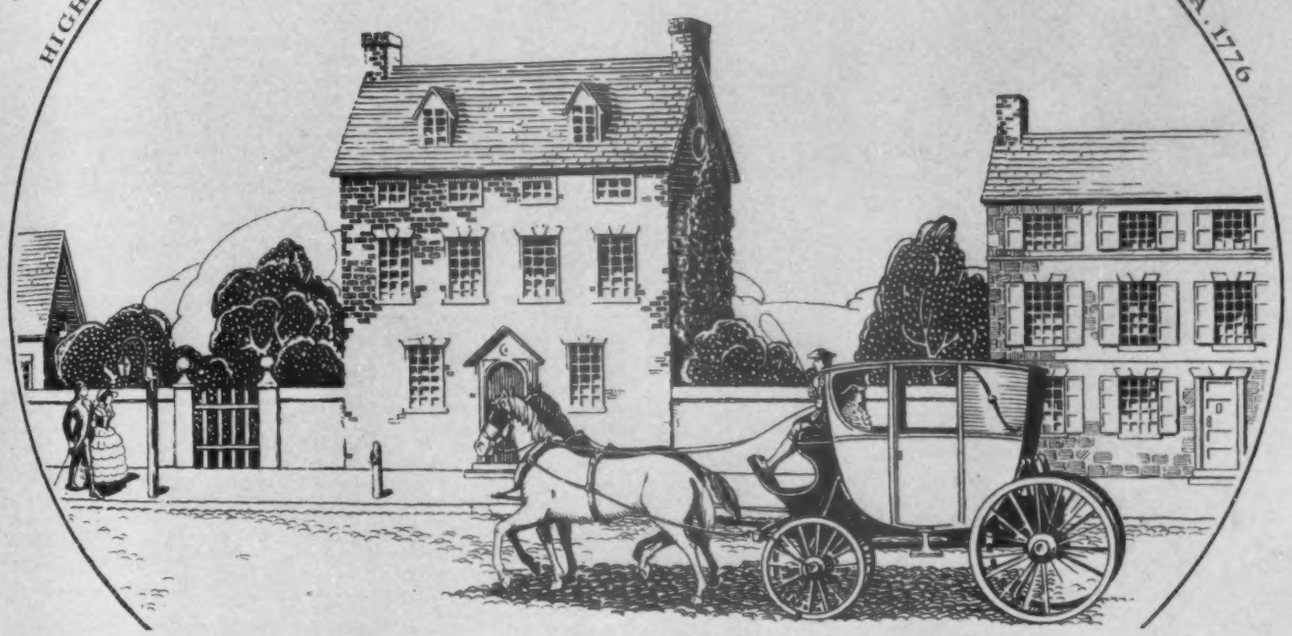
Rosa Pichon

Chemise in pink crêpe de Chine with plaid of pin-tucking on yoke.

Bayard

Nile green culotte in crêpe satin. Cocoa lace.

Philadelphia PEPPER POT



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By ***Richard Le Gallienne***

THERE WAS A SHIP

The Story Ends! Fate Parcels out Reward and Punishment

(Conclusion)

So serious had the Dey become that one afternoon, when he came to lead Calliope into the garden, he brought with him not only the young Greek interpreter but a tall beautiful old man, with a face made holy with lofty thoughts. He was a hermit from the hills in which Selim Hassan had been born, a marabout, whose life had gone by in the contemplation of eternity and eternal things. When he died, and the day of his deliverance from Time was near, his grave would be a shrine, a hushed wonder-working sanctuary, where women would bring their children to be blessed and where the sick would be healed and sorrow would turn again into joy. He had stood by the birth of the Dey, when his wild mother had gone into the darkness that he might see the light of the sun; and always since then the Dey had been to him as a wandering child. He knew his heart as no man else knew it, and always it had been his hope to bring it back to that God who forgives all to those who turn to Him and would cleanse themselves of their evil desires.

Since the coming of this Frankish woman his hope had grown strong that, before he died, this son of sin and sorrow would lay his sword on the altar of the Most High God. It was one more wonderful happening to Calliope in her world of dreams to listen to this old man whose face, it seemed to her, was more beautiful than any face she had ever seen, to listen to him telling her of the Way of the Soul and the Path of Deliverance. Religion to her, before this afternoon perfumed with all the sweetness of all the flowers of the garden, had been a harsh, unlovely thing. But as she listened to the words of this wise and lovely teacher, and as over her veil she saw the eyes of the Dey softer even than when they had looked into her own eyes, she understood that there is a power behind and beyond all mortal appearances, stronger and more beautiful than them all. She, a Christian girl, understood for the first time, from the lips of a Mohammedan teacher, what God is, and how He moves mysteriously through His world.

This was one more strange way of the Dey's strange wooing.

When the marabout had gone, she and the Dey sat silent together. That holy man had brought them nearer still.

The day following, Selim Hassan returned to less solemn ways of wooing, but still they were serious enough. If only she and he could worship the same God together, he would forswear all other women but her. She, and she only, should be his wife for ever. He would share with her all he possessed. She and he would rule their little kingdom together.

But, seeing her overburdened with all these serious thoughts, he said:

"O my Beloved, let us go back to the poets once more, to the men who sing away the heaviness of the heart."

But Calliope sat silent, for the face of the old marabout was still with her.

And then the Dey said: "I have some lovely books, beautifully written, and illuminated by the greatest scribes and artists of the pen. You have never seen them. They are not here, but down in the city in my palace near the sea. Shall we go together?"

And so he on horseback, and she in her palanquin guarded with scimitars, went down into the city and entered that great palace where first she had seen him at the end of that corridor of corpses. There were many eyes to watch them as they mounted together the marble stairs; and a curtain moved aside as they passed and the eyes of a beautiful Berber woman devoured them with hate. But the Dey saw nothing, knew nothing, but the woman at his side. Then they sat together in a little library, with walls laden with exquisitely written and illuminated scrolls. One after the other the Dey took them from their shelves and unrolled them and showed their gold and azure pages. They were lovely things, strange things for this man of blood to love, for Calliope could not forget that corridor of corpses on the gallery overhead.

Then he said, observing her face and determined to give all to her, all the secrets of his life:

"Beloved! Press your finger where I shall place it, at the back of this golden book."

And she did as he asked her, and he laughed at her surprise as the whole shelf moved around and revealed a stone staircase leading down between narrow walls.

She looked at him with questioning eyes.

"Some day," he answered her look, "when all seems lost to us, you or I shall press a finger behind this golden book and fly down this staircase; and at the end of it is the sea and a boat and forty oarsmen awaiting us, ready to sweep us out into another world. Will you come with me?"

She did not answer; but her eyes were soft again, as the Dey touched the spring and the shelf moved back into its place.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CAPTAIN AS GRAND VIZIER

The Captain's admiration of the Dey was the admiration which all strong men feel for each other. That admiration is none the less often the greater should they chance to be on opposite sides of the game of life. I am afraid that, in laying so much stress on the Captain's laughter, I have misrepresented him, made him too much of a clown in a puppet-show *deus ex machina*. If so, I beg the reader to help out his inadequate historian. The Captain's laugh was a fortunate asset, which he used in much the same way as a woman uses her beauty. If it gave his enemies the idea that he was a harmless fat fool, all the better for him, all the worse for them. The Dey made no mistake about him. In spite of all the stardust of love in his eyes, he saw the Captain clearly. He never mistook him, he knew that he was one of those men who, like himself, understood the world he lived in. Therefore, he allowed him to go to and fro, almost managing his kingdom for him. The Captain had not been a sea-captain for so many years for nothing. He had learned, in much handling of crooks and sailors, that human beings are mostly rubbish. Certainly, he was not sentimental about them, and having faced so many mutinous crews on the high seas, he realized that the man who rules is the only man who can rule.

Because he had this understanding of men, he understood that the Dey was the only man who could rule Algiers, and the conspiracies to dethrone him, of which he knew and in one case had particularly accurate knowledge, not only won no sympathy from him but brought him nearer to the Dey. Weak men were trying to take the place of a strong man. It is always the way of revolutions. But it was fortunate for the Dey that the Captain was there. Otherwise, glamoured as he was, he would have died in his sleep or been violently displaced less pleasantly.

To deliver men to death, to sign their death warrants, is a disagreeable thing to do; and the Captain thought a long time

(*Continued on page 118*)

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THERE WAS A SHIP

(*Continued from page 116*)

before he placed in the Dey's hands a long list of names.

There were many magnificent persons included in that list, many rich men, some good soldiers; but there was not one who was born to rule, except, of course, in his own conceit. Cruel as the Dey was, there were men just as cruel as he whose names were on the list. Their slaves knew how cruel they were. The Captain, also, realized that for this conspiracy to succeed would mean that *The Happy Return*, and all who had sailed on her and whom he had promised to guard, would never see England again. As the Astrologer was one of the heads of the conspiracy, it is hardly necessary to say this. The Dey took the list, and his eyes ran down it wearily. His love for Calliope had softened his heart, and he had grown tired of bloodshed, tired of governing men that were not worth governing. To fly with Calliope down that staircase in his library, throw up his sails, and seek another world, that was his dream. But he saw that, for that dream to succeed, this conspiracy must be quashed; that he must give his people one more stern and dramatic lesson.

"They are all rogues, and most of them cowards," he said; "there is only one man worth saving amongst them all. He is weak, and so he has been led astray. But he is a good soldier, and when we were young, we fought together among the hills where we were born. Let him be spared. As for the others, let their fate be the fate they were preparing for me."

AND the Dey signed to his interpreter, who wrote down certain directions. The Dey took from his finger a ring in which was set a large black stone, known in Algiers as the Ring of Death. "Show this to Pear-Blossom," he smiled, for he knew the pet name of his chief executioner; "show him this parchment too, and he will arrange all."

Pear-Blossom, as we have seen, like his master, was tired of bloodshed. More and more he was longing for the day, when, his ransom paid, he would be able to lay down his axe for ever, and live a rustic life with his wife and children among the hills. The Captain had already paid him half that ransom, and he had promised that the rest would soon be his, and more than that, when certain things happened. Pear-Blossom was devoted to the Captain; and needless to say, since that morning when Dionysus had saved his child's life from the panther, there was nothing he would not do for him also. Phineas Elderberry was another of his English friends; the brave little consul, too. In fact the English colony generally and he were friends.

It was necessary for the Captain to be cautious about handing his credentials to Pear-Blossom; for, if what was going to happen that evening should get wind most of the conspirators would escape. One of these conspirators had been in his pay for some days, it was largely through him that the Captain's information was so accurate; but before he should have time to sell himself twice, the Captain had placed him safely under lock-and-key. I should have explained before this, that, when the Captain had seen that the surrender of his ship was inevitable, he had transferred to his large person as much of the King's treasure as he could carry, including some of the most valuable jewels; foreseeing that he would have to use it in the King's service. This he had done with such wisdom and promise of further generosity, that he had at strategic points in Algiers many useful persons as friends on whom he could rely. John Quince, with his wide knowledge of such useful persons had advised him in this matter; and so it was, first to his tavern he went with the Dey's seal-ring in his pocket, and that parchment of directions.

John Quince would know best the most unobtrusive way to hand these to Pear-Blossom. For the Captain himself to have walked into Pear-Blossom's barracks under the gate of Bab-el-Oued would have given warning to all concerned, for by this time his power in Algiers and his friendship with the Dey were too well-known to all. Therefore, he sat in his favourite corner with John Quince, and waited for the executioner to come in for his noon-day glass and laughter with his friends, his fellow-executioners, and soldiers of the guard. He had not long to wait. After Pear-Blossom had drunk a glass or two, John Quince beckoned him over; and the Captain cautiously showed him the Ring of Death and gave him the parchment. After that all was merely a matter of detail with Pear-Blossom; and as twilight fell, all his plans were made.

TWO evenings before the Astrologer had actually made that discovery of the treasure which he had been promising his fellow-conspirators so long; and he had been able to convince them of its whereabouts. But it was in so dangerous a place, that all realized that it was impossible to remove the treasure while the Dey was alive. Unfortunately for the Astrologer two other eyes had observed his discovery, but this he did not know. All that now remained for the conspirators to do was to murder the Dey.

On the evening of the particular day on which the Captain had handed that list to the Dey, they had arranged to meet to discuss the best way of doing it. Their place of meeting was a vaulted hall underneath the fortifications, close to the dungeon where Dionysus had lain listening to the sound of the sea; and the sound of the sea was in their ears as they met, torches in iron sconces on the damp oozing walls throwing sinister lights and shadows as they talked. They had hardly begun their council, when from outside the three rusted doors set deep in the thickness of the walls there came other sounds than the sea; and they looked at each other with fear.

On each of the three doors fell the strokes of iron maces. They fell again and again, till the doors broke open. Outside each door was a glare of torches, with ten negro executioners at each door with gleaming axes on their shoulders; and behind them groups of janissaries in scarlet with scimitars in their hands. The conspirators looked right and left, like rats caught in a drain, and they ran hither and thither; but the bravest realized that their last hour had come. Some of them knelt down abjectly, and poured out gold and jewels on the rocky floor. But it was too late to bribe. There was nothing left for them but to die. Their good days in the sun had come to an end. One by one their heads were struck off with cold skill by the executioners; and, as they fell, men entered, carrying gilded baskets in which their bleeding heads were piled. And the last sound in the ears of one of those heads was the sound of the sea, remembering how he had mocked a young Englishman to whom he had shown no mercy, in that rocky cell nearby.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE HIDDEN GARDEN IN CALLIOPE'S PALACE

IN DESCRIBING the Lady Calliope's palace, I described also a hidden garden, overgrown and haunted and apparently forgotten, with an old mossed fish-pool in its centre, an ancient thick wall surrounding it, and deep-set in that wall an old iron gate for its only entrance from the outside. I said also that there was supposed to be an entrance from the inside, of which no one but the Dey knew; or if he did, he kept it to himself. Calliope knew nothing of it, but one morning, wandering through the maze of her various rooms, diverting herself with the many beautiful *objets d'arts* that were stored there, she was examining an ancient tapestry when her curiosity was aroused by its moving to and fro as if by the wind. Looking behind she saw that it covered a wainscot of carved ebony, and that in that ebony, a small low door was ajar. She pulled it wider open, and saw a flight of stone steps. Wondering where they

(*Continued on page 120*)

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THERE WAS A SHIP

(*Continued from page 118*)

led to she picked her way down, for they were worn and damp. At the foot of this staircase was another door also ajar, which she pushed open, and so discovered the hidden garden.

It was so like an old mossed garden in England, with its fishpond and its mouldering statues, that it charmed her with a thrill of home. So she walked about it, exploring its dark damp corners for such flowers as grow in such corners in England; and then she sat on the edge of the pond and watched the carp under the lily-pads, swimming mysteriously as they swam in the old monkish pond at the end of her father's garden at home. As she sat there she was aroused from her reverie by a footstep and there at the door of the staircase she saw her old negress standing, with finger on lip. This old negress who had, by this time, become almost like a nurse to her, explained the mystery of the garden; how no one was supposed to know of it but she and an old negro watchman who went his rounds there every night with his lantern. He was a very old man and must have forgotten to close the doors.

"But it is a lovely old garden, like my old garden at home," said Calliope. "What harm can I do in it? I will ask the Dey. He must have forgotten to tell me about it."

And then the old negress fell on her knees.

"Princess, I beg you not to do that for it would mean my death. He has forbidden anyone to enter it but me and the old watchman. I know not the reason why. But I know that it means death to him and to me if you should tell the Dey that you have discovered it."

"But if I tell him that I found it for myself?"

And again the negress fell on her knees.

"O listen, O love you, you would not have your old servant die?"

Calliope patted the old white woollen head.

"Be assured, I will not tell him, dear old mother, but—"

And the old negress said:

"Come here when you will, but tell him not. I will be on guard. If you love to sit here and watch the old fishes and dream of your old home, you shall do it; for I know the longings of the heart for home."

"Kind old friend," said Calliope, "I will come here no more. Have no fear."

But the old negress knowing the power of her Princess and filled with misgivings that she might forget her promise, said again:

"Yes! but you shall come. It is better so. Only tell no one of it. I will come with you whenever you will."

AND then with her arm over the old woman's shoulder Calliope stole with her up the old stairs, closing the doors behind them. When Calliope had returned to her boudoir, she gave her a gold circlet for her ankle, and asked her to send her little daughter to play to her on the zither. When the Dey came that afternoon to read to her in the garden, she said nothing to him about the hidden garden; and the heart of the old negress was comforted.

So sometimes, the negress would come to her and say that the morning was sweet in the garden, and one evening she came and whispered that the moonlight was beautiful there. So they went softly together down the old staircase; but as they glanced through the half-opened door, they saw a light shining in the garden. The old negress drew Calliope aside and they watched in silence. It was the old watchman going his rounds. He went to an old door hidden at the foot of some old steps under bushes not far from the pool. His lantern swung and cast lights and shadows as he went, and he put a key in the door as he opened it. But, as he did so, a figure out of the darkness sprang on him, a dagger gleamed, and the old man fell. But the lantern still kept alight, and by it Calliope recognized the face of the Astrologer. Then she had a divination, and pressed the wrist of the negress to be silent.

The Astrologer opened the door, and Calliope whispered to the negress, "Be brave and cry out loud in Arabic, 'My lord, the thief I told you of is there.'"

The negress cried out; and a shrouded figure, tall as the Dey's, stood up in the doorway at her side, with a moonlit dagger in hand and face unseen.

Instantly the Astrologer kicked out the lantern and scrambled away among the bushes; but the moon gave light enough to show him vanishing up the boughs of the old cypress and over the old wall beyond.

Calliope laughed softly: "Bring another light," she said, "I will await you here. Fear nothing. The Dey's ring is on my finger."

She waited, watching under the moon. But the Astrologer did not return.

WHEN the negress came back, she took the lantern, and together they went across to look at the old man whom the Astrologer had stabbed. He was not dead, and would not die. The key was still in the old deep door under the lotuses and the carps as the Astrologer had left it. Calliope turned it and as the door turned rustily on its hinges she held up the lantern, and she saw a long passage lined with great leather bags, a long passage, with another door at the far end. The wonderful "Contes Arabes" of Monsieur Galland were not then written, but she realized that in such bags Eastern tyrants stored their hidden gold.

"This," she said to herself, "is the Dey's hidden treasure, the treasure of King Charles. I shall have some news for the Captain in the morning."

Then, turning to the negress at her heels, she said:

"Let us see the old man at the door." When they turned the lantern upon him, they saw that balms and ointments would soon heal his wound.

"He will soon be well," Calliope said, "but he must remain quiet and unseen. If the Dey hears of this night from any one but me, you and he shall die."

And as she spoke, Calliope closed the iron door under the pond, and slipped the heavy key into her bosom.

Then they raised the old man together, and helped him up the staircase, and together they placed him in his cot in the little room under the roof.

"Look after him well, bring him wine and food, and tell me of his needs. I shall await you at dawn in my boudoir; bring your little daughter with you, with her zither."

The old negress knelt before her, but Calliope raised her up, and said:

"All is well, my dear old friend."

Then she returned to her boudoir and took the heavy iron key from her soft bosom and smiled.

So it was that the Astrologer had come to know of the Dey's hidden treasure.

CHAPTER XXVIII.
THE END OF EVERY MAN'S DESIRE

WHEN the Captain received from Calliope the key of that underground chamber in the hidden garden, there was no longer any reason for his remaining in Algiers. All his plans had been made for departure. There was nothing but the treasure to prevent the sailing back home of *The Happy Return*, all hands complete, with the unhappy exception of the Astrologer. That discovered, there was nothing left to do but remove it, and sail away. In parentheses, it should be said that the reader may, on first thoughts, wonder why so valuable a treasure was not guarded by an impressive cordon of sentinels. On second thoughts, however, he will understand the Dey's subtle idea in leaving it entirely unwatched. It must be clear that sentinels would draw attention to it, and those enemies of his—their heads in those gilded baskets—whose sole preoccupation was the treasure would naturally conclude that where sentinels were on guard there must be something to guard. It was a wise way of hiding precious things, and I recommend it to all who have anything to hide.

Immediately on receiving the key from

(*Concluded on page 121*)

LUXURIOUS TRANSPORTATION

Milady of fashion, in the day of dashing Hussars and court intrigue, went her social rounds in her elaborately decorated and luxurious Sedan chair

PACKARD pioneered the straight-eight motor in America—leads the world in the production of fine eight-cylinder cars—outsells all cars in the field above $2000.

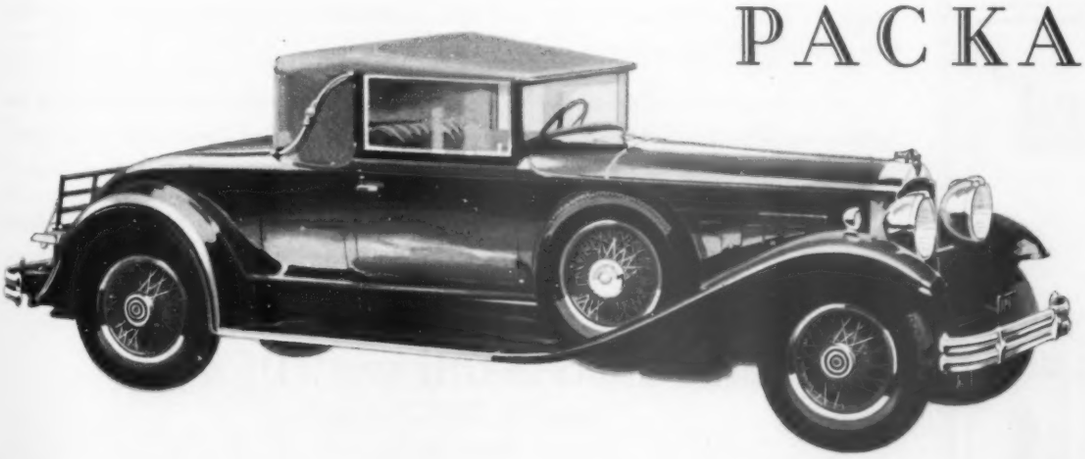
It is significant, as an indication of superior motor design, that Packard's greatest period of growth followed standardization on eight-in-line cars exclusively.

Two out of three who buy Packard cars today give up other makes, while but one owner out of twenty ever gives up a Packard for *any* reason—proof that the satisfaction of Packard owners is enduring. Packard well may say, "now, more than ever, Ask The Man Who Owns One."

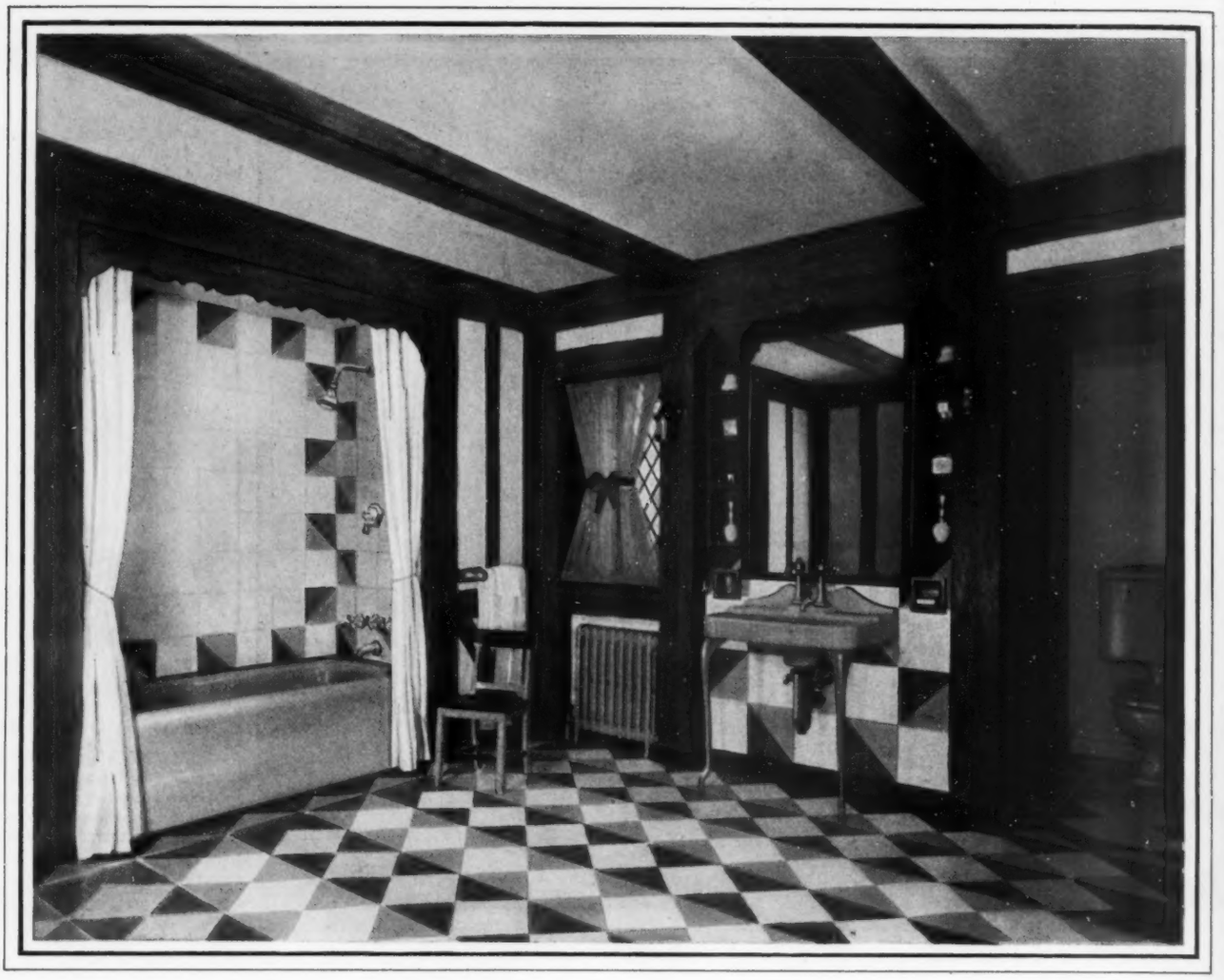
Packard Eight cars today are outstandingly more beautiful, more comfortable and convenient—more luxurious both in appointment and performance—than any of the famous Packards of history. Three complete lines are available. They cover the entire fine car field and dominate it!

Among the most popular of the eleven models offered in each of the three Packard lines is the practical and distinguished Convertible Coupe—pictured below on the 145½-inch DeLuxe chassis.

PACKARD



ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



IN MANY A STATELY OLD HOME THERE IS A ROOM THAT SHOULD BE MODERNIZED

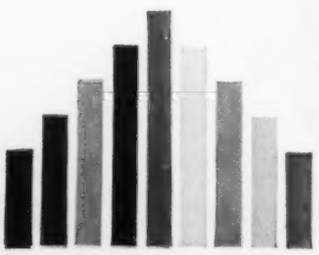
A FRIENDLY, substantial old home. You know at once that it has been in the family many years or even generations. In the Nineties one of the bedrooms or the end of the upper hall was partitioned off and converted into a bathroom. And, strange as it may seem, in this day when the bathroom is planned and furnished with as much care as the other rooms, the old tub with its claw and ball legs is still there.

Some day, and it will very likely be soon, the whole family will insist upon having a modern bathroom. Someone will be designated to write to the "Standard" Sanitary Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh, for a copy of the book "Color and Style in Bathroom Furnishing and Decoration" and visit a "Standard" Showroom in one of the principal cities.

In due time there will be a beautiful, more useful bathroom, a bathroom worthy of the old home, with "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures in delicate orchid, Ming Green, old ivory, or any one of the nine exclusive colors in which these fine fixtures are made.

Perhaps *you* would like to see a copy of the book "Color and Style in Bathroom Furnishing and Decoration." It will be mailed on request, also, if desired, details of an easy financing plan.

"Standard"
PLUMBING FIXTURES



Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.
106 SIXTH STREET, PITTSBURGH
DIVISION OF
AMERICAN RADIATOR & STANDARD SANITARY CORPORATION

AMERICAN RADIATOR HEAT FOR APPROXIMATELY $75 PER ROOM – WHY HAVE ANYTHING ELSE?

ARE you going through another winter with inadequate heating? . . . It is really an extravagance to do so, aside from the discomfort, when you can have an American Radiator heating plant installed for approximately $75 a room. And now is the time to install it.

Radiator heat is so natural that it is used in conservatories to protect flowers—and it is equally vital to the health of the family. It is the only kind of heating that assures you clean, even warmth in *every* room, all winter long, regardless of the weather.

And see that your heating plant is "All-American"... part American and part something else means parting from efficiency. "All-American"—Boiler, Radiators and Accessories—means perfect team work. Then get ready to see a transformation downstairs when the "Ideal" Boiler in its red enamel jacket gets busy. It sheds the glamor of a room into the gloom of the cellar.

CONVENIENT PAYMENTS IF YOU DESIRE

And don't worry even about the low initial cost. You can take out the old heater and put in American Radiator heating for a little down and a little monthly. Defer the payments—not the benefits. Modernize your home now with a heating system that will promote the wealth of your property and the health of your family.

Write for details and call in your local heating dealer.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

40 WEST 40th STREET, NEW YORK

DIVISION OF

AMERICAN RADIATOR & STANDARD SANITARY CORPORATION

About Your

HOT WATER SUPPLY

The Hotcoil Heater gives constant hot water and operates with the utmost economy. Write for details.

EVEN AIR CASTLES

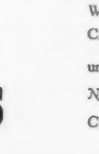
must have bathrooms . . . and capable towels

WITH ALL YOUR DREAMS, you're still a rather practical person. That castle in the clouds can wait a while, but you're going to be reasonably happy—now. Beauty and comfort—convenience and interest—*good living* can be managed somehow. * In the matter of towels, surely, you can skip ahead to your heart's desire, any day in the year. Cannon Mills have made new designs and all-over colors that enrapture sensitive souls and please the coolest realist. * Miracle workers, really. Gay towels that make old bathrooms young—keep young bathrooms as fresh and radiant as the new rose. Towels that have flower-fair tones—designs that are simple, clear, modernized but not mad—extra softness and thirstiness. Towels that are faithful in service. All at prices that leave your income almost intact. . . . Three or four cheers! * If you haven't been shopping for towels lately, you may not know how fat your towel dollar has grown. The costs of Cannon towels are kept below their quality by volume output in the world's largest towel mills. More Cannon towels are made than the totals of all others combined. This means new beauty, luxury, absorbency and wear—all for less money than you ever paid before. * There are Cannon towels that exactly suit the youngsters, the husband and even the servants. . . . And the price of a single dinner brings a year's supply of their luxury and charm. Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City. *The producers of* LAVENLAWN, *the finest sheet in the world.*

TO TEST ENDURANCE

A great hotel made its own careful test before buying. Typical towels of all the well-known brands were sewed together into a great sheet and laundered a hundred times. Cannon towels showed far less wear than any of the others. On the basis of this strenuous test and on the basis of evident quality—this hotel now uses Cannon towels exclusively. So do the great majority of all hotels, clubs, hospitals, railroads and steamship lines. So do most homes.

THESE ARE THE CANNON TOWELS *that captivated Fifth Avenue. They come in all-over colors and modernized designs, with matching face cloths and bath mats—sold singly and in ensemble sets. They have two right sides, two bright sides—both equally decorative. New colors are rose, peach, turquoise, jade, maize, orchid—guaranteed fast. Typical Cannon values—75c and more for the bath towels—at your own store or shop. (Cannon towels may be had in many other styles, to suit any taste, at prices from 25c to $2.50.)*



WRITE FOR THIS FREE BOOKLET. It shows the new reversible towels in colors.

CANNON MILLS, Inc., 70 Worth St., New York City HB-7

Please send me your booklet, "Modern Ideas About Towels." This request places me under no obligation whatever.

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

CANNON TOWELS

THERE WAS A SHIP

(*Concluded from page 120*)

Calliope, the Captain sent word to Gaya to meet him in her boy's clothes at John Quince's tavern; and when he duly met her there, having told her all, he gave her a message to take to Dionysus up at Pear-Blossom's farm. Then he returned to the Dey, whose heart was heavy, no such triumph in it as would have filled it of old at the defeat of his enemies, but only misgivings that the slaughter would once more fill with horror the woman he loved, who, he rightly felt, was drawing nearer to him day by day.

Dionysus and Gaya had not met since they had both landed in Algiers. It is scarcely necessary to say that her thoughts, day and night, had been of him. She knew that he was safe, and that she was safe he knew also. To say that he had not thought of her too would be unfair to him. But his infatuation for Calliope had pushed his thoughts of Gaya into the background. As I have said before, he did not know how deeply he loved her.

When he saw the gipsy-lad climbing up the rocky road to the farm, he put one of Pear-Blossom's babies from his shoulders and strode swiftly towards her, with a light in his face that she could hardly believe. Careless of all watchers he took her in his arms and held her strongly to him, with a grasp of her lissom back which only a back hardly less strong than his own could have endured. The tragic joy in her eyes as they met his would have been unbearable for an onlooker to see. When their lips met, one of those eternal moments held them both in oblivion which makes life so mysterious a thing.

The message sent by the Captain had regard to the removal of the treasure, which, the next night or two, was done cautiously by the crew of *The Happy Return* under the direction of Dionysus. On that night of the crimson and gilded ending to the conspiracy against the Dey, all King Charles' treasure was safe in the strong-room beneath the Captain's cabin. Nothing, therefore, remained but to have *The Happy Return* rigged and made ready for sea; and then for all to get aboard and sail away. To this end Calliope, under the direction of the Captain, begged the Dey to take her down to his palace near the sea, the palace with that beautiful library.

THE Dey had spoken with sad frankness to Calliope in regard to those heads in the gilded baskets, and the episode, strangely enough, had not filled her with the horror he had feared. Not merely had she come to understand the wonderful change that had come over his nature, but to understand also that political necessities sometimes demand cruel measures from the kindest of men. She had long since understood how fine and strong he was, and how daily he had been growing finer and stronger for her sake. It was not a girl's vanity that made her realize that the heart he had placed under her feet became every moment worthier of her acceptance. So, if the truth must be told (as, of course, it must be told in this veracious history) she was, I am afraid, a little less glad than her companions at the idea of seeing England again.

She sat with Selim Hassan for the last time, with a sorrow in her heart which would have been inconceivable to her that first strange day she saw him. The thought that she was never to see him again ached within her with an ache she could hardly bear; and as she looked at his strong, handsome, mysterious face, into which of late a new spiritual beauty had stolen, an impulse almost uncontrollable came over her to press her bosom closely and strongly to his, and thus irretrievably link their lives together. To do so would not have injured her friends, for once the Dey knew her to be his, he would pay no heed to any other thing and the fears of her friends would be at an end. To the Dey, as he looked into her eyes, they would be as if they had never existed. So it happened that, thus sitting by his side, he knowing nothing of the imminent future which the Captain had so skilfully planned, a future from which her inmost soul was shrinking with a sense of unutterable loss, she suddenly threw her arms about his neck and kissed him with a kiss he had scarcely dared to hope for. For a brief moment they held each other in a long embrace. He did not know that in its tragic intensity it was meant for her farewell. For him it was the dawn.

THEN suddenly from behind the tapestries there sprang a tall young man. The Dey knew him all too well; instantly awaking from his dream, he swiftly rose from Calliope's side with a long straight dagger in his hand. He was fearfully expert with that dagger and the life of Dionysus would have ended then and there, had not another boyish figure leaped at that moment from her hiding place, a tall lad dressed like a gipsy. In one bound, Gaya threw herself between the Dey and Dionysus, and the dagger meant for the young Englishman drove home, straight and terrible, into the most beautiful bosom, the most loyal heart, in the world. Even the Dey himself was filled with anguish as he immediately divined that it was no boy he had killed; and he supported the dying girl tenderly in his arms.

At that moment the curtain behind his divan parted and a woman whom he had utterly forgotten, Zara, his neglected sultana, mad with jealousy, drove a long twisted knife deep between his shoulders. Thus, with his fading eyes, he saw Calliope for the last time.

The end had come. Dionysus snatched up Gaya in his arms, and Calliope, like one in a dream, did his bidding. Together they found the library with the secret stair-case, where the Captain had been on watch for them. In a few moments, they were together in the galley awaiting them at the port, the same galley in which Selim Hassan had talked of fleeing with Calliope and leaving the world behind. Forty oars were rowing them swiftly to *The Happy Return;* and in the arms of Dionysus was a long beautiful boy whom he had met and loved on a Surrey common, a life-time, it seemed, ago, and his body was soaked with her sweet blood.

EPILOGUE: FIVE YEARS AFTER

FIVE years after a certain young horseman had played the highwayman for the benefit of his gamester friends at Whitehall, the heather was blooming once more on the Surrey moorland. It was blue everywhere, but there was one long square spot that caught the eye bluer than the rest, and those who passed by wondered at its beauty. This young man, however, knew, with an aching heart, how that beauty had come to be.

"Gaya!" he said softly to himself. As twilight fell, it seemed to him that he heard the cry of the hawk, coming ever nearer; and, tall and strong as he was, he threw himself down on the heather and cried as though his heart would break.

As his tears were falling down through the heather, falling till it might well seem they must have fallen into the bosom of her who lay sleeping beneath, the eyes of the Lady Calliope, his wife, were turned towards the east. Softly she was saying to herself:

Besm ellah elroham elrahim!

IN THE NAME OF GOD, THE MERCIFUL, THE COMPASSIONATE! *The End*

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a modernistic soap in colors

to harmonize with your bath-room color scheme

Original, distinctive, exclusive! A superbly fine toilet soap made by the expensive French hard-milled process—and vividly tinted in exquisite colors to harmonize with your modernistic bathroom. ● The colors for Pall Mall, *Les Savons Exquis*, were designated by leading makers of bathroom equipment. And each color is delightfully perfumed in a smart flower odeur to harmonize with its distinctive tint. Nile Green is perfumed with Mistique—Rose Pink with Jasmin—Lavender with Lavender—and Tan with Narcissus. How charming to select a soap tinted and perfumed to suit your decorations, your negligee, your mood! ● Pall Mall is delightfully soothing to the most delicate skin. Makes a rich, creamy lather in all kinds of water. Available in three sizes, described below—all beautifully wrapped in cellophane. ● Sold only in drug stores and the best department stores. If your dealer hasn't it send us his name and we will see that you are supplied. Please state color and size desired. James S. Kirk & Company, 1232 North Avenue, Chicago.

Directly above, Pall Mall *Savon Chic*. 19c the cake, 60c the box of four.

At left, Pall Mall *Savon pour la Famille*. 15c the cake, 25c for two cakes, $1.35 the box of twelve.

At left above, Pall Mall *Savon Toujours*, bath size. 33c the cake, $1.00 the box of four.

PALL MALL

"LES SAVONS EXQUIS"

NAT LEWIS PURSES

The purse illustrated is fashioned of a new lustrous patent leather, and ornamented with a genuine prystal lock. Also available in smooth calf—in Black, Almora Brown, Beige Clair and Nautical Blue. Patent leather colors are, Black, Beige Clair, Brown and Green.

$17.50

In originating Purses and in pursuing the various details of their development, Mr. Lewis employs the elements of elegance and adds the exact degree of eccentricity looked upon most kindly by the loveliest type of woman. The Purses are obtainable not only in metropolitan centers but in the smaller cities and towns throughout America.

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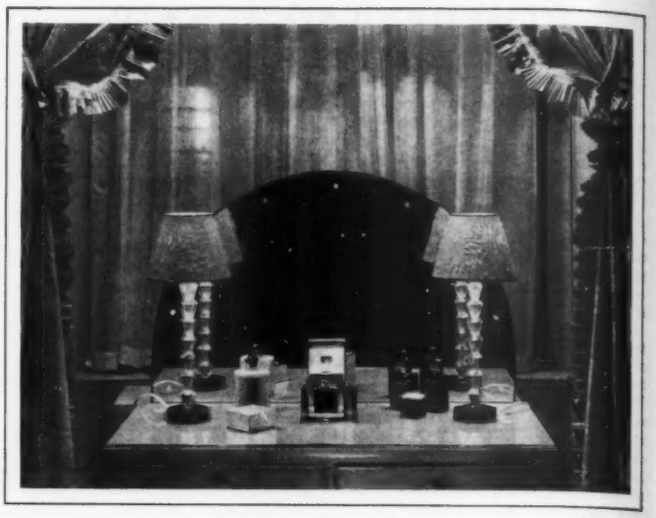

A charming dressing table in a treatment room of the new Salon of Elizabeth Arden. The crystal lamps with black bases were designed by George Sakier.

THIS AGELESS ERA

(*Continued from page 71*)

because of her sparkling personality. She chats of the famous faces she cares for in Europe, where her time is booked solid. She tells you of an adorable nose she has shortened for a woman of international chic, of throats she has lengthened and made over into slim youthfulness. She gives you confidence to face the future years, a factor equally vital to the business woman and the society leader. Saks-Fifth Avenue are to be congratulated upon the acquisition of this valuable woman's time.

ELIZABETH ARDEN'S new salon is quite the most beautiful place imaginable. A striking black and white façade with quaint red door greets the eye and lures one into a modern mirrored salesroom. High above the street are four additional floors where winding communicating staircases with red and black grilled balustrades give the feeling of nothing so much as an Italian villa.

Mrs. John Alden Carpenter is responsible for the very delightful decorative scheme which cleverly combines the old with the new. The modern influence is not ignored by any means, but crops out in wall and window treatment in unexpected places. There is a judicious blending of the Victorian, the Venetian and femininely modernistic touches—the result, an ensemble altogether pleasing. Intense colour schemes are used in the hangings. Burnt orange combines with sable black, and flame-coloured drapes enliven a room where a gaily coloured satin mattress luxuriously awaits the devotee of setting-up exercises.

There are the most amazing bath cabinets and electrical rolling machines, wherein the pounds disappear. There are two rows of showers and endless dressing rooms, tiny but perfectly equipped. Throughout the whole place there is a clever repetition of form in the Empire divans which conform to each setting, variously done in mulberry, ivory and Roman striped satin, and putty-coloured tapestry. One truly Victorian window is hung with yellow flounced lace for all the world like the beruffled petticoat of a generation gone.

In one department of this salon one may find a diathermy mask treatment impressively scientific, the discovery of a Viennese doctor—brought to this country and perfected by Miss Arden.

Each individual must have a mask made to fit the contour of the face. It is just like sitting to a sculptor. A plaster-of-Paris cast is made and the mask constructed on this mould—wired for electricity and lined with a thin smooth metal which is a conductor of the current. The mask may be specially wired so that the current is concentrated upon any particular part of the face which is most in need of treatment. Perhaps it is the area about the mouth or around the eyes—then the strongest current is directed to that spot. Most experts agree that there is no stimulation like that of electricity. It has a greater depth in its quality and definitely goes below the surface, causing an intramuscular awakening, and a general toning of the underlying tissues. The duration of the treatment may vary from twelve to twenty minutes. Not only are the muscles stimulated and the contour lifted by this well-directed electrical massage, but the glandular system is likewise invigorated and, as we all know, one's glands atrophy somewhat with age.

This is the procedure—the inside of the mask is thoroughly oiled, placed over the face and the current turned on. It affects one a good deal like a Turkish bath inducing free perspiration and a throwing off of impurities and toxins. The whole process is a great sedative and one experiences a sensation of pleasant warmth and perfect relaxation. A gentle rub-down for cleansing the pores follows, combined with a muscle-strapping treatment.

THE very excellent Dorothy Gray treatment is built quite definitely on two essentials of proper skin care—stimulation and lubrication. In fact, these dovetail quite definitely. Beginning with the cleansing process, which is the preliminary of all facials, Miss Gray has a splendid cream, of light consistency, which liquefies when it comes in contact with the skin. If left on for a few moments, it searches the pores and rids them of dust and the residue of make-up.

Every skin should have a balanced ration. Miss Gray recommends for the dry, sensitive skin which requires constant care and feeding, her Special Mixture, compounded as it is of rich fattening oils. In her salon she cleverly blends three of her products—Tissue Cream, Special Skin Cream and Muscle Oil, in the proportion which meets the needs of the individual case. For the plump face she makes a nourishing non-fattening Tissue Cream.

In this salon, creams and liquids alike are invariably patted into the face by the skilled fingers of the operator. Rubbing, which is so apt to stretch the skin, is absolutely taboo. For the home treatment, because it is practically impossible to pat your own throat with your fingers, ingenious little steel patters are supplied. If used faithfully ten minutes a day, these are said to work wonders in the restoration of a crêpey neck or sagging muscles. A plain patter is designed for use with the

(*Continued on page 124*)

FRIENDSHIP

Underneath every love that endures, there lies friendship.

Marriage, without friendship, is wrecked by time.

If love is a religion, then friendship is the philosophy one can live by.

When Charles Kingsley was asked how he had succeeded so greatly he answered, "I had a friend."

One climbs out of the dark valleys to the mountain-top because at the darkest and weariest moments a friend has reached out and touched you healingly; a friend, with his priceless gift of seeing with the heart rather than with the eyes, has looked into your eyes and saluted the strength in you.

Love demands, but friendship is no more concerned that it gets back in some measure that which it gives than is the sun concerned that a sky be provided for it to ride across.

Poets have immortalized friendship in verse. Philosophers have meditated on it in painting. Composers have made it the theme of deathless music.

But it has remained for Elizabeth Arden to symbolize the unutterable beauty of friendship in fragrance.

In her exquisite perfume "Mon Amie Elizabeth," Miss Arden has immortalized all the true and tender feeling of this glorious human emotion. There is a depth, subtlety, a rich warmth in this precious odor that has never before been duplicated.

The perfect gift of a friend to a friend.

As friendship is the natural forerunner of joy—of dreams—so Miss Arden's perfume "Mon Amie Elizabeth" leads the way for two perfect odors "La Joie d'Elizabeth" and "Le Rêve d'Elizabeth."

ELIZABETH ARDEN DESIGNATES FOR HOME CARE OF THE SKIN

In Miss Arden's Salons her wise counsel and her sensitive fingers have brought charm to thousands of happy women. But her skill and service are not limited to Salon clients. You, too, wherever you live, are in constant personal touch with Elizabeth Arden whenever you use her Preparations according to her famous proven method.

Every time you smooth on cleansing Cream, pat with Ardena Skin Tonic, and brace your muscles with Special Astringent and Muscle Oil according to the Elizabeth Arden Method, you are following the steps of the treatment skillfully developed by Miss Arden's inspired fingers to satisfy her own exacting requirements.

ELIZABETH ARDEN

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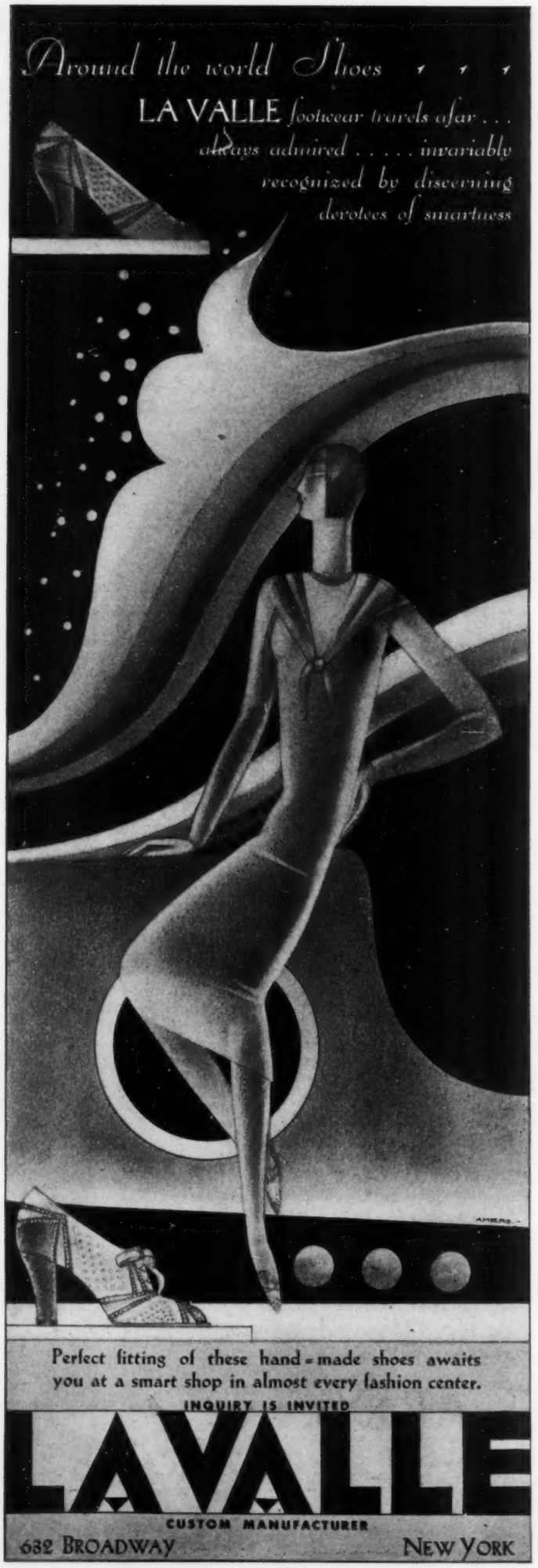
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Perfect fitting of these hand-made shoes awaits
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CUSTOM MANUFACTURER
632 BROADWAY NEW YORK

An enchanting vista through high arches which reveals at the end a gracefully winding stairway in the Salon of Dorothy Gray.

THIS AGELESS ERA

(*Continued from page 122*)

creams and another for liquids, slightly rounded on one side and hollow on the other, so that it can be packed with cotton saturated with a very wonderful astringent made by this house—Orange Flower Skin Tonic. This delightful liquid is a quite essential part of the treatment because it closes the pores left open by the emollient creams.

THAT very clever woman, Helena Rubinstein, is forever discovering something new for perpetuating our beauty. Her latest and most interesting contribution to the preservation of youth is a facial mask which may be applied in a special salon treatment or be taken quite efficaciously at home. It comes in two strengths to meet the need of skins of different age and texture. For the average or normal skin there is the Water Lily Rejuvenating Mask. It is a rather thick snow-white paste of clayey consistency, a thin coating of which may be smoothed with the fingers over the surface of the face and neck, allowed to dry thoroughly and when it reaches the stage where it gives a tightened feeling to the face, may be gently washed off with warm water. The mask is very easy to remove as it dissolves immediately in water. But while it is on one can feel the tightening, beneficial effect of its astringent qualities. It braces and tones the skin and tightens the sagging muscles, with no sensation of drying.

For the older woman whose skin is more sluggish, Madame Rubinstein has made a product a little more potent called Grecian White Mask. It is of the same colour and consistency, compounded of similar ingredients but with more of a stimulating reaction. While it remains on the skin it brings the blood tingling and surging to the surface. You will be amazed and delighted when the mask is removed to find your skin all fresh and pink like a baby's.

Nothing could be more soothing and restful for the woman tired and worn after a strenuous day than to take this treatment at home before she goes out in the evening. It picks one up like a cocktail. All the tired lines disappear and one feels quite made over. Try this little experiment when you come in before dinner weary and nervously shot. Spread the milky paste over your face, lie down, relax, take forty winks and allow the youthifying mask to take complete possession of you. When you arise and gently lave your face, I know you'll wonder at the transformation. Your skin will look all alive, every trace of excess oiliness will have vanished and you will have completely regained your ego.

EXCELLENT for nourishing and feeding the skin is Smoothskin Oil, a Primrose House product. Made of pure vegetable oils, and of liquid consistency, it may be smoothed over the face and neck without the slightest pulling of the delicate tissues, supplying all the needed nutriment. Any skin can take it, since it is neither too light nor too heavy—but a just-right consistency. It has innumerable uses; not only is it fine for softening and protecting the skin, but for acquiring an eminently successful suntan it has no peer.

Rub it into the skin before going to the beach and you will find that the injurious and unpleasant features of getting nut-brown have been eliminated. With the skin thus protected it burns a lovely even colour with no discomfort, no blistering and entirely without the injurious thickening results which follow careless exposure to the sun.

In their charming new salon, Primrose House have adhered to the same period of decoration which characterized their original setting. There is just a suggestion of modernism in the walls of the long gallery, but everything else is French. Finely patterned floral wallpaper, formal hangings at the French doors and windows carry out the Pomander Walk feeling which is the key-note of the place. The dainty pink primrose, quaint emblem of the house, lends its demure but decorative presence throughout the entire scheme of things.

In this ultra-feminine, restful setting, with sound-proof walls and soft colour harmonies, one may sink into oblivion under the persuasion of a delightfully soothing treatment. The emollient used for the facial massage is blended to suit the needs of each individual complexion—a mixture of Smoothskin Oil and Smoothskin Cream, the latter rather light in consistency and well suited to the fine skin. One should always avoid overloading the

(*Continued on page 126*)

These FOUR STEPS to loveliness

SO many promises, so many claims, no wonder the average woman is at loss what beauty counsel to follow!

We hear of marvelous new creams which promise a beauty miracle overnight. We read of amazing new unguents which are going to revolutionize all beauty methods. We are led to try this bottle and that jar hoping against hope that it contains the magic potion.

The scientific truth of the whole matter is that no single preparation can perform each separate function of a sound beauty method.

There are four distinct steps that require four perfectly balanced preparations for the proper care of the normal skin . . . These steps are: *a*—cleansing; *b*—nourishing; *c*—bracing; *d*—finishing.

The famous Primrose House Method

Primrose House was founded by a little group of society women who had grown dissatisfied with haphazard beauty methods.

The Primrose House Preparations and the famous Primrose Method are the result of years of scientific study and of long experience with every type of skin . . . Each preparation is made to do one thing. Each is the perfect formula for its special work . . . And each formula is different. Look at the various preparations yourself. See them, feel them. They are entirely different because they are made to do different work.

With four balanced preparations used according to the Primrose House Method, which is easy to follow, any woman with an average skin can see great improvement in her complexion in a short time.

Give this method a fair trial

The four preparations applied in the four successive steps are all the average woman needs to have a lovely complexion. For special skin conditions we have worked out corrective formulae and special treatments which we will gladly outline at your request.

The Primrose House Method is so simple that any woman can easily follow it in her own home. Get in the habit of performing daily the four simple functions that every skin needs. It does not take any longer to do it right and your complexion will reward you for the proper care.

Write for this valuable book

In "Here Dwells Youth", Primrose House outlines for you its famous treatment method and lists its preparations for every type of skin. Send for your copy now. PRIMROSE HOUSE, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Primrose House

"HERE DWELLS YOUTH"

English Masterpieces

Portrait of Mrs. Braddyll by Joshua Reynolds in the Wallace Collection, London.

Kent's 'Skittle-shaped' Hair Brush. Made of West Indian Satinwood. Individually boxed. Brush illustrated **$11.—** *Others $5 to $100.*

TO handle one of Kent's Best British Brushes is to become immediately enamoured of its beauty and unsurpassed quality: Exquisitely figured Satinwood from the West Indies. Genuine Siberian Boar Bristles expertly graded for penetrating ends—a most important Kent feature that insures proper massaging of the scalp.

Kent's Best British Brushes have been made by hand in England since 1777. They have well earned their reputation as the world's finest example of the brushmaker's handicraft. If your dealer does not carry this brush, send his name to us—we will see that you are supplied. KENT BRUSH SALES CORP., 411 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Sole Agents in America for

KENT'S

BEST BRITISH BRUSHES

A glimpse of a modernistic room in the new Salon of Kathleen Mary Quinlan. Here a brilliant effect is achieved through an intense colour scheme.

THIS AGELESS ERA

(*Continued from page 124*)

skin, a too heavy cream is apt to clog the pores, doing a lot more harm than good. For the dry, undernourished complexion, there is Balsam Tissue Stimulant, a healing, soothing oil whose woodsy scent wafts one away in spirit to cool evergreen forests. This oil is, strangely enough, at once healing and stimulating and when massaged into the face and neck is more efficacious than the average muscle oil.

Relaxation is the thing most stressed in the treatment of this salon, and the peaceful quiet and soothing surroundings do much to promote a state of receptivity. The lines of the face are scientifically moulded according to the muscle structure, and stimulation is achieved through the preparations themselves rather than through a too strenuous treatment.

I must mention again an innovation of this salon, which will be of vast interest to women in this era of sleeveless dresses. It is a Hand and Shoulder Treatment which includes also a soothing back massage. One sees unlovely elbows all about. Here is surely a rich field for beautifying.

OF TREMENDOUS interest to all femininity is some good news from Frances Denney, whose prestige in the world of beauty makes us pause to listen when she speaks. After several years of intensive research among rare formulas in the East and endless labour in her laboratories, she has created a complete new line of Herbal Preparations, protective, healing, and rejuvenating.

There is a certain romantic interest attached to these new products compounded as they are of rare and costly herbal extractions inherited from the ancients. These precious old healing unctions have been cleverly adapted to the needs of modern life and come to us in a complete series to meet every contingency.

The Herbal Cleansing Cream is soft and smooth, flowing, as it touches the skin, very penetrating in effect and soothing to the most sensitive of complexions. The Herbal Skin Tonic is a liquid toilet essential which freshens and invigorates with a decided stimulating effect. If patted briskly into the skin it awakens the sluggish cells and stimulates the circulation, giving new life to the underlying facial network; and after all, is not adequate circulation the very basis of all rejuvenation?

Herbal Oil Blend is just what its name implies, a mixture of rich nourishing ingredients which supply food to the skin and the underlying tissues. This is especially recommended for the skin that is dry and aging. It fills out the hollows in an amazing fashion. The Herbal Circulation Mixture revitalizes the neglected skin or one which is inclined to sallowness. Quite an outstanding achievement is Miss Denney's Herbal Throat and Neck Blend. It lends a rejuvenating touch to the spot where the need is greatest. When the throat muscles age, they and the tissues must be tightened, nourished and rebuilt, and only consistent care and the right applications can bring this about.

YOU are going to love the new salon of Kathleen Mary Quinlan. The scheme is definitely modern in a softly feminine way. Striking effects are achieved through colour combinations which are daring but altogether ravishing. In the waiting-room, where intense colour is needed, turquoise blue divans consort with bright blue glass tables in a descending scale of bold colour harmony. Miss Quinlan's little holy of holies is a masterpiece of colour and lighting. In French blue and gold it supplies a charming background for her dynamic personality.

In the Quinlan treatment special attention is paid to our most sensitive features—the eyes. Those tell-tale crisscross lines which, alas, appear so soon are one of the first indications of age. But the tissues surrounding the eyes are so delicate that only the gentlest touch in the world should ever be used on this area.

Miss Quinlan has prepared a series of products for the home care of the eyes. Vah Dah Eye Cream, made from fresh eggs and honey is daubed around the eyes and allowed to remain there for a while to feed the delicate tissues. There is an eye bath, an eye astringent and fascinating eye packs of healing herbs. These are used as a hot compress applied several times after being wrung out of very warm water. All these preparations may be had in a commodious little kit—those I have mentioned plus Eyelash Grower and eyebrow and eyelash brush.

The story of Amor Skin is unique and will bear much repetition. It is not,

(*Continued on page 132*)

Only Glazo has the Tint that won't change in Party Lights

GLAZO'S LOVELY TONE IS SCIENTIFICALLY PLANNED TO LOOK EQUALLY WELL IN ELECTRIC LIGHT, SUNLIGHT OR CANDLE-LIGHT

HAS your nail polish ever deceived you at a party? Have you ever groomed your nails to the lovely tint you want—and, once there, discovered under electric light, that beauty had left your fingertips and that your nails looked as lifeless and dull as wilted flowers do?

A fashionable tint, of course, is the very essence of well-kept nails, but what queer tricks conditions of light play with many nail polishes. Some fade out in electric light, others seem to take a yellow tinge, but with Glazo, the same pure and subtle color remains.

Lamp-light affects it not at all. The brilliant lights of ballrooms, theatres and bridge tables do not rob it of its charm. Even in dim lights it guards its pure tone. Always—under every light—Glazo brings beauty to your fingertips!

Make this convincing test of Glazo's constantly smart color

If you want a startling proof of Glazo's constancy of color under all lights, do your nails with Glazo exactly as you want them, under daylight.

Then step into a dark closet, turn on the electric light, and examine carefully. Glazo will have the same tone in the closet as it had in the sun!

And, if you don't think that's remarkable, try any other polish and see what will happen!

The smart twin bottles of Glazo (Polish and Polish Remover) may be found at all toilet goods counters, 50¢. Glazo Remover in single package, 25¢.

A good polish like Glazo lasts longer than a week. It never peels, it never cracks, and gives a soft, lively sheen that never verges on artificiality. For its covering film is so smooth and thin that you will delight in its effect, and you can scarcely detect its presence.

No matter what you think you like in nail polishes, try Glazo. Its constant color is to you a great new advantage. For your polish, lasting a week, is seen under all sorts of conditions of light. With Glazo you are sure that your nails will always be lovely.

You will find Glazo in smart twin bottles (Glazo Polish and Polish Remover) at all toilet goods counters. Or if you would like to try the Glazo color test with the most fashionable Glazo shade, send six cents with the coupon below for a generous sample.

GLAZO COUPON

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GH-30, 191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

☐ Plain ☐ Perfumed

I enclose 6 cents. Please send me Glazo samples (polish and remover). See check above. Also booklet, "Lovely, Eloquent Hands."

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Address.....

City..... State.....

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Permit me to guide you for just 30 days

HOW busy you are these days of early Spring! Playing beneath the southern sun or shopping for furbelows in town . . . wearing your charming new clothes to luncheon, to tea . . . dining in the soft glow of candlelight . . . tripping to parties 'till the wan light of dawn . . .

Why not let me help you to keep your beauty 'round the clock? Place yourself confidently in my care for the next 30 days. I have created special home treatments which are benefiting thousands of smart women. In one brief month, I can make you so much lovelier you will scarcely believe the evidence of your own eyes. Even *before* the end of that time, you will be delighted at the improvement in your skin . . . in its new petal smoothness, its delicate glowing vitality.

If your skin is pale or sallow...if your eyes are darkly shadowed . . . if cobwebby lines are etching themselves upon your face . . . if your throat is losing its young firmness . . . let me reclaim for you the even-textured skin, the chiselled contour of Youth. I assure you from my knowledge and life-time experience that the correct care can take many years from your apparent age . . . can make your skin clear, elastic, flawless . . . can counteract discoloration, blemishes and lesser faults . . .

I see in your skin potential loveliness. I see you as you will look just one month from now —provided you will let me guide you to this new Beauty. On this page, I recommend treatments for every type and condition of skin. You may readily follow them before your own mirror—in just a few helpful moments each day.

New Perfection for You— in Youthifying Tissue Cream

I know you will be enchanted with my new Youthifying Tissue Cream — a cream so beauty-bestowing that it fulfills the needs of every type of skin. Swiftly it nourishes the starved tissues and supples them so that your skin may attain rare softness and purity. This is one of the remarkable features of my home treatments . . . a cream whose satin-smoothness is contained in rose-and-onyx jars (2.00).

For Dry Skin

(1) Cleanse with Water Lily Cleansing Cream. Rare unguents and the youth-renewing essence of Water Lily buds are the precious ingredients in this wholly inimitable cream (2.50). (2) Apply Valaze Extrait, the excellent anti-wrinkle lotion . . . press over the eyes to banish crowsfeet and lines . . . stroke the face to freshen and clarify (2.50). (3) Massage with Youthifying Tissue Cream (2.00).

HELENA RUBINSTEIN—*World Famous Beauty Specialist*

For Oily Skin

(1) Wash with Beauty Grains, wee crystals of loveliness that instantly check oiliness, remove impurities (1.00). (2) Nourish with Youthifying Tissue Cream (2.00). (3) Prepare the skin for make-up with a flattering film of Water Lily Foundation in smart, rachel tone (2.00).

THE CHIC DEBUTANTE loves the silkiness of Valaze Cleansing and Massage Cream for her face and throat, her creamy shoulders, her hands (1.25). She keeps her skin transparently glowing with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood (2.50). She preserves her beauty with Valaze Cream of Lilies, enchanting foundation (2.50). THE SMART YOUNG MATRON values my protective preparations: Valaze Grecian Anti-Wrinkle Cream (Anthosoros) to ward off incipient wrinkles (1.75); Contour Jelly to keep her contour youthful (2.00); Beauty Foundation Cream to guard the delicacy of her skin (2.00). THE WOMAN OF GRACIOUS MATURITY rejuvenates her skin with the bracing astringent, Eau Verte (3.00). She banishes obstinate wrinkles and lines with Emailline, an astringent cream (1.75). She overcomes double chin, tightens the muscles of her face and throat with Valaze Georgine Lactee (3.00). She imparts instant beauty to her hands with Youthifying Hand Beautifier (3.00). AND EVERY WOMAN finds the perfect accent to her beauty in my exquisite cosmetics! Poudre Enchante, invisible film of loveliness (3.00).. Water Lily Powders, too, in flattering hues (1.50). The Enchante lipstick, silver encased (3.50).. Water Lily lipsticks as indelible as they are rich in color (1.25). Valaze Eyelash Grower and Darkener (1.00) . . Valaze Persian Eyeblack (Mascara) to make your lashes look thick and luxuriant (1.50 and 2.50).

Fashion Decrees that Faces and Hosiery Must Match

Two international reputations have united to bring about a new, unerring smartness for the months to come. In these days of healthful activity, warm, vibrant skin tones are essential to feminine chic! So Helena Rubinstein has chosen four enchanting shades of her powders which Onyx, leading stocking manufacturers, have correlated in lovely, gossamer-sheer hosiery. These four important sun-tones will form the "SUNPLEXION" group in powder and matching hosiery . . . Mauresque for pale or medium blondes, Gypsy Tan for golden blondes, Ochre for medium brunettes, Dixie Tan for dark brunettes. A sample of the corresponding shade of Helena Rubinstein powder is enclosed with each pair of Onyx Sunplexion Hosiery.

At the Salons de Beauté

. . . you are invited to call for a consultation. Stay for a restful, rejuvenating treatment and learn in addition, while you are there, the subtle new shades in rouges and powders that will be so smart in the months to come.

Helena Rubinstein

8 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK

PARIS LONDON

CHICAGO: 670 N. Michigan Avenue

BOSTON: 77 Newbury Street

PHILADELPHIA: 254 South 16th Street

DETROIT: Women's Colony Club

TORONTO: 126 Bloor Street, West

Madame Helena Rubinstein
8 East 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

Dear Madame Rubinstein — Please send without charge my copy of your new booklet "Beauty in the Making" and full instructions as to the correct, daily care of my skin which is average ☐ oily ☐ dry ☐ wrinkled ☐ flabby ☐ has blackheads ☐

Name_____

Address_____

Age 15-20 ☐ 20-30 ☐ 30-40 ☐ over 40 ☐

La femme avisée sait que le coeur de l'homme s'ouvre aux contacts, aux odeurs, surtout – Alors – Comme Eve parmi ses fleurs – elle conclut que l'élément le plus important de son costume, c'est le parfum –!

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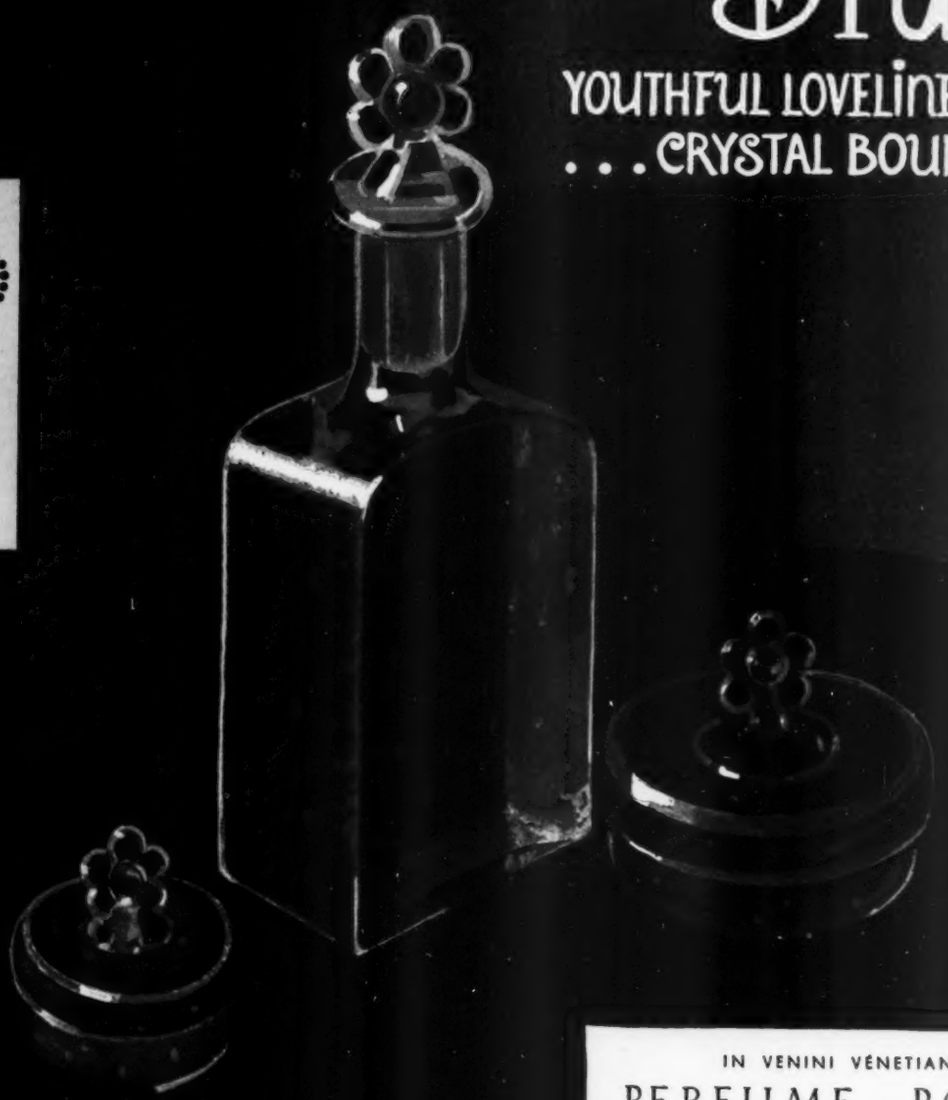

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Obtainable at smartest shops in New York and other principal cities.

LAURA ROSPIGLIOSI, INC., 35 EAST 57th ST., NEW YORK CITY

CAKES AND ALE

(*Continued from page 69*)

mine, but I could not find one. I saw, however, a complete set of Alroy Kear's and a great many novels in bright bindings, which looked unread. I had a suspicion that nowadays if Driffield read anything at all it was the *Gardener's Chronicle* or the *Shipping Gazette*, of which I saw a bundle on a table in the corner.

When the ladies had seen all they wanted, we bade our hosts farewell. But Lady Hodmarsh was a woman of tact and it must have occurred to her that I, the excuse for the party, had scarcely had a word with Edward Driffield, for at the door, enveloping me with a friendly smile, she said to him:

"I was so interested to hear that you and Mr. Ashenden had known one another years and years ago. Was he a nice little boy?"

Driffield looked at me for a moment with that level, ironic gaze of his. I had the impression that if there had been nobody there he would have put his tongue out at me.

"Shy," he replied. "I taught him to ride a bicycle."

We got once more into the huge yellow motor and drove off.

"He's too sweet," said the duchess. "I'm so glad we went."

"He has such nice manners, hasn't he?" said Lady Hodmarsh.

"You didn't really expect him to eat his peas with a knife, did you?" I asked.

"I wish he had," said Scallion. "It would have been so picturesque."

"I believe it's very difficult," said the duchess. "I've tried over and over again and I can never get them to stay on."

"You have to spear them," said Scallion.

"Not at all," retorted the duchess. "You have to balance them on the flat, and they roll like the devil."

"What did you think of Mrs. Driffield?" asked Lady Hodmarsh.

"I suppose she serves her purpose," said the duchess.

"He's so old, poor darling, he must have someone to look after him. You know she was a hospital nurse?"

"Oh, was she?" said the duchess. "I thought perhaps she'd been his secretary or typist or something."

"She's quite nice," said Lady Hodmarsh, warmly defending a friend.

"Oh, quite."

"He had a long illness about twenty years ago, and she was his nurse then, and after he got well he married her."

"As a rule authors' wives are odious."

"It's such a bore having to have them, isn't it?"

"Crashing. I wonder they don't see that themselves."

"Poor wretches, they often suffer from the delusion that people find them interesting," I murmured.

We reached Tercanbury, dropped the duchess at the station and drove on.

IT WAS true that Edward Driffield had taught me to bicycle. That was, indeed, how I first made his acquaintance. I do not know how long the safety bicycle had been invented, but I know that it was not common in the remote part of Kent in which I lived and when you saw someone speeding along on solid tires you turned round and looked till he was out of sight. I had been for some time filled with envy of the boys whom I saw riding into the school grounds on their bicycles, and it gave a pretty opportunity for showing off when you entered the gateway without holding on to the handles. I had persuaded my uncle to let me have one at the beginning of the summer holidays, and though my aunt was against it, since she said I should only break my neck, he had yielded to my pertinacity more willingly because I was of course paying for it out of my own money. I ordered it before school broke up and a few days later the carrier brought it over from Tercanbury.

I was determined to learn to ride it by myself and chaps at school had told me that they had learned in half an hour. I tried and tried and at last came to the conclusion that I was abnormally stupid (I am inclined now to think that I was exaggerating), but even after my pride was sufficiently humbled for me to allow the gardener to hold me up I seemed at the end of the first morning no nearer to being able to get on by myself than at the beginning. Next day, however, thinking that the carriage drive at the vicarage was too winding to give a fellow a proper chance, I wheeled the bicycle to a road not far away which I knew was perfectly flat and straight and so solitary that no one would see me making a fool of myself.

I tried several times to mount, but fell off each time. I barked my shins against the pedals and got very hot and bothered. After I had been doing this for about an hour I began to think that God did not intend me to ride a bicycle, but determined (unable to bear the thought of the sarcasms of my uncle, His representative at Blackstable) to do so all the same. To my disgust I saw two people on bicycles coming along the deserted road. I immediately wheeled my machine to the side and sat down on a stile, looking out at sea in a nonchalant way as though I had been out for a ride and were just sitting there wrapped in contemplation of the vasty ocean. I kept my eyes dreamily averted from the two persons who were advancing towards me, but I felt that they were coming nearer, and through the corner of my eye I saw that they were a man and a woman. As they passed me the woman swerved violently to my side of the road and crashing against me fell to the ground.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said. "I knew I should fall off the moment I saw you."

It was impossible under the circumstances to preserve my appearance of abstraction and blushing furiously I said that it didn't matter at all.

THE man had got off as she fell. I recognized him then as Edward Driffield, the author I had seen walking with the curate a few days before.

"I'm just learning to ride," said his companion. "And I fall off whenever I see anything in the road."

"Aren't you the Vicar's nephew?" said Driffield. "I saw you the other day. Galloway told me who you were. This is my wife."

She held out her hand with an oddly frank gesture and when I took it gave mine a warm and hearty pressure. She smiled with her lips and with her eyes and there was in her smile something that even then I recognized as singularly pleasant. I was confused, people I did not know made me dreadfully self-conscious, and I could not take in any of the details of her appearance. I just had an impression of a rather large blonde woman.

"I think bicycling's lovely, don't you?" she said, looking at my beautiful new machine that leaned against the stile. "It must be wonderful to be able to ride well."

I felt that this inferred an admiration for my proficiency.

"It's only a matter of practice," I said.

"This is only my third lesson. Mr. Driffield says I'm coming on wonderfully, but I feel so stupid I could kick myself. How long did it take you before you could ride?"

I blushed to the roots of my hair. I could hardly utter the shameful words.

"I can't ride," I said. "I've only just got this bike and this is the first time I've tried."

I equivocated a trifle there, but I made it all right with my conscience by adding the mental reservation, "except yesterday at home in the garden."

"I'll give you a lesson if you like," said Driffield in his good-humoured way. "Come on."

"Oh, no," I said. "I wouldn't dream of it."

"Why not?" asked his wife, her blue eyes still pleasantly smiling. "Mr. Driffield would like to and it'll give me a chance to rest."

Driffield took my bicycle, and I, reluctant but unable to withstand his

(*Continued on page 130*)

THE WORLD'S BEST KNOWN SHANTUNGS

This year the Smartest Frocks and Ensembles are "done" in R & T rough SILK SHANTUNGS . . .

RAJAH YO-SAN "Regalia"

These genuine R & T Silks represent the utmost in beauty. It is no wonder they have been recognized as the smartest "modern" silks for Spring and Summer daytime and sportswear . . . In exquisite plain colors and the newest printed effects.

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Genuine Garments of Rajah, Yo-San and Regalia carry the silk label to identify them . . .

The name is marked on the selvage of every yard

R & T SILK SHANTUNGS

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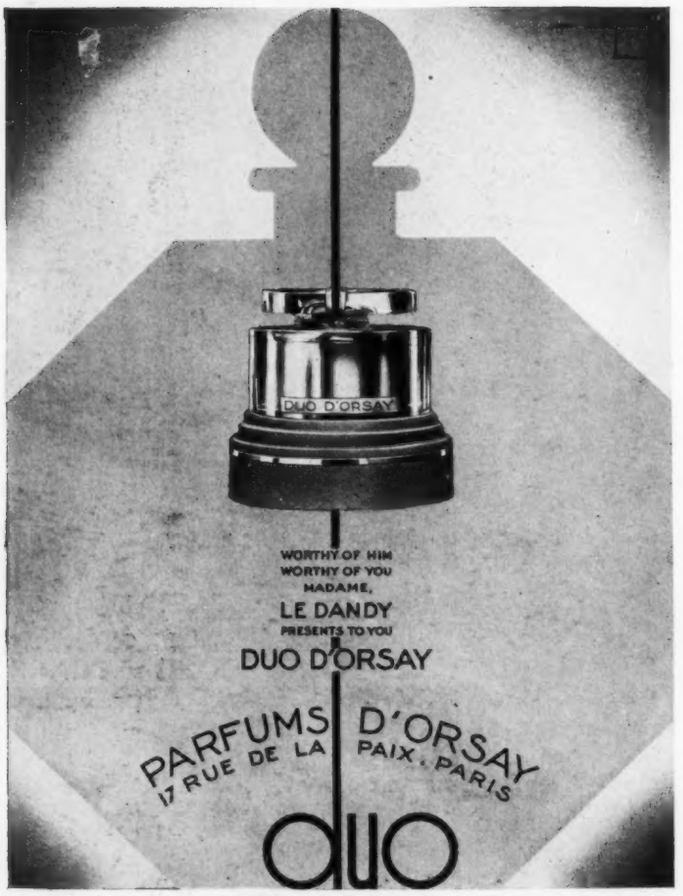


CAKES AND ALE

(*Continued from page 129*)

friendly violence, clumsily mounted. I swayed from side to side, but he held me with a firm hand.

"Faster," he said.

I pedalled and he ran by me, as I wobbled from side to side. We were both very hot when, notwithstanding his struggles, I at last fell off. It was very hard under such circumstances to preserve the standoffishness befitting the Vicar's nephew with the son of Miss Wolfe's bailiff. When I started back again and for thirty or forty thrilling yards actually rode by myself and Mrs. Driffield ran into the middle of the road with her arms akimbo, shouting, "Go it, go it, two to one on the favourite," I was laughing so much that I positively forgot all about my social status. I got off of my own accord, my face no doubt wearing an air of immodest triumph, and received without embarrassment the Driffields' congratulations on my cleverness in riding a bicycle the very first day I tried.

Driffield lit his pipe. We chatted. I did not, of course, realize it then, but I know now that there was a disarming frankness in her manner that put one at one's ease. She talked with a kind of eagerness, like a child bubbling over with the zest of life, and her eyes were lit all the time by her engaging smile. I did not know why I liked it. I only knew that her smile made me feel at home. Presently Driffield, looking at his watch, said that they must be going back. Feeling very much pleased with myself I rode all the way to the vicarage gates without falling. I think I boasted a good deal at dinner, but I did not say that I had met the Driffields.

NEXT day at about eleven I got my bicycle out of the coach-house, and, mounting none too easily, rode along the Tercanbury Road till I came to the old turn-pike and turned into Joy Lane.

I rode backwards and forwards waiting for the Driffields and presently saw them come along. I waved to them and turned round (getting off to do so) and we pedalled along together. Mrs. Driffield and I complimented one another on our progress. We rode anxiously, clinging like grim death to the handle-bars, but exultant, and Driffield said that as soon as we felt sure of ourselves we must go for rides all over the country.

"I want to get rubbings of one or two brasses in the neighbourhood," he said.

I did not know what he meant, but he would not explain.

"Wait and I'll show you," he said. "Do you think you could ride fourteen miles tomorrow, seven there and seven back?"

"Rather," I said.

"I'll bring a sheet of paper for you and some wax and you can make a rubbing. But you'd better ask your uncle if you can come."

"I needn't do that."

"I think you'd better all the same."

Mrs. Driffield gave me that peculiar look of hers, mischievous and yet friendly; and I blushed scarlet. I knew that if I asked my uncle he would say no. It would be much better to say nothing about it. But as we rode along I saw coming towards us the doctor in his dog-cart. I looked straight in front of me as he passed, in the vain hope that if I did not look at him he would not look at me. I was uneasy. If he had seen me the fact would quickly reach the ears of my uncle or my aunt and I considered whether it would not be safer to disclose myself a secret that could no longer be concealed. When we parted at the vicarage gates (I had not been able to avoid riding as far as this in their company) Driffield said that if I found I could come with them next day I had better call for them as early as I could.

"You know where we live, don't you? Next door to the Congregational Church. It's called Lime Cottage."

WHEN I sat down to dinner I looked for an opportunity to slip in casually the information that I had by accident run across the Driffields; but news travelled fast in Blackstable.

"Who were those people you were bicycling with this morning?" asked my aunt. "We met Dr. Anstey in the town and he said he'd seen you."

My uncle, chewing his roast beef with an air of disapproval, looked sullenly at his plate.

"The Driffields," I said with nonchalance. "You know, the author. Mr. Galloway knows them."

"They're most disreputable people," said my uncle. "I don't wish you to associate with them."

"Why not?" I asked.

"I'm not going to give you my reasons. It's enough that I don't wish it."

"How did you ever get to know them?" asked my aunt.

"I was just riding along and they were riding along, and they asked me if I'd like to ride with them," I said, distorting the truth a little.

"I call it very pushing," said my uncle.

I began to sulk. And to show my indignation, when the sweet was put on the table, though it was raspberry tart which I was extremely fond of, I refused to have any. My aunt asked me if I was not feeling very well.

"Yes," I said, as haughtily as I could. "I'm feeling all right."

"Have a little bit," said my aunt.

"I'm not hungry," I answered.

"Just to please me."

"He must know when he's had enough," said my uncle.

I gave him a bitter look.

"I don't mind having a small piece," I said.

My aunt gave me a generous helping, which I ate with the air of one who, impelled by a stern sense of duty, performs an act that is deeply distasteful to him. It was a beautiful raspberry tart.

WHEN I reckoned that the servants had finished their dinner I went into the kitchen. Emily was cleaning the silver in the pantry. Mary-Ann was washing up.

"I say, what's wrong with the Driffields?" I asked her.

Mary-Ann had come to the vicarage when she was eighteen and had never had another place. She had bathed me when I was a small boy, given me powders in plum jam when I needed them, packed my box when I went to school, nursed me when I was ill, read to me when I was bored, and scolded me when I was naughty. Emily, the housemaid, was a flighty young thing, and Mary-Ann didn't know whatever would become of me if *she* had the looking after of me. Mary-Ann was a Blackstable girl. She had never been to London in her life and I do not think she had been to Tercanbury more than three or four times. She was never ill. She never had a holiday. She was paid twelve pounds a year. One evening a week she went down the town to see her mother, who did the vicarage washing; and on Sunday evenings she went to church. But Mary-Ann knew everything that went on in Blackstable. She knew who everybody was, who had married whom, what anyone's father had died of, and how many children, and what they were called, any woman had had.

I asked Mary-Ann my question and she slopped a wet clout noisily into the sink.

"I don't blame your uncle," she said. "I wouldn't let you go about with them, not if you was my nephew. Fancy their askin' you to ride your bicycle with them. Some people will do anything."

I saw that the conversation in the dining-room had been repeated to Mary-Ann.

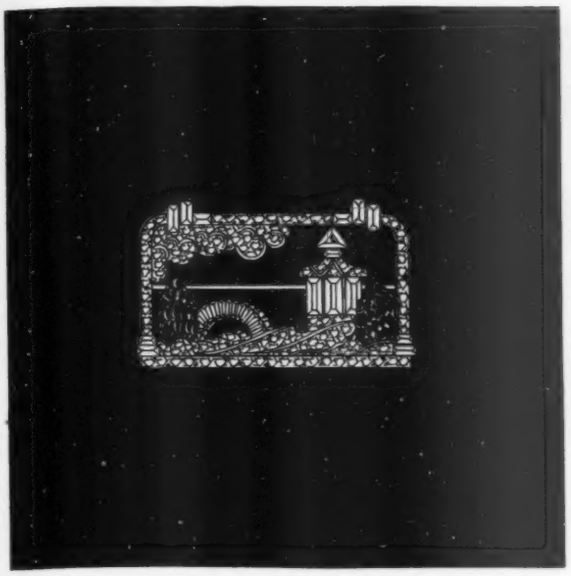
"I'm not a child," I said.

"That makes it all the worse. The impudence of their comin' 'ere at all!" Mary-Ann dropped her aitches freely. "Takin' a 'ouse and pretendin' to be ladies and gentlemen. Now leave that pie alone."

The raspberry tart was standing on the kitchen table and I broke off a piece of crust with my fingers and put it in my mouth.

"We're goin' to eat that for our supper. If you'd wanted a second 'elpin', why didn't you 'ave one when you was 'avin'

(*Continued on page 136*)



Jade, old as the hills and green as the hills, was the lucky stone of the ancients . . . Today, you find it used in modern ways that will delight you—contrasted with the brilliancy of diamonds, or used as a new note of color on silver.

While maintaining our staunch traditions of craftsmanship we are influenced always by the modern ideals of beauty.

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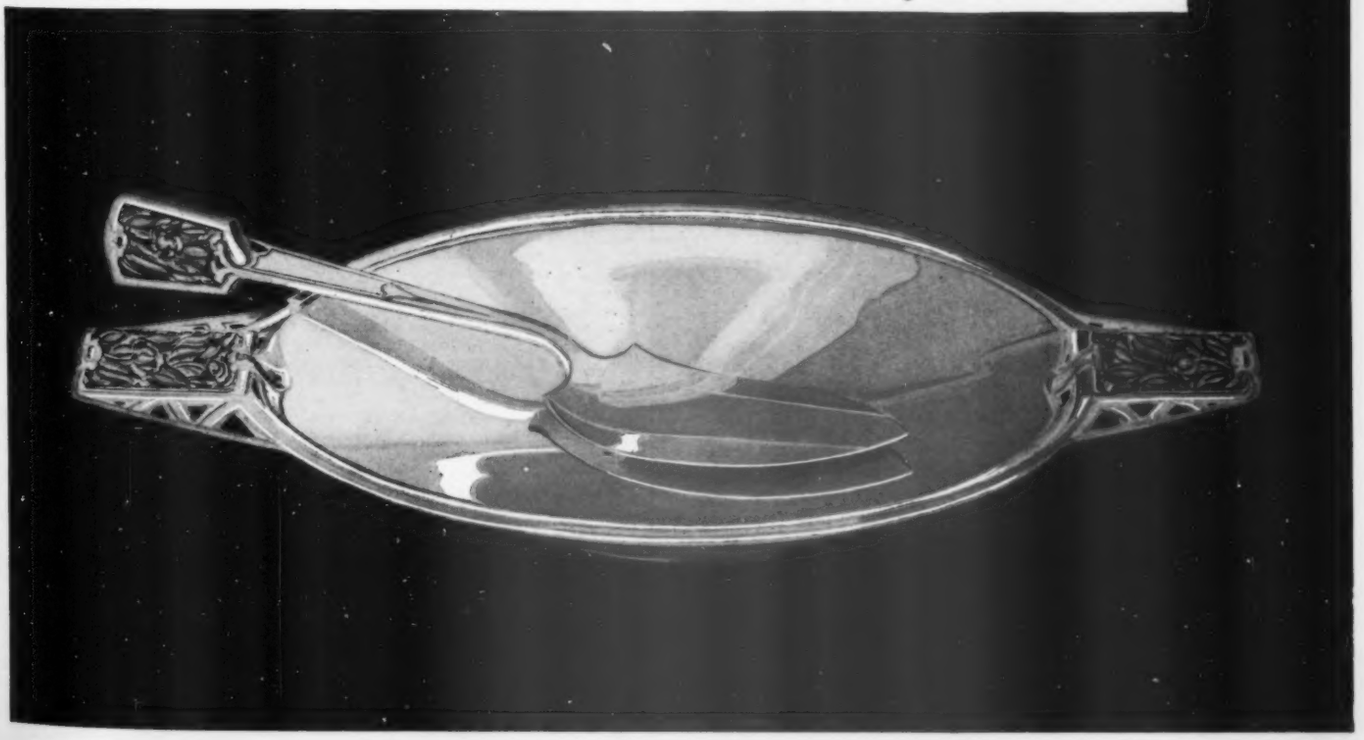
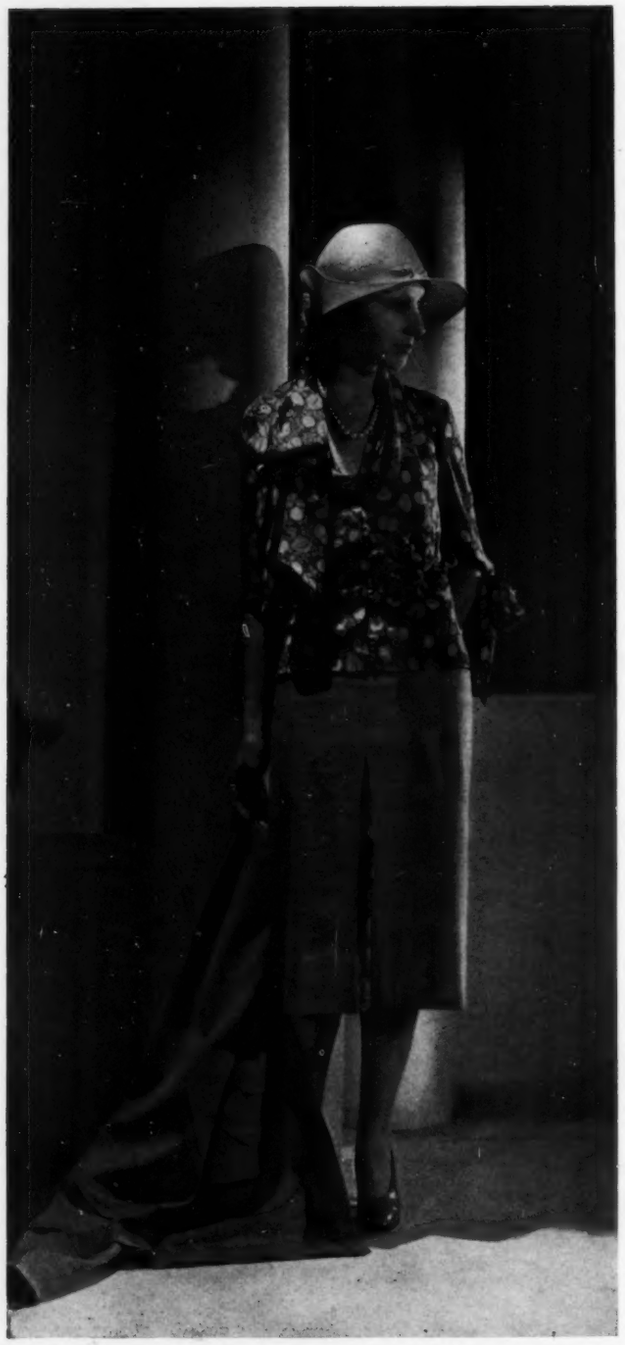




Easter Morning

HATTIE CARNEGIE, INC.
42-46 East 49th Street
New York

One looks through arches into the fountain adorned patio of the Marie Earle Salon. The true Spanish feeling is carried out in the authentic antique furniture.

THIS AGELESS ERA

(*Continued from page 126*)

properly speaking, a cosmetic but rather a glandular rejuvenator containing organic bodies which may be massaged into and absorbed by the human skin.

Recent scientific discoveries have made us all familiar with the dependence of health on proper glandular secretions. German scientists experimenting with hormones, which are the life-giving elements secreted by the glands, decided that these revivifying elements could be taken in through the skin with a salutary, rejuvenating effect. For these experiments they chose the tortoise whose longevity is proverbial. Amor Skin is the child of these experiments and has now been in existence long enough to justify all that its discoverers claim for it.

Since feeding new hormones to your skin cells is a real growth process you can hardly expect overnight results, but the persistent use of this amazing product is said to bring about real structural changes such as the smoothing out of the aging wrinkled look about the eyes or mouth. The procedure is simple enough—cleanse the face and lightly massage into the area to be treated a very scant amount of the cream. It should be used faithfully every night, left on until morning when the face is cleansed in the usual way. Do not expect miracles but if you follow directions and observe a daily rhythm in the treatment you will get your reward. Amor Skin comes in two strengths and at first glance might seem expensive but when one considers how very sparingly it is to be used one realizes that its lasting qualities make it, on the contrary, quite inexpensive.

Most of us do not realize how the emotions take their deadly toll of our beauty. Fretfulness and worry carve lines in the forehead, and frown wrinkles between the eyes. Altogether our faces are an index of character, a very excellent reason for not letting the daily grind grip us too vitally.

Marie Earle has sensed all these things and she provides delightful ways for removing the ravages of time and restoring to our skins their youthful contour. The treatment at her salon has many delicious surprises such as a lengthy back massage which includes the use of an electrical vibrator. After one's nerves are properly soothed a scientific facial massage follows.

Miss Earle's Basic Treatment which may be done at home is the outcome of her expert understanding of the skin and its needs. Her Essential Cream is the very foundation of the treatment. It combines in one preparation both the cleansing and nourishing properties necessary for skin care. Two applications of this delightful cream are followed by the Cucumber Emulsion, a thick, creamy liquid which is spread over the surface of the face and neck. It is both soothing and whitening in its effect. Such a procedure should be followed at night and repeated in the morning with the addition of Almond Astringent to close the pores. This rosy-coloured lotion may be sprayed over the skin with an atomizer or patted on with a pad of cotton, leaving the face toned and ready for the daily make-up.

The climate of Sweden was Margot Landberg's inspiration for a facial treatment which is entirely new. Women who live in damp climates are noted for the beauty of their complexions. Quite naturally one concludes that it is a certain beneficial effect of the dampness. Miss Landberg experimented to see how she could reproduce this effect artificially. She finally hit upon the idea of a Rhythmic Water Patter which furnishes the same rhythmic action as raindrops on one's face, stimulates the circulation and brings new life to the facial tissues.

The complete set comes in a silver box and consists first of a rubber hood which protects the hair from the water. A rubber hose which will fit over any faucet has installed in the nozzle the clever little device which makes the stream come out intermittently. There are, in addition, two jars of cream in stunning black modern containers. One is a cleanser, the other a nourishing cream, both of which may be used with the patter.

It is very easy and quick to give yourself the Margot Landberg treatment. That should recommend it to the busy woman. The first step is to apply the cleansing cream. After wiping away the residue, put on the rubber cap and sit in front of the wash basin, attach the patter to the cold water faucet and let the stream play gently over the face and neck. The whole treatment consumes only about five minutes and, presto! your face and neck will have had their daily massage with the minimum effort on your part and with most refreshing results.

Women who know and like Coty's perfumes will be delighted to hear that this same French house, with its old-world background, is now making an interesting line of *culturiste* cosmetics for the cultivation and perpetuation of beauty. The whole gamut of a home treatment is compassed in just four preparations. Oil-creme is an effectual cleanser and for the normal skin it fulfills the double function of nourishing and lubricating. Potomique, a clear liquid tonic, comes in a convenient

(*Concluded on page 134*)

A flawless complexion is without price .....

TO possess a skin of cream and roses is a joy without price. A king's ransom cannot command it for you. . . . But twenty years overflowing with accomplishment in bestowing the gift of a flawless complexion have revealed its very essence to Marie Earle.

And to commemorate these years so rich in beauty bringing experience this distinguished international House of Beauty now presents to you an exclusive Basic Beauty Treatment. Just three matchless skin preparations: Essential Cream so exquisite you feel it softening and freshening the first time you use it; Cucumber Emulsion light and cool as sea foam carrying nourishment deep into the tissues, and the scientifically correct toning lotion to beautify your individual type of skin. Of inviting simplicity this Beauty Treatment is marvelously effective. You see improvement almost immediately and its faithful daily use smooths ever increasing youth into your skin. Lines and wrinkles disappear. Exquisite softness and the fine clear star-like look of a young and radiant skin are yours. Marie Earle's Basic Beauty Treatment at the more exclusive shops.

Address the New York Marie Earle Salon for a complimentary copy of Marie Earle's handbook to beauty "Understanding Your Skin". Marie Earle, Inc, 660 Fifth Avenue, New York; 15 rue de la Paix, Paris.

Marie Earle

The comfort and enjoyment of the daily tub are unmistakably heightened by adding to the water a half-handful of No. 4711 Bath Salts in your favorite odor (there are eleven in all!) . . . No. 4711 Bath Salts are refreshing . . . invigorating . . . gently stimulating to fagged nerves and body . . . and the water takes on the gentle softness of pearly dew.

No. 4711 REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Bath Salts

Made in U. S. A. by

MULHENS & KROPFF, Inc.

25 West 45th Street, New York

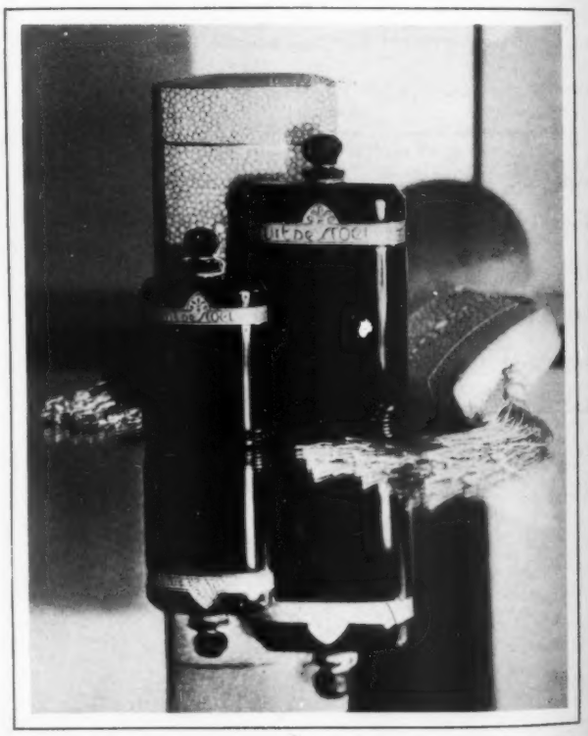
Very much in the spirit of Primrose House is a small reception room at this Salon with gay flowered hangings and chintz-covered furniture.

THIS AGELESS ERA

(*Concluded from page 132*)

shaker bottle and is strongly recommended as a substitute for water, since it is twice as efficacious in eradicating dust and impurities. It is splendid for removing make-up, for toning the skin and acting as an astringent. It should be used morning and night in conjunction with Colcreme. It will do a lot in the way of freshening a tired skin."

For the complexion which needs a bit more specialized feeding and fattening than that supplied by Colcreme, there is an excellent Tissue Cream, of somewhat heavier consistency, containing rich nourishing oils. A generous supply of this emollient should be patted along the lines of the muscles of the face and neck before retiring. The plump face, of course, can stand more vigorous patting than the thin one, as this process if indulged in too strenuously tends to break down somewhat the fatty tissues. Last, there is Creme de Beauté, a cream with two purposes. It protects the complexion and furnishes a smooth make-up foundation. For the average skin it may be used as is, and for the oily one blended with a few drops of Potonique. It has great qualities of permanency, and supplies the maximum protection from the elements.



Caron's new bottle of "Nuit de Noël" in its stunning green tasselled box is equally as attractive as the original one, just half the size and only half the price.

TO ENHANCE AND MAINTAIN A YOUTHFUL COMPLEXION

COTY

CULTURISTE CREATIONS

Perfected by the vast international resources of COTY, CULTURISTE CREATIONS combine the sum of modern beauty science with the superlative quality which is invariably COTY'S.

SIMPLE EFFECTIVE ECONOMICAL

— they maintain and enhance a radiant complexion and youthful contour.

CULTURISTE ESSENTIAL TREATMENT – $4.50

Begin With Cleansing Cream, ("Colcreme,,)—Liquefies easily—Cleanses thoroughly and effectively. Standard size, $1.00. Large jar, $2.50. Tubes, 50c.

Then Use Skin Tonic (Potonique)—Cleanses and stimulates the pores—Softens, refines and clarifies the skin—$1.00

Follow With Tissue Cream—Nourishes the underlying tissues, removes lines and wrinkles and imparts a velvety texture to the skin—$1.50

Finish With Foundation Cream (Crème de Beauté)—Protects and enhances—An ideal powder base—The final touch to loveliness—$1.00

FOR SPECIAL REQUIREMENTS

For the Oily Skin Special Astringent (Eau de Coty.) $1.00

For the Dry Skin Skin Lotion (Lotion Pour la Peau,) a protective Powder Base . $1.50

SEND TO PERSONAL SERVICE BUREAU FOR BOOKLET "CULTURISTE CREATIONS" ON COMPLETE CARE OF THE SKIN

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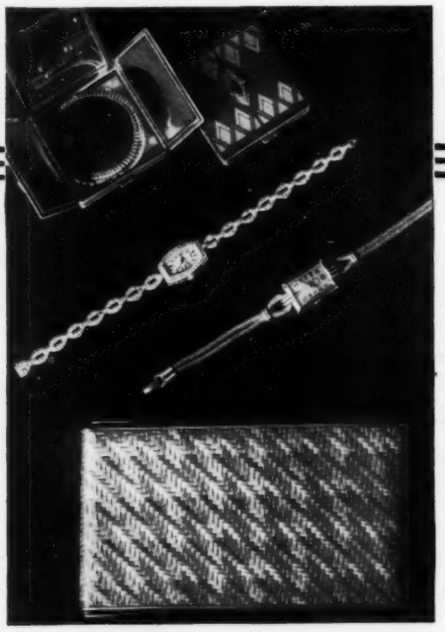

If you like originality
JEWELRY
by BRAND-CHATILLON
will delight you

Newness . . . freshness . . . originality . . . a subtle note of youth and spontaneity . . . you will find it all in Jewelry by Brand-Chatillon.

The clever little Vanity Case in three fascinating shades of blue enamel with diamond decorations ($525) is exceedingly distinguished. The exquisite 17-jewel, diamond and platinum wrist watch with strap of gorgeously set diamonds ($1600) and the 15-jewel gold wrist watch with gold mesh chain ($115) are perfect examples of the modern watchmaker's and jeweler's art. The man's evening cigarette case is of flexible woven gold in three tones with black enamel sides. Thin as a gold pencil, it holds seventeen cigarettes ($525).

BC

THE BRAND-CHATILLON CORPORATION
Jewelers and Silversmiths
775 FIFTH AVENUE *Savoy-Plaza* NEW YORK

CAKES AND ALE

(*Continued from page 130*)

your dinner? Ted Driffield never could stick to anything. He 'ad a good education, too. The one I'm sorry for is his mother. He's been a trouble to 'er from the day he was born. And then to go an' marry Rosie Gann. They tell me that when he told his mother what he was goin' to do she took to 'er bed and stayed there for three weeks and wouldn't talk to anybody."

"Was Mrs. Driffield Rosie Gann before she married? Which Ganns were those?"

Gann was one of the commonest names at Blackstable. The churchyard was thick with their graves.

"Oh, you wouldn't 'ave known them. Old Josiah Gann was her father. He was a wild one, too. He went for a soldier and when he come back he 'ad a wooden leg. He used to go out doing painting, but he was out of work more often than not. They lived in the next 'ouse to us in Rye Lane. Me an' Rosie used to go to Sunday School together."

"But she's not as old as you are," I said with the bluntness of my age.

"She'll never see thirty again."

MARY-ANN was a little woman with a snub nose and decayed teeth, but fresh-coloured, and I do not suppose she could have been more than thirty-five.

"Rosie's not more than four or five years younger than me, whatever she may pretend she is. They tell me you wouldn't know her now all dressed up and everything."

"Is it true that she was a barmaid?" I asked.

"Yes, at the Railway Arms and then at the Prince of Wales's Feathers at Haversham. Mrs. Reeves 'ad her to 'elp in the bar at the Railway Arms, but it got so bad she had to get rid of her."

The Railway Arms was a very modest little public-house just opposite the station of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway. It had a sort of sinister gaiety. On a winter's night as you passed by you saw through the glass doors men lounging about the bar. My uncle very much disapproved of it, and had for years been trying to get its license taken away. It was frequented by the railway porters, colliers, and farm labourers. The respectable residents of Blackstable would have disdained to enter it, and when they wanted a glass of bitters went to the Bear and Key or the Duke of Kent.

"Why, what did she do?" I asked, my eyes popping out of my head.

"What didn't she do?" said Mary-Ann. "What d'you think your uncle would say if he caught me tellin' you things like that? There wasn't a man who come in to 'ave a drink that she didn't carry on with. No matter who they was. She couldn't stick to anybody, it was just one man after another. They tell me it was simply 'orrible. That was when it begun with Lord George. It wasn't the sort of place he was likely to go to, he was too grand for that, but they say he went in accidental like one day when his train was late, and he saw her. And after that he was never out of the place, mixin' with all them common rough people, and of course they all knew what he was there for, and him with a wife and three children, oh, I was sorry for her. And the talk it made. Well, it got so Mrs. Reeves said she wasn't going to put up with it another day and she gave her her wages and told her to pack her box and go. Good riddance to bad rubbish, that's what I said."

I KNEW Lord George very well. His name was George Kemp and the title by which he was always known had been given him ironically owing to his grand manner. He was our coal-merchant, but he also dabbled in house-property, and he owned a share in one or two colliers. He lived in a new brick house that stood in its own grounds and he drove his own trap. He was a stoutish man with a pointed beard, florid, with a high colour, and bold blue eyes. Remembering him, I think he must have looked like some jolly rubicund merchant in an old Dutch picture. The gentry thought him extremely vulgar and I have no doubt that he was vain and boastful; they complained of his loud voice and his strident laugh. When he was talking to somebody on one side of the street you heard every word he said from the other; and they thought his manners dreadful. He was much too friendly. When he talked to them it was as though he were not in trade at all; they said he was very pushing. But if he thought his hail-fellow-well-met air, his activity in public works, his open purse when subscriptions were needed for the annual regatta or for the harvest festival, his willingness to do anyone a good turn, were going to break the barriers at Blackstable he was mistaken. His efforts at sociability were met with blank hostility.

Lord George remained exuberant, flashy, loud, and boisterous. He said the town was dead and he was going to wake it up. He was going to get the company to run excursion trains. He didn't see why it shouldn't become another Margate. And why shouldn't they have a mayor? Ferne Bay had one.

I should add that I looked upon Lord George with the same scornful derision as everyone else. It outraged me that he should stop me in the street and call me by my Christian name and talk to me as though there were no social difference between us. He even suggested that I should play cricket with his sons who were of about the same age as myself. But they went to the grammar school at Haversham and, of course, I couldn't possibly have anything to do with them.

I was shocked and thrilled by what Mary-Ann told me, but I had difficulty in believing it. I had read too many novels and had learnt too much at school not to know a good deal about love, but I thought it was a matter that only concerned young people. I could not conceive that a man with a beard, who had sons as old as I, could have any feelings of that sort. I thought when you married all that was finished. That people over thirty should be in love seemed to me rather disgusting.

I HAD quite made up my mind that I was going out with the Driffields next morning, but knew that it was no good asking my uncle if I might. If he found out that I had been, and made a row, it couldn't be helped; and if Ted Driffield asked me whether I had got my uncle's permission I was quite prepared to say I had. But I had after all no need to lie. In the afternoon, the tide being high, I walked down to the beach to bathe and my uncle, having something to do in the town, walked part of the way with me. Just as we were passing the Bear and Key, Ted Driffield stepped out of it. He saw us and came straight up to my uncle. I was startled at his coolness.

"Good afternoon, Vicar," he said, "I wonder if you remember me. I used to sing in the choir when I was a boy. Ted Driffield. My old governor was Miss Wolfe's bailiff."

My uncle was a very timid man, and he was taken aback.

"Oh, yes, how do you do? I was sorry to hear your father died."

"I've made the acquaintance of your young nephew. I was wondering if you'd let him come for a ride with me tomorrow. It's rather dull for him riding alone, and I'm going to do a rubbing of one of the brasses at Ferne Church."

"It's very kind of you, but . . ."

My uncle was going to refuse, but Driffield interrupted him.

"I'll see he doesn't get up to any mischief. I thought he might like to make a rubbing himself. It would be an interest for him. I'll give him some paper and wax so that it won't cost him anything."

My uncle did not have a consecutive mind and the suggestion that Ted Driffield should pay for my paper and wax offended him so much that he quite forgot his intention to forbid me to go at all.

"He can quite well get his own paper and wax," he said. "He has plenty of pocket-money, and he'd much better spend it on something like that than on sweets and make himself sick."

(*Continued on page 138*)

TRY THE KLEENEX WAY to remove cold cream

It frees your pores of dangerous dirt and oil . . . without stretching or irritating the skin

You lift two sheets of Kleenex from the automatic package . . . they come out easily while your other hand is busy with the cold cream jar. You blot the cold cream off face and throat with soft absorbent Kleenex—then discard the Kleenex, and with it dirt, grease, germs, and make-up which might otherwise endanger complexion beauty.

Now in Colors

Kleenex comes in dainty tints of pink, green and yellow . . . and white, of course, if you prefer. The box is a marvel of ingenuity which hands out 2 sheets at a time.

YOU know with what infinite care great beauty specialists preserve the delicate texture of the skin. No hard massage . . . but gentle *patting* . . . when creams are applied. No stretching or rubbing of the skin when creams are removed.

Instead, a gentle blotting up of surplus cream with super-absorbent Kleenex, made just for the purpose.

Every woman, in her own home, should use this same scrupulous care if she wishes to preserve her skin's firmness and freshness . . . and youth.

Kleenex is *so* gentle, *so* dainty. You just hold it to your face, and *blot* up the oil and cream. All the dirt and cosmetics come, too, leaving the pores really clean.

Then you discard the soiled tissues. Doesn't this seem a daintier way than staining and ruining towels? It's far cheaper. And more hygienic, too . . . because towels so often harbor germs that may start skin infections. "Cold cream cloths" usually teem with germs!

Use for handkerchiefs

Thousands of women . . . and men, too . . . consider Kleenex far more sensible than handkerchiefs. Office workers keep a box handy in a drawer. Mothers send a box to school with the children.

Kleenex is especially fine to use when there's a cold. You use it once, then discard it. The cold germs are discarded, too . . . instead of being stuffed back into a pocket or purse. Kleenex makes it easier to keep from infecting others, and reinfecting yourself!

Once in your home, you'll find countless uses for Kleenex. It comes in dainty colors, or white if you prefer. The package is a marvel of ingenuity, which hands out two sheets automatically. Buy Kleenex at any toilet goods counter. The coupon will bring a sample.

» ——————————— «

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Please send a sample of Kleenex to: H-3

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Kleenex Cleansing Tissues

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Bridge slippers, mules, Klingstrap mules (a new cut originated in 1930), D'Orsays, backstrap mules, beach sandals, comfys are done in new colors, new manners, new textures to gaily accent each lounging mode charm.

DANIEL GREEN
Leisure Footwear

Knowingly fashioned of superb satins, bright new felts, silk crepes, subtle-toned kids, patent leather, metal brocade, our little slippers are always suavely fitted, correctly cut for men, women and children. $2.50 to $10 a pair.

THE DANIEL GREEN COMPANY . . . . . DOLGEVILLE, NEW YORK

CAKES AND ALE

(Continued from page 136)

"Well, if he goes to Hayward, the stationer's, and says he wants the same paper as I got, and the wax, they'll let him have it."

"I'll go now," I said, and to prevent any change of mind on my uncle's part dashed across the road.

I DO not know why the Driffields bothered about me unless it was from pure kindness of heart. I was a dull little boy, not very talkative, and if I amused Ted Driffield at all it must have been unconsciously. Perhaps he was tickled by my attitude of superiority. I was under the impression that it was condescension on my part to consort with the son of Miss Wolfe's bailiff, and he what my uncle called a penny-a-liner; and when, perhaps with a trace of superciliousness, I asked him to lend me one of his books and he said it wouldn't interest me, I took him at his word and did not insist. After my uncle had once consented to my going out with the Driffields he made no further objection to my association with them.

I could not get over what Mary-Ann had told me about Mrs. Driffield. Though I knew theoretically what people did when they were married and was capable of putting the facts in the bluntest language, I did not really understand it. I thought it indeed rather disgusting and I did not quite, quite believe it. After all I was aware that the earth was round, but I *knew* it was flat. Mrs. Driffield seemed so frank, her laugh was so open and simple, there was in her demeanour something so young and childlike, that I could not see her "going with" sailors and above all anyone so gross and horrible as Lord George. She was not at all the type of the wicked woman I had read of in novels. Of course, I knew she wasn't "good form" and she spoke with the Blackstable accent, she dropped an aitch now and then, and sometimes her grammar gave me a shock, but I couldn't help liking her. I came to the conclusion that what Mary-Ann had told me was a pack of lies.

One day I happened to tell her that Mary-Ann was our cook.

"She says she lived next door to you in Rye Lane," I added, quite prepared to hear Mrs. Driffield say that she had never even heard of her.

But she smiled and her blue eyes gleamed.

"That's right. She used to take me to Sunday School. She used to have a rare job keeping me quiet. I heard she'd gone to service at the Vicarage. Fancy her being there still. I haven't seen her for donkey's years. I'd like to see her again and have a chat about old days. Remember me to her, will you, and ask her to look in on her evening out. I'll give her a cup of tea."

I WAS taken aback at this. After all, the Driffields lived in a house that they were talking of buying and they had a general. It wouldn't be at all the thing for them to have Mary-Ann to tea, and it would make it very awkward for me. They seemed to have no sense of the things one could do and the things one simply couldn't. One of the things that never ceased to embarrass me with them, was the way in which they talked of incidents in their past that I should have thought they would not dream of mentioning.

I do not know that the people I lived among were pretentious in the sense of making themselves out to be richer or grander than they really were, but looking back it does seem to me that they lived a life full of pretences. They dwelt behind a mask of respectability. You never caught them in their shirt sleeves with their feet on the table. The ladies put on afternoon dresses and were not visible till then; they lived privately with rigid economy so that you could not drop in for a casual meal, but when they entertained their tables groaned with food. Though catastrophe overwhelmed the family, they held their heads high and ignored it. I was used to all this and it seemed to me perfectly natural. What did shock me was to hear Ted Driffield speak of being a waiter in a restaurant in Holborn as though it were the most ordinary thing in the world.

I knew he had run away to sea, that was romantic; I knew that boys, in books at all events, often did this and had thrilling adventures before they married a fortune and an Earl's daughter; but Ted Driffield had driven a cab at Maidstone and had been clerk in a booking-office at Birmingham. Once when on our bicycles we passed the Railway Arms Mrs. Driffield mentioned quite casually, as though it were something that anyone might have done, that she had worked there for three years.

"It was my first place," she said. "After that I went to the Feathers at Haversham. I left there to get married."

But a greater jolt awaited me. It was halfway through September and my holidays were drawing to an end. I was very full of the Driffields, but my desire to talk about them at home was snubbed by my uncle.

"We don't want your friends pushed down our throats all day long," said he. "There are other topics of conversation that are more suitable. But I do think that as Ted Driffield was born in the parish and is seeing you almost every day he might come to church occasionally."

One day I told Driffield: "My uncle wants you to come to church."

"All right. Let's go to church next Sunday night, Rosie."

"I don't mind," she said.

I TOLD Mary-Ann they were going. I sat in the vicarage pew just behind the squire's and I could not look round, but I was conscious, by the behaviour of my neighbours on the other side of the aisle, that they were there, and as soon as I had a chance next day I asked Mary-Ann if she had seen them.

"I see 'er all right," said Mary-Ann grimly.

"Did you speak to her afterwards?"

"Me?" She suddenly burst into anger. "You get out of my kitchen. What d'you want to come bothering me all day long? How d'you expect me to do my work with you getting in my way all the time?"

"All right," I said. "Don't get in a wax."

"I don't know what your uncle's about, letting you go all over the place with the likes of them. All them flowers in her 'at. I wonder she ain't ashamed to show her face. Now run along; I'm busy."

I did not know why Mary-Ann was so cross. I did not mention Mrs. Driffield again. Two or three days later I happened to go into the kitchen to get something I wanted. There were two kitchens at the vicarage, a small one in which the cooking was done and a large one built, I suppose, for a time when country clergymen had large families and gave grand dinners to the surrounding gentry, where Mary-Ann sat and sewed when her day's work was over. We had cold supper at eight so that after tea she had little to do. It was getting on for seven and the day was drawing in. It was Emily's evening out and I expected to find Mary-Ann alone, but as I went along the passage I heard voices and the sound of laughter. I supposed Mary-Ann had someone in to see her. The lamp was lit, but it had a thick green shade and the kitchen was almost in darkness. I saw a teapot and cups on the table. Mary-Ann was having a late cup of tea with her friend. The conversation stopped as I opened the door; then I heard a voice.

"Good evening."

With a start I saw that Mary-Ann's friend was Mrs. Driffield. Mary-Ann laughed a little at my surprise.

"Rosie Gann dropped in to have a cup of tea with me," she said.

"We've been having a talk about old times."

Mary-Ann was a little shy at my finding her thus, but not half so shy as I. Mrs. Driffield gave me that childlike, mischievous smile of hers; she was per-

(Continued on page 140)

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CAKES AND ALE

(Continued from page 138)

fectly at her ease. For some reason I noticed her dress. I suppose because I had never seen her so grand before. She had a gown of pale blue cloth, very tight at the waist, with high sleeves, and a long skirt with a flounce at the bottom. She wore a large black straw hat with a great quantity of roses and leaves and bows on it. It was evidently the hat she had worn in church on Sunday.

"I thought if I went on waiting till Mary-Ann came to see me I'd have to wait till doomsday, so I thought the best thing I could do was to come and see her myself."

Mary-Ann grinned self-consciously, but did not look displeased. I asked for whatever it was I wanted and, as quickly as I could, left them. I went out into the garden and wandered about aimlessly. I walked down to the road and looked over the gate. The night had fallen. Presently I saw a man strolling along. I paid no attention to him, but he passed backwards and forwards and it looked as though he were waiting for someone. At first I thought it might be Ted Driffield and I was on the point of going out, but he stopped and lit a pipe; I saw it was Lord George. I wondered what he was doing there and at the same moment it struck me that he was waiting for Mrs. Driffield. My heart began to beat fast, and though I was hidden by the darkness I withdrew into the shade of the bushes. I waited a few minutes longer; then I saw the side door open and Mrs. Driffield let out by Mary-Ann. I heard her footsteps on the gravel path. She came to the gate and opened it. It opened with a little click. At the sound Lord George stepped across the road and before she could come out slipped in. He took her in his arms and gave her a great hug. He kissed her. She gave a little laugh.

"Take care of my hat," she whispered.

I was not more than three feet away from them and I was terrified lest they should notice me. I was so ashamed for them. I was trembling with agitation. For a minute he held her in his arms.

"What about the garden?" he said, still in a whisper.

"No, there's that boy. Let's go in the fields."

THEY went out by the gate, he with his arm round her waist, and were lost in the night. Now I felt my heart pounding against my chest so that I could hardly breathe. I was so astonished at what I had seen that I could not think coherently. I would have given anything to be able to tell someone, but it was a secret and I must keep it. I was thrilled with the importance it gave me. I walked slowly up to the house and let myself in by the side door. Mary-Ann hearing it open, called me.

"Is that you, Master Willie?"

"Yes."

I looked in the kitchen. Mary-Ann was putting the supper on a tray to take it into the dining-room.

"I wouldn't say anything to your uncle about Rosie Gann 'avin' been here," she said.

"Oh, no."

"It was a surprisement to me. When I 'eard a knock at the side door and opened it and saw Rosie standing there, you could 'ave knocked me down with a feather. 'Mary-Ann,' she says, an' before I knew what she was up to she was kissing me all over me face. I couldn't but ask 'er in and when she was in I couldn't but ask 'er to have a nice cup of tea."

Mary-Ann was anxious to excuse herself. After all she had said of Mrs. Driffield it must seem strange to me that I should find them sitting there together chatting away and laughing. I did not want to crow.

"She's not so bad, is she?" I said.

Mary-Ann smiled. Notwithstanding her black, decayed teeth there was in her smile something sweet and touching.

"I don't 'ardly know what it is, but there's somethin' you can't 'elp likin' about her. She was 'ere the best part of an hour and I will say that for 'er, she never once give 'erself airs. And she told me with 'er own lips the material of that dress she 'ad on cost thirteen and eleven a yard and I believe it. She remembers everything, how I used to brush her 'air for her when she was a tiny tot and how I used to make her wash 'er little 'ands before tea. You see, sometimes her mother used to send 'er in to 'ave her tea with us. She was as pretty as a picture in them days."

Mary-Ann looked back into the past and her funny crumpled face grew wistful.

"Oh, well," she said after a pause, "I daresay she's been no worse than plenty of others if the truth was only known. She 'ad more temptation than most, and I daresay a lot of them as blame her would 'ave been no better than she was if they'd 'ad the opportunity."

THE weather broke at last; it grew chilly and heavy rain fell. It put an end to our excursions. I was not sorry, for I did not know how I could look Mrs. Driffield in the face now that I had seen her meeting with George Kemp. I was not so much shocked as astonished. I could not understand how it was possible for her to like being kissed by an old man, and fantastic notions passed through my mind filled with the novels I had read, that somehow Lord George held her in his power and forced her by his knowledge of some fearful secret to submit to his loathsome embraces. My imagination played with terrible possibilities. On the other hand, it had not looked as though she had yielded quite unwillingly to Lord George's fondling and I could not get out of my ears the sound of her laugh. It had a note that I had never heard before. It gave me a queer feeling of breathlessness. During the rest of my holidays I saw the Driffields only once more.

When Christmas came, and I went back to Blackstable, it was the Driffields I was most eager to see. In that stagnant little place they alone seemed to have a connection with the outside world which already was beginning to touch my day-dreams with anxious curiosity. But I could not overcome my shyness enough to go to their house and call, and I hoped that I should meet them in the town. But the weather was dreadful, a boisterous wind whistled down the street, piercing you to the bone; and the few women who had an errand were swept along by their long skirts like fishing-boats in half a gale. The cold rain scudded in sudden squalls and the sky, which in summer had enclosed the friendly country so snugly, now was a pall that pressed upon the earth with sullen menace. There was small hope of meeting the Driffields by chance and at last I took my courage in both hands and one day, after tea, slipped out.

AS far as the station the road was pitch dark, but there the street lamps, few and dim, made it easier to keep to the pavement. The Driffields lived in a little two-story house in a side street; it was of dingy yellow brick and had a bow-window. I knocked and presently a little maid opened the door; I asked if Mrs. Driffield was in. She gave me an uncertain look and saying she would go and see, left me standing in the passage. I had already heard voices in the next room, but they were stilled as she opened the door and, entering, shut it behind her. I had a faint impression of mystery; in the houses of my uncle's friends, even if there was no fire and the gas had to be lit as you went in, you were shown into the drawing-room when you called. But the door was opened and Driffield came out. There was only a speck of light in the passage and at first he could not see who it was; but in an instant he recognized me.

"Oh, it's you. We wondered when we were going to see you." Then he called out: "Rosie, it's young Ashenden."

There was a cry and before you could say knife Mrs. Driffield had come into the passage and was wringing my hands.

"Come in, come in. Take off your coat. Isn't it awful, the weather? You must be perishing."

She helped me with my coat and took

(Continued on page 142)

"There is one item of my home treatment which never varies —the preliminary cleansing of the skin with pure soap and water at least twice a day. For this purpose I always recommend Palmolive Soap."

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CAKES AND ALE

(*Continued from page 140*)

off my muffler and snatched my cap out of my hand and drew me into the room. It was hot and stuffy, a tiny room full of furniture, with a fire burning in the grate; they had gas there, which we hadn't at the vicarage, and the three burners in round globes of frosted glass filled the room with harsh light. The air was grey with tobacco smoke. At first dazzled and taken aback by my effusive welcome, I did not see who the two men were who got up as I came in. Then I saw they were the curate, Mr. Galloway, and Lord George Kemp. I fancied that the curate shook my hand with constraint.

"How are you? I just came in to return some books that Mr. Driffield had lent me and Mrs. Driffield very kindly asked me to stay to tea."

I felt rather than saw the quizzical look that Driffield gave him. He said something about the mammon of unrighteousness, which I recognized as a quotation, but did not gather the sense of. Mr. Galloway laughed.

"I don't know about that," he said. "What about the publicans and sinners?"

I thought the remark in very bad taste, but I was immediately seized upon by Lord George. There was no constraint about him.

"Well, young fellow, home for the holidays? My word, what a big chap you're growing."

I shook hands with him rather coldly. I wished I had not come.

"Let me give you a nice strong cup of tea," said Mrs. Driffield.

"I've already had tea."

"Have some more," said Lord George, speaking as though he owned the place (that was just like him). "A big fellow like you can always tuck away another piece of bread and butter and jam and Mrs. D. will cut you a slice with her own fair hands."

THE tea things were still on the table and they were sitting round it. A chair was brought up for me and Mrs. Driffield gave me a piece of cake.

"We were just trying to persuade Ted to sing us a song," said Lord George. "Come on, Ted."

"Sing, *All Through Stickin' to a Soljer*, Ted," said Mrs. Driffield. "I love that."

"No, sing *First We Mopped the Floor with Him*."

"I'll sing 'em both if you're not careful," said Driffield.

He took his banjo, which was lying on the top of the cottage piano, tuned it and began to sing. He had a rich baritone voice. I was quite used to people singing songs. When there was a tea-party at the vicarage, or I went to one at the major's or the doctor's, people always brought their music with them. They left it in the hall, so that it should not seem that they wanted to be asked to play or sing; but after tea the hostess asked them if they had brought it. They shyly admitted that they had and if it was at the vicarage I was sent out to fetch it. Sometimes a young lady would say that she had quite given up playing and hadn't brought anything with her, and then her mother would break in and say that *she* had brought it.

But when they sang it was not comic songs; it was *I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby*, or *Good-Night, Beloved*, or *Queen of My Heart*. Once at the annual concert at the Assembly Rooms, Smithson, the draper, had sung a comic song, and though the people at the back of the hall had applauded a great deal, the gentry had seen nothing funny in it. Perhaps there wasn't. Anyhow, before the next concert he was asked to be a little more careful about what he sang (Remember there are ladies present, Mr. Smithson) and so gave *The Death of Nelson*. The next ditty that Driffield sang had a chorus and the curate and Lord George joined in lustily. I heard it a good many times afterwards, but I can only remember four lines.

First we mopped the floor with him;
Dragged him up and down the stairs;
Then we lugged him round the room,
Under tables, over chairs.

Driffield put down his banjo and lit a pipe.

"I must be going," said the curate. He turned to me. "We might walk along together."

WHEN we left, the curate asked me: "Did you tell your uncle you were coming to see the Driffields?"

"No, I just went out for a walk and it suddenly occurred to me that I might look in."

This, of course, was some way from the truth, but I did not care to tell Mr. Galloway that, though I was practically grown up, my uncle realized the fact so little that he was quite capable of trying to prevent me from seeing people he objected to.

"Unless you have to I wouldn't say anything about it in your place. The Driffields are perfectly all right, but your uncle doesn't quite approve of them."

"I know," I said. "It's such rot."

"Of course they're rather common, but he doesn't write half badly, and when you think what he came from it's wonderful that he writes at all."

I was glad to know how the land lay. Mr. Galloway did not wish my uncle to know that he was on friendly terms with the Driffields. I could feel sure at all events that he would not give me away.

The patronizing manner in which my uncle's curate spoke of one who has been now so long recognized as one of the greatest of the later-Victorian novelists must arouse a smile; but it was the manner in which he was generally spoken of at Blackstable.

AS often as the mild Christmas gaieties of Blackstable allowed me I went to the Driffields' little house next door to the Congregational chapel. I always found Lord George and often Mr. Galloway. Our conspiracy of silence had made us friends and when we met at the vicarage or in the vestry after church we looked at one another archly. We did not talk about our secret, but we enjoyed it; I think it gave us both a good deal of satisfaction to know that we were making a fool of my uncle.

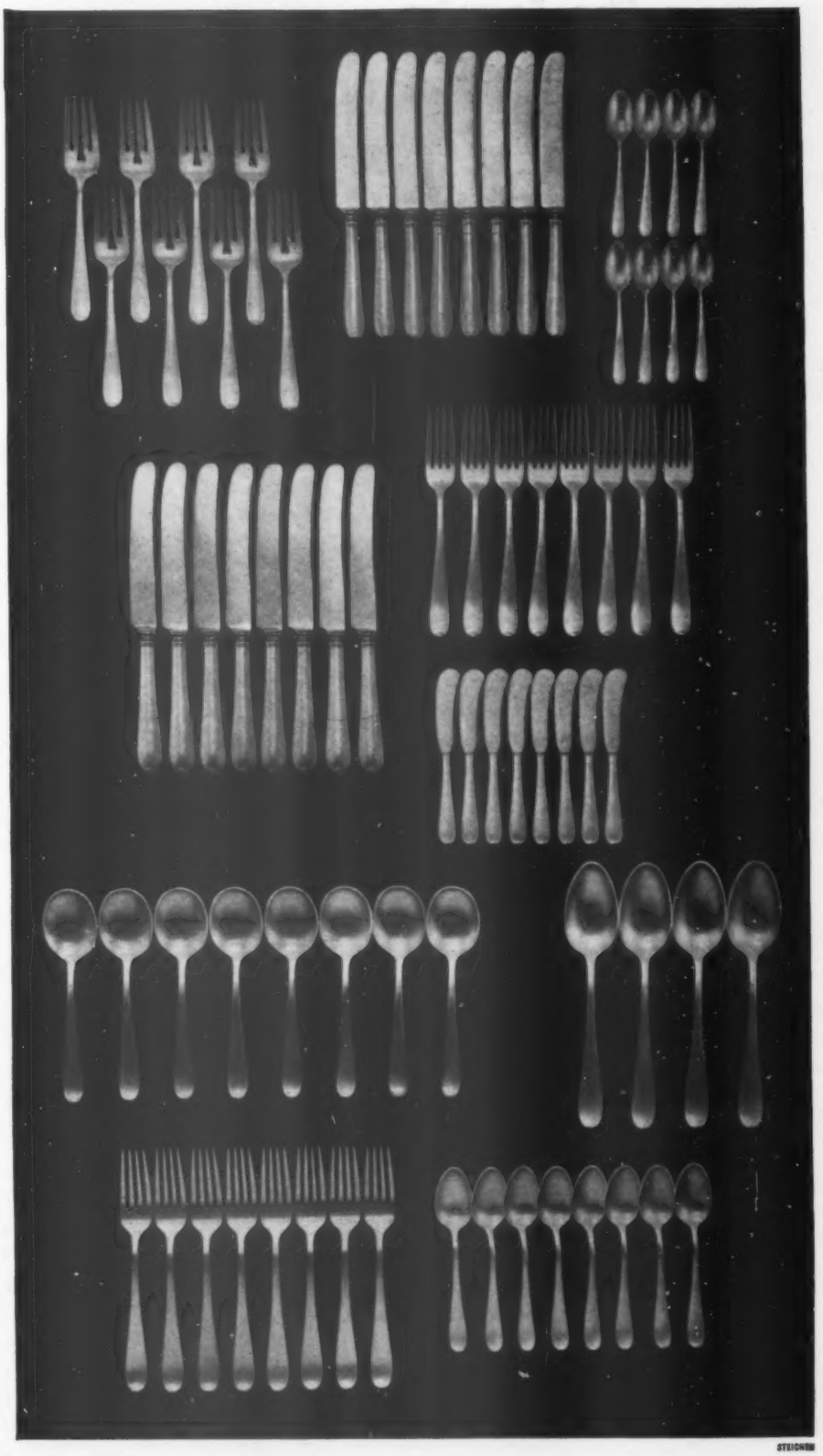
I never went to the Driffields' till after tea at the vicarage, but I always managed to make a second tea when I got there. Afterwards Ted Driffield sang comic songs, accompanying himself sometimes on the banjo and sometimes on the piano. He would sing, peering at the music with his rather short-sighted eyes, for an hour at a time; there was a smile on his lips and he liked us all to join in the chorus. We played whist. I had learned the game when I was a child and my uncle and aunt and I used to play at the vicarage during the long winter evenings. My uncle always took dummy and though of course we played for love, when my aunt and I lost I used to retire under the dining-room table and cry.

Ted Driffield did not play cards; he said he had no head for them, and when we started a game he would sit down by the fire and, pencil in hand, read one of the books that had been sent down to him from London to review. I had never played with three people before and of course I did not play well, but Mrs. Driffield had a natural card sense. Her movements as a rule were rather deliberate, but when it came to playing cards she was quick and alert. She played the rest of us right off our heads. Ordinarily she did not speak very much and then slowly, but when, after a hand was played, she took the trouble good-humouredly to point out to me my mistakes, she was not only lucid but voluble.

Lord George chaffed her as he chaffed everybody; she would smile at his banter, for she very seldom laughed, and sometimes make a neat retort. They did not behave like lovers, but like familiar friends, and I should have quite forgotten what I had heard about them and what I had seen but that now and then she gave him a look that embarrassed me. Her eyes rested on him quietly, as though he were not a man but a chair or a table, and in them was a mischievous, childlike

(*Continued on page 186*)

Gorham Sterling is not as expensive as many people imagine . .



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Du Barry Muscle Oil — $1.50
Slightly astringent. Stimulates the tissues.

Du Barry Eye Lotion — $1.00
Refreshes and soothes the eyes.

Du Barry Pore Cream — $1.00
Refines enlarged pores.

Du Barry Beauty Lotion — $1.00
Slightly astringent. Smooths and firms the skin. Also an excellent powder base.

Du Barry Hand Beauty Cream — $1.00
A softening, whitening cream.

Du Barry Face Powder — $2.00
A fine textured powder in skin tones.

Du Barry Foundation Cream — $1.00
A finishing, protective powder base.

Madame! will you try these "Two Essentials of Beauty" 10 days at our expense?

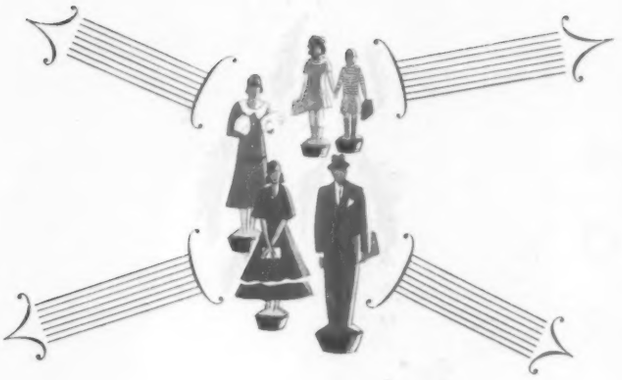
We'd like to send you our "Two Essentials of Beauty"—a liberal trial jar of Du Barry Cleansing Cream and a generous bottle of the sparkling Du Barry Skin Tonic—so you can prove to yourself just how efficient . . . and delightful . . . the Du Barry Cleansing Treatment is. The handbook thoroughly describing this treatment . . . and every other treatment in the series . . . and containing a chart for the analysis of your own skin problems will accompany them. Just mail this coupon to us.

RICHARD HUDNUT
DEPT. HAR. No. 1 113 W. 18TH ST. NEW YORK

I accept your offer of a 10 days' supply of Du Barry "Two Essentials of Beauty". Enclosed is 10¢ to cover the cost of mailing.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



A new idea about *"going places"*

The BANTAM Car is for the first time offered to shrewd Americans

AT just the right time the American Austin breaks into the domestic scene. Families today are many individuals who want to go many different places . . . at once, please. Hence the logic and economy of the small transportation unit. The Austin Bantam claims its place in your menage as an auxiliary car, for the minor journeys, to supplement the service of the large family car.

It is an individual car—brisk, efficient—shot with spunk. Comes as near being expense-less as any car you ever heard talked about. It will run 40 miles on one gallon of gas . . . 1000 miles on a 2-quart filling of oil. When you've spent fifty-six dollars for gas and oil, you will have traveled 10,000 miles. The tires go on forever—well, almost—20,000 to 40,000 miles.

Wheel base? . . . twenty eight inches shorter than any standard American car. Width? Sixteen inches less than standard tread.

Behind its bantam stature the Austin has a long proud record that has startled sportsmen from Scotland to Singapore. Some of these records are printed here.

There's a need for one? . . . two? . . . three? of these brilliant little automobiles in every family of individuals that goes places and does things.

You can buy this car for less than a year's upkeep on your present large car.

Monthlery, France. 24 hour race at 64.75 miles per hour.

Melbourne, Australia. 250 miles. 54.8 miles per (imperial) gallon.

Brooklands Racing Drivers Club, England. 200 miles at 83.53 miles per hour.

Mulders Drift Hill Climb, South Africa. 1st—2nd—3rd.

Urquiola Hill Climb, Spain. Broke all records, won three cups.

Fahrt Durch Schlesien. First — second — gold and silver medals and cups.

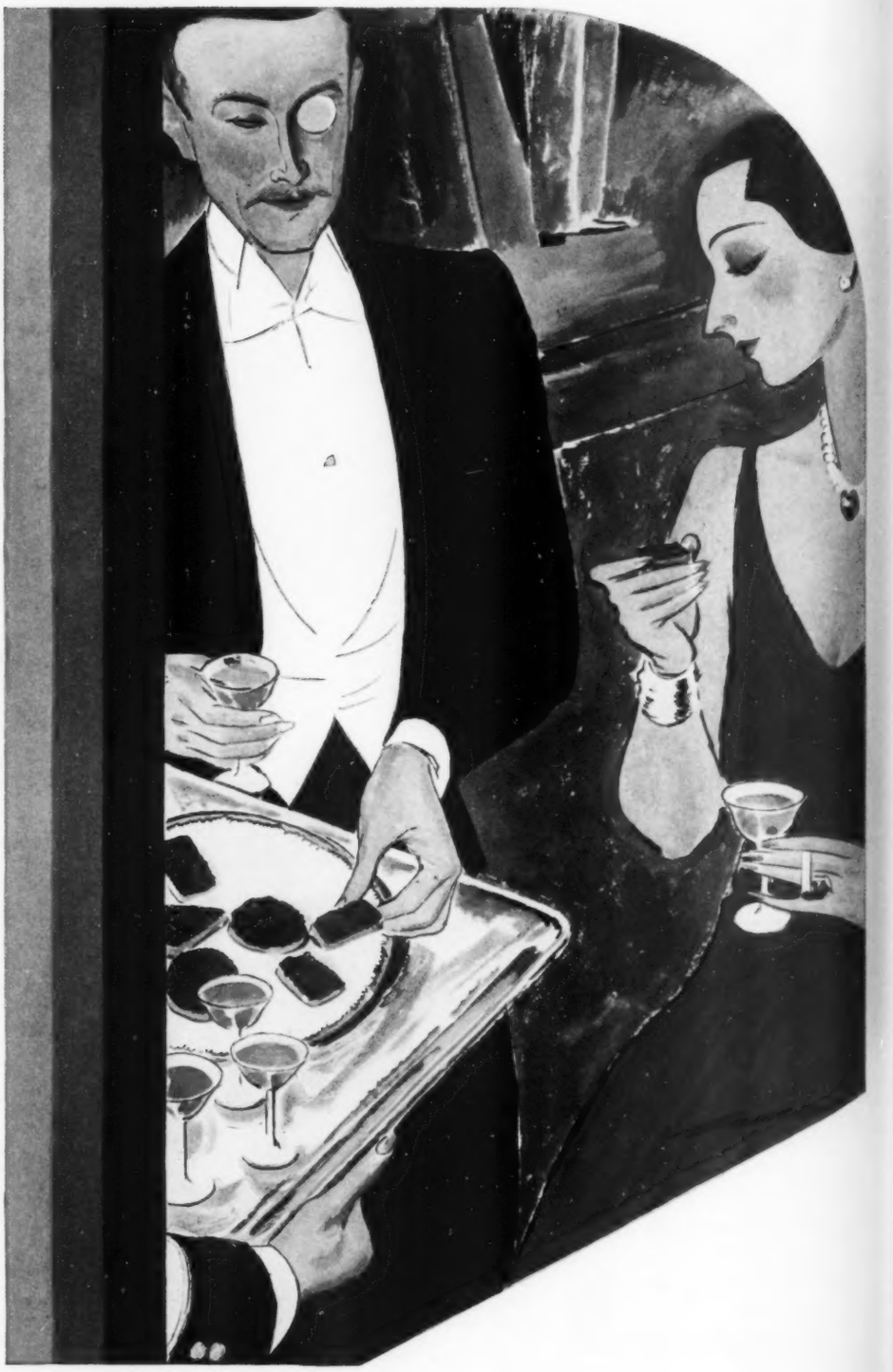
THE AMERICAN *Austin*

AMERICAN AUSTIN CAR COMPANY, INCORPORATED

7300 WOODWARD AVENUE, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

THEY CAME TO CAVIAR

...AND COOLER SMOKE



Wary sponsors, these people of sophisticated senses . . . trained in the acquiring of their enjoyments. Thus, they have acquired Spud and Spud's cooler smoke . . . realizing the enjoyment of cooler smoke comes not with the surprise of the first sensation . . . but through the continual happy-mouth comfort it affords in repetition. And so the mouths of these people are as groomed and poised as they themselves . . . keeping their discerning tobacco senses ever responsive to Spud's selected leaf and blend . . . a full tobacco flavor heightened by Spud's 16% cooler smoke. Thus, these pioneers in pleasure find their 1930 freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

MENTHOL-COOLED **SPUD** CIGARETTES

How lovely teeth are best protected

against destructive, germ-laden film

FREE... *a 10-day tube of Pepsodent to try*

Within a very few days you will see a change in teeth's appearance. You will find greater protection against decay and other troubles.

DECAY and pyorrhea threaten nine mouths out of ten. Germs cause decay. Germs and tartar cause pyorrhea. The best way to remove these germs is to remove the film that holds them. The scientific way to remove film is by Pepsodent—the special film-removing dentifrice.

That is why we ask permission to send you a generous supply at once. You will find it different from other ways of cleansing teeth.

80% of common dental ills now laid to germs

Certain germs are present in tooth decay. Other types in pyorrhea; other kinds in trench mouth. Authorities believe 8 dental troubles out of 10 are caused by bacterial infection.

Germs are covered and imprisoned by a dingy, clinging coating on the teeth and gums called film. There they breed in contact with the teeth and tissues.

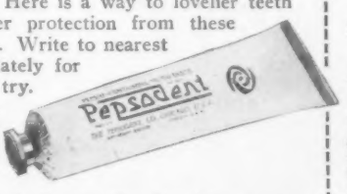
Germ-laden film fills every tiny crevice in enamel. It clings so tightly that you may brush until you harm the teeth and gums without dislodging it effectively. That is why all ordinary methods fail in combating film.

Remove film a different way

To reach and remove these germs, film must be combated. To remove film, dental authorities developed the different acting tooth paste, Pepsodent.

First, Pepsodent curdles film, then light brushing easily removes it... safely, gently. No pumice, harmful grit or crude abrasive, but a fine, creamy paste prescribed for soft teeth and tender gums.

You can tell that Pepsodent is different from all other ways the instant it touches your teeth. Can see the difference in results before your free tube is empty. Here is a way to lovelier teeth plus far greater protection from these serious diseases. Write to nearest address immediately for your supply to try.



Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year.

Pepsodent, the tooth paste featured in the Amos 'n' Andy Radio Program

America's Most Popular Radio Feature

AMOS 'n' ANDY

You will enjoy these inimitable blackface artists—the children will enjoy them, too. Tune in every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network.

7:00 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time
10:30 p. m. on stations operating on Central time
9:30 p. m., Mountain time—8:30 p. m., Pacific time

FREE 10-DAY TUBE

Mail coupon to

The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 243, 919 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,
191 George St., **Toronto** 2, Ont., Can.; 8 India St., **London**, E. C. 3, Eng.: (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., **Sydney**, N. S. W.

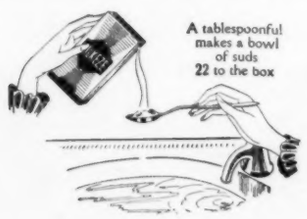
Only one tube to a family 2405

IT'S MARVELOUS

how soft and fleecy wool sweaters and sport things come out after washing with Silk-Eze. Removes motor grease and oil spots as well as ordinary soil . . . checks shrinking, *restores the natural oil in the wool.*

• Nothing like this p o w d e r e d olive oil soap for silk stockings and glove silk things—restores the protective oil in the silk. That is why all the best stores have Silk-Eze in the Hosiery Department.

• Try it next time you wash your *gants lavables*—chamois or suede. Even the gloves you drive with. Takes out gear grease, leaves them soft and clean, *restores the natural oil* in the skin.



• Keep a package handy in the bathroom cabinet for every day use.

You will find Silk-Eze in Hosiery Departments of such leading stores from coast to coast as:

Lord & Taylor
John Wanamaker
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Jordan Marsh Company
J. L. Hudson Company
Woodward & Lothrop
D. H. Holmes Co., Inc.
Young-Quinlan
Emery, Bird, Thayer
Stix, Baer & Fuller
Bullock's
O'Connor, Moffatt & Co.
Meier & Frank
Frederick & Nelson
etc.—or else★★

★★*Write*
SILK-EZE CORP., 441 D Street, Boston, Mass.
Gentlemen: It would be convenient for me if Silk-Eze were carried regularly at

..... (shop)

..... (address)

In the meantime would you be good enough to send me..... packages for which I enclose.....

HB 3.

Name.....

Street..... City.....

25¢ where you buy your hosiery

A ROYAL WEDDING

(*Continued from page 73*)

makes the whole world kin. There was also something of the fairytale about it all that appeals to everyone alike: the golden-haired bride, coming from a Northern country to wed the handsomest Prince of the most beautiful Southern land, and all the Kings and Queens and many other royalties and their numerous followers gathered round them for this week of festivities. Surely a wedding that lasts a whole week is in itself something of a fairy-tale!

The many carriages with scarlet liveries and beautiful bay horses paused a moment on the threshold of Rome where, under a triumphal arch built specially for the occasion, the Prince of Piombino, Governor of Rome, greeted the fair bride with a few well-chosen words and all the courtliness of Roman tradition. Then the carriages, bearing all the Royal party, flashed up the streets through the serried masses of troops, and the crowd surged towards the Quirinal Hill and shouted for a sight of the Princess who had just arrived. A few breathless moments while the shouts got louder and louder, and finally the window of the great balcony of the Royal Palace was thrown open and there came out, blessed by the sunshine, the fairy couple; both so tall and slim and straight, as princes should be; he in full uniform with many glittering decorations and she all in soft white furs, looking like the last snowflake of Belgium or the first almond blossom of Italy. And the Prince put his arm round his bride and they both smiled down on Rome, and the Romans all fell under the eternal spell of Youth and Beauty and Love, and letting out their deep-throated roar acclaimed the bridal pair again and again. That was the beginning of the wonderful week.

NEXT day, under the same blue skies and brilliant sunshine, Kings and Queens and Princes went shooting in the Royal park of Castelporziano and enjoyed the air and the grass and the pleasures of the chase like ordinary mortals. Then in the evening all was formality once more, for a great reception was given at the Royal Palace for the Corps Diplomatique, the members of the government, and all the notabilities.

On the following day, the seventh of January, came a very wonderful sight. Simply the whole of the beauty and poetry of Italy poured into Rome to pay homage to their Crown Prince and his bride. From every region of the land came peasants, all fair women and brave men, dressed in their national costumes and grouped according to their provinces, reviving the old tradition of bringing gifts to the bridal couple, each group following the customs of its own part of Italy. No other country in the world but Italy could have produced such a sight, with so great a variety of national dress.

Here was Sardinia, the island home of a strong mountain race, that had sent her loveliest girls in the wonderful costumes of her own people, full bell-shaped skirts sweeping the ground, embroidered aprons and quaint head-dresses, and then a dozen youths with their long black caps hanging over their left shoulders almost to their waists. And then followed one delight for the eyes after another; the peasants of Scanno, the women in scarlet petticoats and white draperies on their heads, bringing wedding gifts of great baskets of corn and bread and flowers; the villagers from the borders of Switzerland and Austria, so characteristically northern with their branches of fir trees and sledges, a striking contrast to the natives of the South with their darker eyes and skin. Sicily had sent, besides her peasants in their most beautiful dresses and almost oriental dignity, some of her brightly decorated carts laden with fruit and vegetables from the sun-blessed island.

The Foggia group, on passing before the Royal couple, performed an ancient wedding ceremony where the bride places her apron under the bridegroom's knee in sign of submission, while their friends surround them holding long ribbons to keep off evil influences. The lighter-hearted inhabitants of Sorrento danced their tarantella not only before the Royal Stand but practically all through Rome as well, acclaimed with enthusiasm by the crowd. "Napoli! Napoli!" shouted the spectators, and the Neapolitans laughed back and danced to the strains of their own orchestra of strangely named instruments, that create a rhythm as inspiring as any that emanates from a jazz band.

VENICE sent her lace-makers draped in their black fringed shawls; the little towns of the Alban hills, Albano, Frascati, Marino, Ariccia, their gaily painted wine carts, so familiar a sight on the Appian Way, each guarded by its shrilly barking *lupetto* dog; but the peasants were those who drew one's heart towards them, with their innate dignity and their simple gaiety. They passed along with sheaves of corn under their arms and scythes in their hands symbolizing fertility, people hailing from Campobasso, San Giovanni Rotondo, Monte Sant' Angelo, Alberobello and other localities of equally exquisite names.

Several of the groups had brought their ox-carts decorated with laurel and box and full of women and children and country produce. There were powerful men hailing from Orsogna who carried platforms on their shoulders on which children and women were grouped in religious tableaux. These are called *Talami* and take place at the Easter village fêtes, being the survival of the old medieval religious dramas.

The *Campagna Romana* sent its *butteri*, the rough riders of its vast plains, each mounted on a wild looking horse.

Siena sent her banner bearers of the *Palio* in their Renaissance clothes, who twirled their huge banners incessantly and flung them high up in the air catching them again, as they do in the streets of Siena during the great days of the *Palio*. And when the whole of Italy seemed to have filed past singing her old songs and dancing her ancient dances, presenting her traditional wedding gifts with their symbols of happiness and prosperity, the sun set in a red glory behind the dome of St. Peter's and the Crown Prince of Italy and his bride stood once more on the balcony of the Quirinal, and were deliriously acclaimed by the vast crowd.

Another great reception the same evening and then next morning, the morning of the wedding, the Royal Palace was humming like a hive of bees.

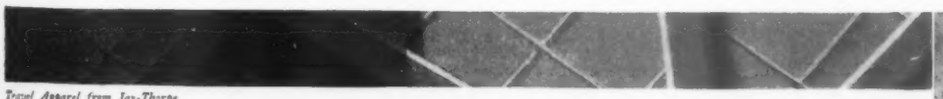
At an early hour motor after motor, bearing the guests, began rolling into the great courtyard, and at another door ladies-in-waiting, all easily distinguishable by the deep blue velvet trains they carried over their arms, were to be seen entering in little groups of twos and threes, followed by gentlemen-in-waiting in full uniform.

While those who had been honoured with invitations were finding their places in the various galleries and halls, the Court was assembling in an inner drawing-room. The Queen's ladies formed a large group, all wearing on their heads long lace veils and tiaras as well as the classic lace lappets called *barbes*, about which there has been so much talk since the order was given to revive the old custom of wearing them on State occasions. They are articles impossible to find in any lace shops nowadays, so all the cupboards of the old palazzi in Rome had been ransacked until the *barbes* belonging to long-ago princesses and duchesses were brought to light, and now grace the coiffures of their granddaughters and great-granddaughters in Court festivities.

ONE by one the Royalties arrived, each escorted by their suite, and took up their places in a yet inner room to await the arrival of the King and Queen of Italy. The Royal ladies had their trains carried by gentlemen-in-waiting, and it was not mere etiquette but real necessity that demanded this, for the weight of the gold and silver embroideries was such that it would have been physically impossible for them to drag such a load unaided.

(*Concluded on page 148*)

You can't help but notice
how much softer and lighter Kotex is



Travel Apparel from Jay-Thorpe

Here is a sanitary pad that really fits . . . really protects. And women have the added assurance of knowing that 85% of America's leading hospitals choose the very same absorbent.

TODAY, with smartness a guide to every costume detail, women appreciate Kotex more than ever. For this sanitary pad is designed to fit securely, designed to protect adequately, without being in the least bulky. And it is soft . . . even after hours of wear!

Used in great hospitals

If you were to think of the one source of authority on sanitary protection, what would it be? The medical world certainly. Then you'll be glad to know that 85% of the country's leading hospitals not only approve of, but actually use Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding today!

Please remember that Cellucotton is *not* cotton–it is a cellulose product which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same function as the softest cotton, but with 5 times the absorbency.

It replaces thousands of pounds of surgical cotton. Last year hospitals used 2½ million pounds, the equivalent of 80,000,000 sanitary pads!

Kotex is so soft and comfortable because it is made up of layer upon layer of this unusual absorbent–Cellucotton. Each layer is a quick, complete absorbent in itself. And you can divide it, using only what needs demand.

The way the corners are rounded and tapered makes for further comfort. It explains, too, why Kotex leaves no revealing outline, ever. Kotex deodorizes . . . gives that final measure of daintiness no smart woman dares overlook. Buy a box. Try it. After all, how else can you tell?

Kotex Company, Chicago, Illinois.

SAFE . . . SECURE

1 Keeps your mind at ease.

2 ***Kotex is soft*** . . . Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.

3 ***The Kotex filler*** is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.

4 ***Deodorizes,*** safely, thoroughly, by a special process.

Regular Kotex–45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size–65c for 12
or singly in vending cabinets, through
West Disinfecting Co.

Ask for the New KOTEX BELT and the KOTEX SANITARY APRON at your drug store or department store.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

Pinehurst hats

RENEE—*A new Pinehurst in all head sizes.*

fit like a glove

The reason why Pinehurst Hats add so much smartness to the modern ensemble, lies in their perfect fit. Surely, it is needless to run the risk of a "near fit" when Pinehurst Hats are available in 13 headsizes—6½ to 8.

Smartly fashioned in the newest straws and fine Swansdown felt.

SEVEN-FIFTY TO FIFTEEN DOLLARS

Pinehurst Hats are featured by leading stores in most of the principal cities

J. BLOOMFIELD CO., Inc., NEW YORK
101 West 37th Street

thirteen headsizes

A ROYAL WEDDING

(*Concluded from page 146*)

When all the Royal guests had arrived and had assembled in the farthest drawing-room, the Sovereigns of Italy arrived. The Queen wore cloth of gold with the magnificent diamonds of the Crown, and her train was carried by Don Piero Colonna, and during the little interval that preceded the arrival of the bride and her Royal parents, the King stood talking to the Prime Minister, Signor Mussolini, while the Queen talked with her son, the Prince of Piedmont.

Then the King and Queen of the Belgians arrived, the Queen wearing a blue and silver lamé dress and a deeper blue velvet train embroidered in silver, with a tiara of emeralds and diamonds.

When finally the bride entered the room and curtsied to her Queenly mother-in-law, even court etiquette could not prevent a murmur of admiration rising from all sides, for no fairy princess had ever gone to her wedding with Prince Charming in more exquisite attire. Her tall slim figure was tightly swathed in a white satin sheath, very long and perfectly simple, leaving arms and neck bare. Her veil of priceless Brussels lace fell over her shoulders and was kept in place by an immense halo-like crown of diamonds. Her court train, eight yards long, was of the purest white satin woven on the shores of the Lake of Como and bordered by a three-foot band of ermine.

The cortège was quickly formed, the King of the Belgians leading the bride and the Prince of Piedmont giving his arm to his mother the Queen of Italy, while the King of Italy escorted the Queen of the Belgians. One couple after the other followed in their wake with the beautiful trains spread out in all their glory. Then it was the turn of the suites to pair off two by two, the blue trains of the Queen's ladies following in regular couples. The procession passed through the drawing-rooms of the Royal Palace all filled with bowing guests, until it reached the great hall known as the *Sala dei Corazzieri*, and from there entered the chapel. From the point of view of one in the procession the *Sala dei Corazzieri* presented a very fine sight, as the guests were placed on stands of many rows, and all the women wore lace veils and beautiful jewels.

And then we entered the chapel and took our allotted places, and the beauty of the old ceiling and the priceless tapestries that hung on the walls made everything else fade away for a few moments, till the trumpets sounded the Royal March and brought me back to what was happening. And it was worth noticing, for it is not every day that one sees a cardinal uniting in matrimony the son and daughter of two reigning sovereigns. The bridal pair knelt before the altar while the choir sang an old Sardinian hymn and the ceremony began. When the Princess was asked whether she took Prince Humbert of Savoy as her husband she observed the old etiquette of turning first to her father, the King of Belgium, to have his consent before answering, and the Prince performed the same formality with the King of Italy. Round the altar, besides the Royal parents, were the witnesses, for at Italian marriages the bride and bridegroom each have two witnesses. Those for the Princess were her brother, the Duke of Brabant, and the Count of Flanders, and those of the Prince his cousins, the Duke of Aosta, and the Count of Turin. Nearby stood His Excellency Mussolini and, as a perfect background to the scene, the massed flags of the Prince's own regiment and the regiments now stationed in Rome.

WHEN the wedding ceremony and Cardinal Maffi's speech were over the trumpets sounded the Royal March once more and the cortège reformed itself, but this time with the Prince leading his bride, both calmly radiant and as handsome a couple as can be seen in any country at any time.

On reaching the private drawing-rooms the Prince and Princess of Piedmont left immediately for the Vatican to be received by His Holiness the Pope, a historical event due to the recent conciliation between the Italian State and the Church. The Holy Father affectionately blessed the young couple and presented them with a valuable tapestry and a pearl rosary, and it was only on their return to the Quirinal that the great luncheon party of all the Royalties took place.

The Prince and Princess were now man and wife and yet the wedding festivities rolled on without interruption.

The day of days ended with a dance at Villa Savoia, the country house on the outskirts of Rome that the King and Queen prefer to the more formal residence of the Royal Palace. Only very young people were invited, all intimate friends of the Prince and his sisters, Principessa Giovanna and Principessa Maria of Savoy, and it was more in the character of a family party ending fairly early, for next morning the great review of the troops was to take place at Parioli. This was a magnificent sight: twenty-two thousand troops marching past the King in perfect order.

ON THE last day of all, the weather became less kind and a little rain fell, but not enough to discourage the crowds or spoil the beautiful decorations in the streets. The Prince and Princess still had a busy day, receiving deputations and addresses, and the Gala performance offered by the Governor of Rome at the Royal Opera House finally closed the week-long series of wedding festivities.

The performance consisted of *Don Pasquale*, by Donizetti, followed by a charming ballet called "Casanova in Venice," by Pick Mangiagalli, perfectly executed and with delightful scenery.

At the end of the first act the Sovereigns arrived in the great box facing the stage, heralded by the *Marcia Reale* and the Brabançonne played by the orchestra, and were received with utmost enthusiasm, the whole house rising to its feet, cheering and clapping again and again. The two Queens, of Italy and of Belgium, occupied the centre of the box, the former all in mauve and the latter in pale yellow, and the two Kings, in full uniform, placed themselves on either side of them. The Crown Prince and Princess sat at the back, but when the Sovereigns retired after witnessing one act, and the audience continued to acclaim them deliriously, they stepped together to the front of the box and smiled down on all. And this is the picture that will remain for ever in the memory of those who saw them:

A tall dark Prince, in full uniform and many sparkling orders on his breast; a tall fair Princess in pale cloth of gold, a diamond crown on her head and a large apricot coloured feather fan held in her hand. Above, below, around—statesmen, diplomatists, court dignitaries, all the aristocracy of Rome, clapping and cheering as though they would never cease. And the orchestra played once more the Royal marches of both countries, and ended with the Fascist hymn, whose opening words seemed to have a special significance on this occasion:

"Giovinezza! Giovinezza!
Primavera di bellezza!"
"Youth! Youth! Springtime of beauty."

It is thus that we will always remember them.

Now the pomp and splendour have ceased, diamond crowns, orders and decorations have been laid aside, processions and receptions are over. Far away from Rome, under the fragrant pine trees of San Rossore, within sight and sound of the Tyrrhenean Sea, the Crown Prince and Princess are wandering, alone and happy, and all the good wishes and blessings of Italy are with them.

Giovinezza! Giovinezza!
Primavera di bellezza . . .

Home, safe home

We are apt to think of scientific laboratories when prevention of disease is mentioned. Conquerors of far-flung plagues spring into our mind's eye . . . great hospitals . . . clinics . . . the glorious drama of medicine.

Yet, one of the greatest reasons why life is healthier and safer today is our enlightened, intelligent homes. Here the campaign against disease never stops . . . here the discoveries of medicine are eagerly accepted . . . and here are carried out *daily* the thousand-and-one little things that make us a people resistant to disease, whose homes are the most healthful of any period in history.

E. R. Squibb & Sons have co-operated with four generations of parents in the practice of prevention at home. While serving scientific medicine through the development of vaccines, sera and preparations of the utmost purity, the House of Squibb has also served the home by preparing products for the medicine cabinet that meet the same high standards.

Squibb Products contain in generous measure the Priceless Ingredient, the Honor and Integrity of the Maker. Keep them in your medicine cabinet . . . and when emergencies arise, and to meet the common needs of every-day life, you can turn to them with full assurance that they are the finest and purest that can be made.

Squibb's Home Necessities

SQUIBB'S COD-LIVER OIL—a pure, refined product, exceptionally rich in Vitamins A and D.

SQUIBB'S VITAVOSE—a milk modifier, exceptionally rich in Vitamin B and assimilable iron salts, delicious in taste.

SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA—universally known as a safe, effective antacid and gentle laxative—free from any suggestion of earthy taste.

SQUIBB'S CASTOR OIL—Special Squibb processes of refining and manufacture make it tasteless, and it stays that way.

SQUIBB'S LIQUID PETROLATUM—a safe, internal lubricant . . . odorless, tasteless—non-habit-forming, non-fattening.

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM—made with over 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—neutralizes acids, protects as it cleans. Guards The Danger Line.

SQUIBB'S NURSERY POWDER—an unusually fine, impalpable powder, prepared from the best Italian talc. Pure and non-irritating. Fragrant and soothing.

SQUIBB'S TOILET LANOLIN—delicately perfumed. Lanolin is recognized as the nearest equivalent of the skin's own pliant lubricants—unexcelled for chapped skin.

SQUIBB'S OLIVE OIL—a pure, rich oil pressed from the finest quality hand-picked olives. You will prefer its crystal-clear body and its delightful flavor.

SQUIBB'S BORIC ACID POWDER—excellent as a dusting powder—exceptionally pure.

SQUIBB'S BICARBONATE OF SODA—refined to an unusual degree of purity, hence more palatable and efficacious.

SQUIBB'S EPSOM SALT—entirely free from impurities and therefore free of the usual bitter taste of ordinary epsom salt. Easy to take.

SQUIBB'S SHAVING CREAM—a double-action cream that restores the protective, natural oils of the skin. The result of many experiments by the Squibb Laboratories.

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IN FRANCE
IN ENGLAND
IN ALL AMERICA

they are revolutionizing skin care . . . these clear, simple answers to the new needs of Today!

HERE, SIMPLIFIED FOR PRACTICAL DAILY USE AT LAST, ARE THE THREE AIDS WHICH BEAUTY NEEDS TODAY—CLEANSING CREAM, TISSUE-OIL, ASTRINGENT—COMBINED IN ONE SWIFT TREATMENT, IN ONE SATINY CREAM!

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this shadowless luminator lights distinguished homes

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A single Luminator gives shadowless light in every corner of a room as large as twenty by thirty feet in size

● Entirely different from ordinary floor and table lamps is Luminator. It throws its rays against the ceiling, which softly reflects them to every corner of the room and causes it to glow with shadowless light. A single Luminator, under test, provided light sufficient for six tables of bridge, every player being able to read his hand with ease. Luminator prevents eye strain by making it unnecessary to read, write or play cards under glaring direct rays. One doesn't have to move it about like a bridge lamp, as it diffuses ample light to every part of rooms up to twenty by thirty feet in size.

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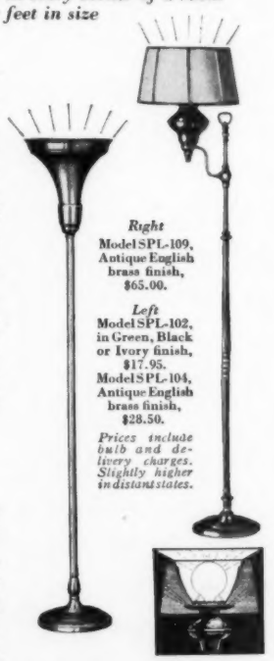

Right
Model SPL-109, Antique English brass finish, $65.00.

Left
Model SPL-102, in Green, Black or Ivory finish, $17.95.
Model SPL-104, Antique English brass finish, $28.50.

Prices include bulb and delivery charges. Slightly higher in distant states.

Sectional diagram of Model SPL-109, which in addition to throwing light upward throws enough sideways to gently illuminate the shade.

Interior Decorators are invited to write for representation in unoccupied territories

LUMINATOR

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BEAUTIFIES — ELIMINATES EYE STRAIN

MODERN DECORATION

(Concluded from page 110)

historic, casually historic, or pleasantly contemporary? Realizing that this is one of America's vital family questions, our solution has been to call upon the fashionable decorators of New York to answer it for us. To each of them we have said: "If you please, sir or madam, decorate this room as if it were for a most exacting client, one with taste, background, and knowledge. Do your best, your very best: *but, in your own particular manner.*"

The finished result in each case, and this result consists of a complete equipment of the room down to the least detail, it is planned to photograph and describe successively in these pages. In other words, the next several issues will contain a serial story of interior decoration, Harper's Bazaar's variations upon the theme.

Harper's Bazaar holds no brief for any special school. We have started the series with a décor arranged by Mr. Howland Spencer of the Park Avenue Galleries of New York City, leading exponents in America of the ultra-modernists working under French influence. Mr. Spencer has incorporated a number of pieces from the leading houses of Paris in his decorative scheme, as well as examples of his own designing.

The cooperation of members of The Sterling Silversmiths Guild of America and of The Irish and Scottish Linen Damask Guild was secured in the setting of the dining-table for luncheon and dinner.

There are new patterns in linen and in silverware, in table china and in glassware designed to fit, in profile and colour, into the whole modern decorative sense. On the table, as arranged for luncheon, has been used a very modern compote in the Ritz pattern from the Towle silversmiths, together with silver peppers and salts from the Wallace Company in the rhythm pattern, and an absolutely new design in flatware, the orchid pattern of the International Silver Company. With this go the Sakier designs in black and white glassware produced by Fostoria and cream and gold Black Knight china.

Another more formal type of Fostoria glass is used on the dinner table, a blue bowl on a crystal stem. The Black Knight plates are stunningly black and gold, in an all-over pattern. This dinner setting uses Irish linen damask in a very new gray and white pattern from Coulson. The skyscraper candlesticks, modelled upon the skeleton outline so familiar in New York during the erection of a modern building, are from Reed and Barton. The flat silver in this decoration is the old colony pattern from Black Starr and Frost-Gorham, a pattern which, while it is our oldest silver profile, is yet by its definite simplicity of outline eminently fitted for the most ultra-modern scheme.

A special word of acknowledgment is due the organizations who have cooperated and contributed towards the background. The room is panelled in Arkansas soft pine, which is marketed through the Arkansas Soft Pine Bureau of Little Rock, Arkansas.

The architectural principle upon which the Harper's Bazaar Galleries were modelled consists of a series of shallow panels with super-imposed planes of moulding separated by plain fluted pilasters with neither base nor capital. The corners of the room are coved, as are the sides of a projecting fireplace. There is a rigid simplicity about the whole background. The designs were drawn by Mr. Wallace Heath, a young architect of New York. The walls are painted a colour just off-white, which is relieved by gold mirror glass in seven upright narrow panels around the room and by an octagonal overmantel of the same material. In the ceiling are three very shallow coves, treated similarly to the panels, stepped down with four shallow reveals and painted a pervenche blue.

The floor covering is linoleum contributed by Congoleum-Nairn Incorporated and custom-laid according to Mr. Heath's design. It is in black with a border of narrow blue stripings and with inset blue stars which show clearly in the photographs. It is kept highly waxed.

The window treatment, it may be seen, consists only of Venetian blinds in dull dead white, which were installed in the room by the Western Venetian Blind Company of New York City, and of gold rayon satin draperies furnished by the Du Pont Rayon Company. The formula of omitting any window shades or window curtains and of having highly formalized draperies, rather on the stiff side, is a new one about which there is still great diversity of opinion. In a room of this type it has been the general consensus that they are successful.

Any Harper's Bazaar readers who are interested in this experiment in interior decoration are cordially invited to see our display room, which is on the tenth floor of our editorial headquarters at 572 Madison Avenue, New York.

BRENNIL SCHELL

The skyscraper base of the dining-table from the Park Avenue Galleries, with an unusual lounge chair with modern tapestry covering from Valentine-Seaver.

Enjoy the fellowship of fine furniture

ONE cannot associate daily with furniture of sincere quality and exquisite artistry without gaining a deep satisfaction completely aside from physical comfort or decorative charm. It is really a *fellowship* that only those who love and live with things of fine quality can appreciate. ¶ The Valentine-Seaver pieces portrayed here are of this type. The Valuxsea down-cushioned sofa faithfully depicts 18th Century English design. May be used with either Colonial or Early American groupings. It is tailored in a rich mulberry and gold damask. The barrel wing chair is strictly Early American finished in beautiful damask with the patented Valuxsea down cushioning. Tables by The Furniture Shops, Grand Rapids. ¶ A trip to your nearest Valentine-Seaver display will not only prove artistically enjoyable, but you will be surprised to find our prices so moderate. Should you not quickly locate our dealer, please write us. His name and address and a copy of our book "Modern Furniture for the Living Room," will be forwarded immediately.

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THE ROAD CALLED YOU

(Continued from page 89)

However, to the younger man the important, paramount issue was that Rawson stood to lose Marianna . . .

Cordier had known Marianna long before the days of Rawson. She had fascinated him then, not only because she was beautiful, but because she was puzzling, different from any other girl in their set. Even then her repose had been remarkable, and her indifference would have repelled a youngster had not some subtle quality in her appealed to the sympathy and imagination. Her parents were divorced, and Mrs. Wickes had badgered Harry Wickes in the courts for years until he escaped by getting killed in a hunting accident. There hadn't been much money, anyway, but Marianna had married Ellery Boyd at eighteen. El Boyd had plenty of money, and his position was top notch. The only thing the matter with him was that he was a skunk.

ONE never heard Marianna make any complaints, never knew whether she suffered or even cared. Mrs. Wickes, who was like a slim bottle of vitriol encased delicately in silk and lace, made her home with her daughter. Then, coming from a trip abroad, Cordier had learned that the El Boyd epoch was over and that Marianna was going to marry Drew Rawson—had got her divorce, it was said, expressly in order to marry this fabulous millionaire.

Cordier went abroad again, a prolonged sojourn, and when he returned Marianna had been Rawson's wife nearly two years. Rawson had acquired the magnificent estate which he made one of the show places of Long Island. There—here—they lived magnificently. Marianna's mother, of course, lived with them. But it hadn't taken Cordier long to discover that Marianna's second matrimonial venture had not turned out well.

The past few months had been painful for him, for he had fallen in love with Marianna. He was in the plight of a man in love with a married woman, whose husband didn't seem to care, who herself seemed unconstrained by her marriage, yet who revealed nothing. She had never said she was unhappy. He was, actually, no closer to her now than at the beginning of their renewed intimacy. What her feeling for him was he could only guess. She liked him, his society, frankly. Rawson was away from home more than half the time, and, anyhow, let her go her own way.

Never had Cordier observed such punctilious politeness between husband and wife, but they hated each other! Of this, while he restlessly bided and brooded, young Cordier was sure. But why, then, had Rawson gone to such pains and expense to get her? If merely as a superlative decoration, a man yet has his inalienable instincts and pride—Rawson certainly had pride! As for Marianna, she had been justified in leaving El Boyd, but why from the frying-pan to the fire? Why suffer herself to be revoltingly bought? She, too, had pride! True, she had secured a surpassingly soft berth—there were times, as Cordier's hatred of Rawson grew and burned, when he hated Marianna!

And not until three days ago had he dared ask her questions. In the matters that counted he might as well have been a stranger. But that day he felt that the settlement of their issue had begun; he had stopped in on his way home, and it was when they made tonight's date that the drive of his secret torment made him ask: "Will Rawson care?"

"Care? Oh, I don't suppose so." She didn't even shrug. "Why should he?"

"I don't suppose he should—not if you don't care whether he cares."

Her eyes simply remained on him, with a sort of soft fixity but too expressionless even for reproof, and he blurted out suddenly, "Marianna, are you happy?"

"Happy?" She repeated the word vaguely.

"Don't you even care that much?" he flung out in exasperation. "Don't you even *want* to be happy?"

She gave a little laugh then, soft, and perhaps amused. "Oh, yes," she said. Then, while Cordier held his breath, she added, "I suppose that's something nobody ever gets over." But her tone was too indifferent even to sound cynical.

"Why try to get over it?" Cordier demanded challengingly. "Why do you make yourself so hard? You're *not* hard, but you encase yourself in a kind of armour! Even against your friends!"

"Armour?" She repeated it as if uninterested in that word, too. Then she laughed again. "Well, isn't that a good thing? Armour's supposed to keep people from getting hurt, isn't it?"

Again Cordier held his breath. He longed to mention her husband, to fling out a hundred questions; but while he hesitated Marianna spoke again, listlessly, perhaps slightly amused.

"Yes, I used to dream of happiness. I suppose most people do, when they're young and foolish and have some special, silly ideal of happiness to dream about. They think they can make life into something different, to their order; rather, that something fantastically lovely is going to pop up around the next corner!"

"What was your ideal of happiness?" he demanded.

She laughed again. "I've forgotten. One grows older—that's good, too. I wonder if it isn't what we're put here to learn—not to expect what doesn't exist nor demand the impossible. To live the days as they come . . . as other people live them . . . and be content. If things get messed up, not to care . . ."

Her voice had lowered almost imperceptibly, ebbed away, losing itself in the soft, perfumed warmth of the air. They were sitting out on the terrace then, with its view of Rawson's gardens, shrubberies, landscaped lakes and noble trees; scents, sheen, colour, pale coolness of marble and darker coolness of green—sweeping down to the further sweep of the Sound which Rawson could use to complete his vista yet could not entirely buy.

"Marianna! Why did you marry Rawson?" he demanded with a sudden bold fierceness. "Money can't buy happiness. You should have learned that! Why did you marry him?"

She turned her head to smile at him, a queer, twisted smile. "I should rebuke you, Olly; and of course I shall. But I can't blame you for—"

HER voice fell abruptly as a shadow fell from behind across the flags of the terrace. In his rubber-heeled shoes Rawson had come up noiselessly.

"Am I intruding?" His voice, clipping the air evenly, told nothing. It might or might not veil a sneer. He was bareheaded, and the wind tumbled his black hair into curls, an effect incongruously boyish, for the grim repression of Rawson's face made it older than his years. He seemed to smile at them as he stood there taking them in, but his mouth was compressed and hard.

Marianna, looking back up at him, was immediately composed. "When did you come?" she asked. "I had been wondering when to expect you."

"I hope my arrival gives you no inconvenience." It might have been a pleasantry, it might have been a taunt, it might have been ill-natured, except that it was none of these things, merely nothing.

"Oh, no," replied Marianna, "not at all. But I had rather thought I might have some word from you."

"I've been busy," Rawson vouchsafed shortly. It was the nearest mention of the hovering scandal that Cordier heard pass from them, or between them.

For a moment the millionaire stood looking out over his domain, as if taking in the richly brilliant picture; then, so abruptly that the young man jumped, he turned to his wife's visitor.

"Don't you work?"

"What?" Cordier gasped; that first startled second he thought he had heard incorrectly.

"No matter. You're around here a good deal. I merely wondered that you

(Continued on page 156)

mrs laurance armour

the bedrooms of her new chicago home are equipped with luxurious beautyrest mattresses . . . . . .

•Walls covered with the same gay chintz that makes the draperies — deep, soft chairs also chintz-covered, a cozy fireplace, and the most gloriously restful-looking beds to sink into!

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Serve Kaffee Hag Coffee at evening parties. Wonderful, rich coffee that every one can enjoy without hesitation.

No DRINK has ever pleased Americans like good coffee. Yet, thousands of people who *love* coffee do not drink it because they fear it will keep them awake.

Now, all can enjoy it. . . . Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee is a delicious blend of the world's finest coffees—*with the caffeine removed.* And so skilfully is this done that not one bit of the wonderful coffee flavor and aroma is lost! How much better than cheerless substitutes!

You can enjoy Kaffee Hag Coffee at midnight. It will never affect your nerves or keep you awake.

Kaffee Hag Coffee is the original caffeine-free coffee. And now, after years of continuous experiment, the blend has been wonderfully improved. There is no finer coffee on the market. A new method of packing brings every pound fresh and mellow to your kitchen. The coffee is *sealed* in vacuum tins when it leaves the roasters.

Will you try it? . . . Isn't there some one in your home who loves coffee but fears to drink it at night? Give him Kaffee Hag Coffee. Two cups, three—as many as he wants. Make it just as you make any other coffee. How pleased he'll be. And how restfully he'll sleep. Ask for Kaffee Hag Coffee at your dealer's.

Or let us send you a sample. . . . For 10c, to cover postage and handling, we will send you a 10-cup sample of this delicious caffeine-free coffee. Test it at *night.* See for yourself what satisfying, luscious coffee it is—and how well you'll sleep.

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Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag Coffee to make ten good cups. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin). (*Offer good in U. S. A. only.*)

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Kellogg's KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

Not a substitute—but REAL COFFEE *that lets you sleep*

THE ROAD CALLED YOU

(*Continued from page 154*)

have so much time," he answered.

"Drew!" It was Marianna's voice, amazed—actually angered.

Rawson's dark eyes flickered across her dark eyes, but he didn't answer her.

"I must ask you to be careful," he said, levelly, to Cordier. "This lady—Mrs. Rawson—" his head jerked in indication; his face remained cold and set, but a spasm seemed to cross it—"is still my wife."

Then he turned and unhurriedly, deliberately, walked away.

Marianna had frozen up instantly. She had sent Cordier away, and he hadn't been able to see her since, but for a moment he had seen naked torture in her eyes.

And of course he hadn't seen Rawson since. He had loathed coming tonight, but Marianna had asked him. Rawson was treating him civilly enough—in fact with stressed civility.

Later Cordier could never have recounted the talk at table. He vaguely remembered Mrs. Wickes' describing a specially built car she had just ordered—it would appear Rawson was lavishly generous with his mother-in-law. Rawson asked her some questions about the car, and she never failed to answer his least remark. The careful, neutral courtesy between these two never broke; Cordier hadn't yet made out whether they were foes or confederates, only that they were not friends.

THE dinner was perfect, perfectly served. The long, polished dark table was overlaid with Venetian lace, and pale candles gleamed up out of burnished silver candlesticks, and pale roses lifted their glamorous heads from slender burnished vases. The scent of the roses heavily spiced the heavy air. It seemed to Cordier he could have sliced the air with his silver knife. Rawson sat there, with a composure too impressive to be stolid, at the head of his table. Marianna sat in her place at the other end. She had never looked more lovely. Her black hair, simply parted, framed her face as with a silken black frame. Marianna was always pale, the soft satiny pallor of the magnolia blossom. Occasionally, if a smile seemed called for, she smiled her slow, careless smile. In her misty gown she was a creature of exquisite soft loveliness. From time to time Rawson glanced at her, briefly. Perhaps he was admiring her, congratulating himself upon the beauty of this crowning possession he had bought himself; perhaps silently measuring the odds of his losing her—no one could tell. And once or twice Cordier noticed her eyes lift and meet her husband's—her veiled dark glance and his hard inscrutable glance; very brief, no spoken word, but you felt the crash of the impact!

Dessert had been served, when the butler came and spoke a low word to his master. Rawson glanced up sharply, and for a moment seemed to be thinking. Again his glance travelled to Marianna and then, oddly enough, lingered on Cordier, the guest. Then he bade the servant brusquely: "Tell him to wait."

And then to his wife he said, quite casually, "It's Atwood."

Cordier felt a ripple go through the air. Atwood was Rawson's personal lawyer. No one made any comment, but Mrs. Wickes, off guard for a moment, stared at him inquisitively, apprehensively, and Marianna flickered him a glance before her eyes dropped to her plate. The slightest trace of colour had risen in her cheeks. The guest was watching Marianna, and when his eyes returned to Rawson the host, with deliberate, methodical unconcern, was eating his dessert, an elaborate frozen confection moulded in the form of a lily.

Rawson suggested that coffee be served on the terrace. "It will be cooler out there," he said, "and Atwood can join us."

"But—" began Marianna. She hesitated, and again showed a flush. "Didn't he come on business? Perhaps he won't want to wait."

"I'll not make him wait," replied her husband. His lips smiled slightly as he spoke, and it was Marianna who moved her eyes as she gave a faint shrug.

IT wasn't much cooler on the terrace; a spasmodic breeze came up from the Sound, but unrefreshing, in fitful gusts, as if the very air were gasping for breath. The day had gone and the night not yet arrived, leaving an interval sullenly gorgeous but indescribably beautiful. The western sky was brocaded in a brooding pattern of clouds and sombre colours, dull blues and mauves streaked with tarnished gold. The water of the Sound, now scarcely distinguishable, was a dark and troubled expanse pricked by the lights from craft and shore. The blurred, quivering lights seemed uneasy ghosts of light, lost out there in the dusk and heat, vainly trying to find and pierce their illuminating way. Up from the dim nearer shore rolled and swept the grounds of Rawson's estate, never more impressive than in this uneasy gloom; dark silhouettes of trees and shrubbery, finally lost in the darker mystery of woods, the dimly gleaming pallor of marble balustrades, the dully shimmering suggestion of a lake, the shrouded contour of sculptured landscape gardens. Scents rose from the gardens to hang suspended in the air; a heavy confusion of damp sweet odours, pressed together, not floating through the air but simply crowding into it with jumbled but piercing trails of sweetness.

The group, now augmented by Atwood, were seated upon the terrace. The talk had been desultory and casual while coffee was being served. Rawson sat gazing out over that blurred panorama, which he owned, before he turned abruptly to his lawyer.

"Well, what's the bad word, Charlie? Might as well get it off your chest." He said it conversationally, almost pleasantly.

The lawyer looked surprised; he'd have looked startled if his face had not long ago lost the trick of looking startled. Atwood was a small man, fastidiously groomed, dapper; but otherwise rather insignificant-looking, with agreeably nondescript features and a smoothly quiet manner which cloaked abilities which were neither nondescript nor insignificant. He was one of the most distinguished legal luminaries of his day; not "crooked," of course, but as clever and shrewd as they make them.

"Why—" he replied, after a scarcely perceptible hesitation, "sha'n't we wait? We can go to your study. I came to discuss some—business."

"I imagined that," said Rawson dryly. "But we might as well talk out here. It's not too damned cool, but it's cooler than in the house."

The lawyer stared at him, then glanced towards the others, and Marianna spoke:

"Well, if you wish to talk business—"

She started to rise, but her husband's gesture halted her; it was as though his hand, but slightly lifted, pushed her back into her chair. "No," he said. "Don't go—I'd rather you stayed. It will be an uncomfortable topic for you, but it's something you have an interest in; you'll probably become interested before we're through."

His tone, unraised, unemotional, cold yet extremely polite, was exactly the tone Cordier had heard him employ towards his wife dozens of times.

THE lights filtering through the windows did not touch Marianna, and her face was an indistinct pallid blur. "Very well," she agreed. "Mother, will you take Oliver somewhere and amuse him for a few minutes? Excuse me, Olly," to Cordier; "I'll not keep you waiting long."

Mrs. Wickes made an indecisive stir, evidently reluctant, and Cordier rose quickly. But Rawson again made that slight, imperative gesture. "I prefer them both to stay. Your mother may go if she chooses, but as for Mr. Cordier," turning his head with slow deliberation

(*Continued on page 158*)

"Slenderizing frocks from Paris. . . . And from England . . . delicious, slenderizing Crispbread"

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It is imported direct from the famous bakeries of Peek Frean & Co., Ltd., and does not stale as do ordinary crackers or bread. You will find it wherever fine

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There is a very tangible delight in the appointments of the dining table — in snowy napery, tasteful china, exquisite candelabra. And the smart hostess brings the same good taste that dictates these appointments, to the selection of the *condiments* that go with the delicate foods she serves.

Sweet little gherkins, so spicy, crisp, and tender; or tasty bits of cauliflower in a tangy mustard sauce. Plump queen olives, luscious with the happy flavors of Spanish sunshine. Delightful dainties — so appetizing that they give new piquancy to any food . . . zest to any occasions where foods are served!

And so on smart tables you will find these and other Heinz condiments . . . because their delightful flavor and goodness have made them indispensable to hostesses . . . because their quality is in keeping with the appointments of her table. • • *H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.*

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SOME OF THE 57 VARIETIES 57

Heinz Queen Olives • Heinz Mayonnaise Salad Dressing
Heinz Sandwich Relish • Heinz Sweet Mustard Pickles • Heinz Sweet Pickles

THE ROAD CALLED YOU

(*Continued from page 156*)

towards the guest, "I particularly request his presence."

As Cordier, breathing rather fast, sank back into his seat the lawyer expostulated: "Excuse me, Rawson, but since this is to be a discussion of an important and personal nature I'm sure that Mr. Cordier, particularly, will understand—"

"I particularly wish Mr. Cordier's presence," Rawson repeated bluntly. He spoke a word to his wife, "You invited your friend here tonight," then turned his head again towards the guest; this time a jerk.

"You may as well get this from the inside," he said. "It'll affect you rather pertinently, I think."

Cordier didn't dare look at Marianna; his thoughts were in a whirl and no words could have described his emotions, never had he so hated Rawson, his sheer bullish overpoweringness! What was he going to spring? . . . Out of the little hush that fell it was Marianna who spoke.

"Well, we're all settled in a nice little family group," in a voice clear and distinct as a bell. "We're waiting, Mr. Atwood."

Atwood cleared his throat. "I wasn't anticipating—"

"Go ahead!" Rawson ordered curtly. "You know what you've come to say. Say it!"

So Atwood said what he had come to say.

LATER it was to Cordier like something he had dreamed: that group in a fantastic circle of attention, listening to the lawyer as he crisply summarized the facts of which all of them were already so well aware—the bald and ugly facts which a few hours before had screamed out to the public in headlines. Atwood's smooth voice had become terse and incisive; it went on and on; it clip-clipped the heavy air like shears.

When he paused no one immediately spoke.

"Of course it will all be disentangled, straightened out," Atwood resumed, his voice returning to suavity. His glance travelled from Rawson around the dim circle of faces; this ring of auditors obviously disconcerted and annoyed him, yet he tried to reassure them all pleasantly, smoothly. "It's one of those unfortunate snarls—misunderstandings—that sometimes arise," he informed them. "It will mean a period of disagreeableness, of course, but we'll have to be patient; there's not the slightest doubt we will straighten it out."

"But the paper said Drew's going to be arrested! *Is* he? Actually *arrested?*" It was Mrs. Wickes' voice, thin and carefully articulated even now, as she finally voiced her incredulous horror.

Rawson didn't speak. Cordier was amazed he had kept silent so long, hadn't before this hurled out some bludgeon of defiance or contempt. But Mrs. Wickes had addressed Atwood, and it was Atwood who answered, with an air of gentle deference for his client's mother-in-law:

"'Arrest' is a harsh-sounding term, Mrs. Wickes, but often it's just a word—the actuality a mere matter of form. Many notable men before this have been 'arrested'—technically. If Mr. Rawson had the time or inclination to look up legal records he would find that he's fallen in with very distinguished company."

He gave a slight little laugh, but no one joined in a show of amusement at his pleasantry. And again silence fell, and held until Marianna's mother again broke it.

"But will he be brought—to *trial?*"

"Of course," answered the lawyer, indulgently, almost amusedly. "Trials generally follow an arrest, Mrs. Wickes. But you must try not to worry about it more than you can help. Just let me do the worrying." He shot his client a glance, covertly impatient, but still Rawson did not speak.

"Worry!" exclaimed Mrs. Wickes. "What if they should decide to find him *guilty?* Isn't it possible, perhaps, they might do even that?"

Atwood gave another of his slight little laughs. "It's scarcely probable, I should say. But even in that contingency you're still not to worry; you haven't much acquaintance with these legal procedures, I see. It would mean in that case an appeal," he explained; "tedious, but simply a prolonging of disagreeableness."

"You lawyers are well-versed in finding agreeable phrases for disgrace, aren't you?" commented Marianna's mother, who chanced to have had considerable acquaintance with legal procedures, of a kind. "I wonder if you quite realize what my daughter and myself will have to go through." Her voice, practically disembodied in the heavy gloom, had never sounded so thin or so acidulated.

ATWOOD'S voice took on a certain tartness. "Mr. Rawson's counsel are well-versed in the law, Mrs. Wickes; we do not particularly relish such an adventure as this—but we're not afraid." He smoothed his voice out again. "Our case may involve an appeal, a reversal, stretch out indefinitely; but the point is you're not to worry. Simply rest in the assurance that Mr. Rawson's counsel are not worrying. Nor is Mr. Rawson, I'm sure; he's not afraid! Your son-in-law is a good fighter, Mrs. Wickes."

Thus far it had been a dialogue between the two. Marianna had not spoken. Rawson had not spoken. But now Rawson spoke.

"I'm not going to fight."

His voice and words, coming abruptly but quietly uttered, had the effect of a bursting bomb. A sort of gasping quality entered the silence, before Atwood gave another of his little laughs.

"What did you say? Not going to fight!"

"That's what I said."

"You're joking, of course," said the lawyer after a small pause. "But I don't get the point."

"There's no point. I'm not joking. I merely made a statement. I've decided not to fight the case."

A deeper gasping quality filled the ensuing hush. This time the lawyer did not laugh. "What do you propose doing, may I ask?" A scarcely perceptible edge of satire was in his tone.

The light from a window fell partially across Rawson; the half-shrouded bulk of him did not move in his chair. "If I don't fight the charge, isn't your question answered? I'll plead guilty."

Mrs. Wickes let out a horrified little cry, like a squeak. "Drew, what do you mean? Do you realize what you're saying?"

"No one should realize it any better," her son-in-law replied dryly. He turned his head to glance at her; otherwise he didn't shift his position. He sounded unperturbed. He hadn't even glanced at Marianna.

Atwood spoke sharply. "Man, have you gone crazy? We're facing a nasty pull, but there's not a chance in a thousand of your ultimate conviction! Why, we haven't even started the fight! What's the matter—lost your nerve?"

Rawson gave a short laugh. "I was rather priding myself that I'd found it."

"If you pull a piece of stark lunacy like that, not all the legal talent in the world can save you!"

"I'm not asking anyone to save me," brusquely.

"But, man," cried the lawyer, half popping out of his chair, "don't you realize what it means? Prison!"

"*Prison?*" Mrs. Wickes' voice again, as thin and piercing as a knife. "Drew, what is this man talking about? What do *you* mean? That you expect, are willing to go to prison?"

Rawson didn't even trouble to answer her; he might have been some huge, immovable image.

"Is it as bad as that, Drew?" Marianna's voice at last. Her voice was soft, clear and evenly spaced, yet coming as if forced from her place in the gloom.

In his shaft of light Rawson nodded. "As bad as that."

"I mean—" She seemed to hesitate.

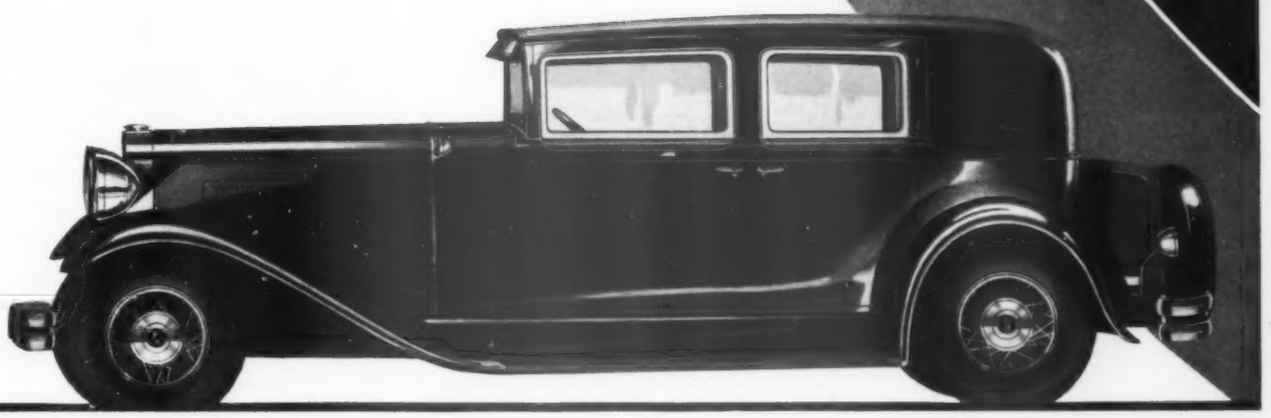
(*Continued on page 160*)

1930 NASH "400"

TWIN-IGNITION EIGHT

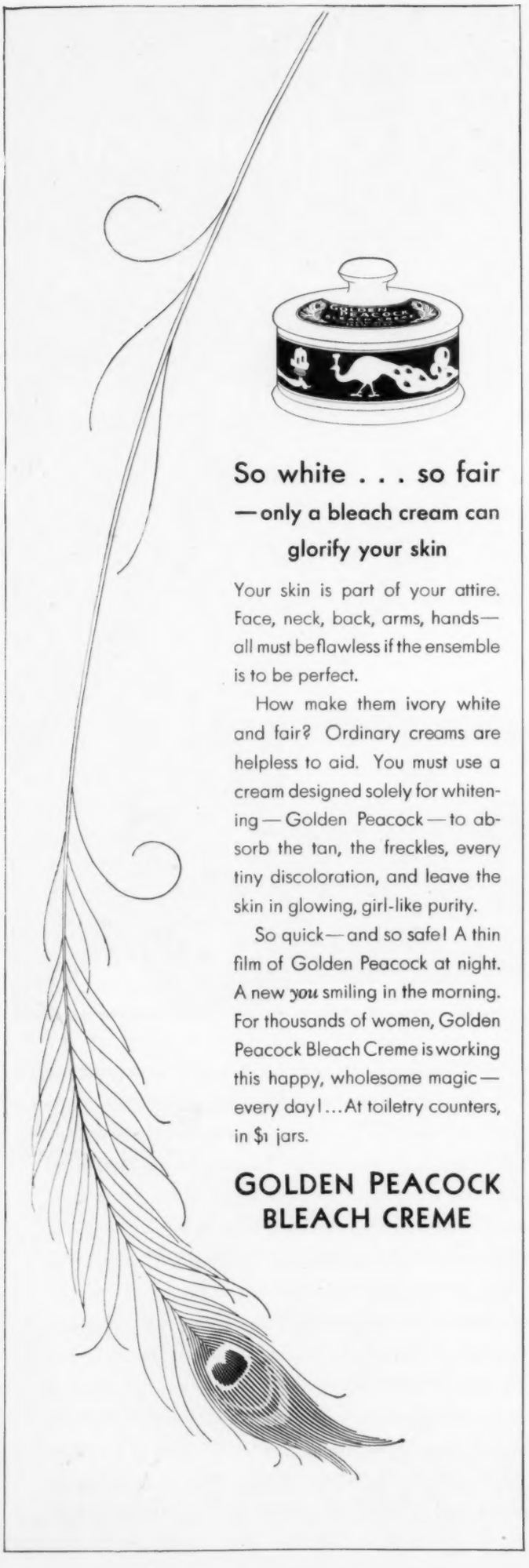
TWIN-IGNITION SIX

..... SINGLE SIX



NEW "400" FEATURES ASSURE *"SUPERIOR PERFORMANCE!"*

THE performance of the new 1930 Nash "400's" is so obviously superior you will know it instantly. ¶ Notice the powerful smoothness of "400" acceleration. The new 9-bearing, Twin-Ignition Eight motor and 7-bearing, Twin-Ignition Six and Single Six motors all provide a new and superior type of power for the modern motor car. ¶ Notice also the wealth of other new "400" features — centralized chassis lubrication, for convenience and a long-lived chassis; built-in, automatic radiator shutters, for increased motor efficiency in all weathers; flexible steel spring covers with sealed-in, lifetime lubrication, for quiet, easy spring action; self-energizing 4-wheel brakes, for easier, more positive braking control; improved steering design; and Duplate non-shatterable plate glass in all windows, doors and windshields of all Twin-Ignition Eight models, for safety. ¶ Don't think of deciding on your new car until you sit at the wheel of a 1930 Nash "400".



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—only a bleach cream can glorify your skin

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How make them ivory white and fair? Ordinary creams are helpless to aid. You must use a cream designed solely for whitening—Golden Peacock—to absorb the tan, the freckles, every tiny discoloration, and leave the skin in glowing, girl-like purity.

So quick—and so safe! A thin film of Golden Peacock at night. A new *you* smiling in the morning. For thousands of women, Golden Peacock Bleach Creme is working this happy, wholesome magic—every day!...At toiletry counters, in $1 jars.

GOLDEN PEACOCK BLEACH CREME

THE ROAD CALLED YOU

(*Continued from page 158*)

"So bad that you're *willing* to go to prison?"

Rawson gave another short laugh. "I can't say I'm willing. But everything considered, it seems the only thing I can do. Perhaps the best thing, all things considered."

"Will you pardon me for saying you're talking like a lunatic?" broke in Atwood. "There's not the least necessity of your taking such a preposterous course, unless it's something of which I have no inkling!"

Marianna went on to Rawson, as if the other hadn't spoken: "What do you mean by 'all things considered?' Why are you taking this extraordinary step? What decided you to it?"

He answered her, but not her question. "Your term 'extraordinary' is kindly put and no doubt kindly intentioned. Thank you, my dear Marianna. I'm truly sorry about the disgrace, but shall try to lift it off you as much as I can." His voice remained quiet, faintly tinged with sarcasm. "You have your pre-nuptial settlement, and you shall have more. I sha'n't fight your proceedings. I've reconciled myself to losing you."

"What else could you expect, if you insist on dragging her through such a humiliating farce?" cried Mrs. Wickes. "But I can't believe you're in earnest, Drew! You must be playing some kind of horrible joke!"

NEITHER Rawson nor Marianna paid any attention to her. Marianna leaned forward in her chair, her face strained through the dusk.

"You haven't answered me," she said. "I don't know much about these matters, but I have respect for Mr. Atwood's legal judgment. He says it's unnecessary. Why are you doing it?"

At last Rawson made a gesture; abruptly he lifted and flung out an arm, as if excessively annoyed. "My reason is personal and concerns no one but myself. You wouldn't be interested to hear it."

"But I am," said Marianna. "Tell me."

Rawson shrugged, with a low, grating laugh. "I've a mind to. It'll probably bore you; but maybe it'll amuse you."

"Tell me," repeated Marianna.

"You'll find it equally absurd with this move it's led me to—rather puerile. In fact it harks back to when I was a kid, and wore overalls and a patched shirt to school . . ."

He paused as for a moment his thoughts must have travelled far afield, for he smiled into space dimly, albeit grimly.

"Go on," said Marianna.

He turned his smile, still grim, towards her. "I was about eleven years old, and one day the Principal visited my room at school. The teacher gave us a problem, rather difficult, and then made a pretext to take the Principal out of the room. We caught our cue, we knew how the teacher liked to make a good impression. We weren't so dumb. Well, the smart boy of the class got a certain answer. The boy in front of me promptly adopted the same answer. He was a smart boy, too. I went over my problem, but it wouldn't come right. The teacher and Principal returned and I was in a quandary. When we turned in our answers all of them were identical but mine, and it turned out mine was correct."

HE had related the reminiscence in a concise but unhurried tone. No one in the circle had stirred while he spoke. But when he paused Marianna prompted: "Yours was correct?"

"I had the embarrassing experience of being called forward by the Principal," Rawson resumed. "He congratulated me, and I was ready to die from thrill and shame. But when he asked me about it I had the courage to tell him the truth, that I had looked at that other answer, too. 'But I couldn't work that one out,' I told him, 'and I knew *my* answer was right.'"

He rose and stood, silhouetted massively against the window's yellow square.

"I warned you this would be puerile," with a sudden rasping note. "It's simply that in my childhood I learned a lesson I've never quite forgotten. Later I had to buck against some pretty stiff propositions, and often had to play a lone hand against the odds; but I'd formed the habit of saying to myself, 'I know I'm right!'" He seemed to draw in a breath before he added, "But it seems one's mental processes can get kinked up somewhere along the years."

Again he paused, and nobody, not even Marianna, spoke. Then suddenly, although his voice didn't raise its pitch, it seemed to boom out:

"That's why I'm pleading guilty—because I am guilty. Atwood says I'm a damned fool not to take advantage of his damned loopholes, and perhaps I am. But if once again I can say to myself, '*I'm right*,' and know it, what difference what anyone else says? And what difference whether I'm in a palace or a prison?"

He continued to stand there a second, in an absolute hush; then, a suggestion of weariness in his broad shoulders, he took a step away before he turned back towards Marianna.

"I'm sorry to have bored you unnecessarily, but you might as well know the facts. I like money; you like money. But, frankly, I'd rather get square with myself if it meant losing my last nickel. As for jail, that's what any criminal risks; that isn't going to kill me—except, of course, with you." With startling suddenness he faced Cordier. "You have your chance now—that's fair enough, too. I took her from Boyd, you take her from me." He spoke evenly. "I bought her with money; you can buy her with a fair name."

Turning, he moved towards the outer darkness. Marianna had risen, and when he addressed Cordier that young man had risen. Marianna had directed a brief, dim stare at her guest when, in so many words, her husband had handed her over; then swiftly, gropingly, she hurried away after Rawson. Without pausing to think whether he should do so, or why he did so, Cordier hurried after Marianna, after those two. It was as if the others on the terrace were not there.

Rawson had brought up against a balustrade which glimmered wanly in the dusk; with his palms on the marble he stood gazing at the shrouded view, his domain, and the phantom lights along the murky Sound.

Marianna said to him: "It was cruel of you to speak to me like that." Her voice sounded thick, strained, but kept under measured control. "Have you no sense of decency at all in regard to me? And why do you make me out simply despicable? You're in trouble, but is that an excuse for insulting me? Really I'm sorry for you; don't you think I have any heart?"

He looked at her. "Did I insult you? I suppose I did; I beg your pardon. Yes, I think you have a heart; I've never doubted it. That's why I'm honestly glad for you, in one way. Your life's been pretty badly messed up for you, hasn't it? Maybe you'll be happy with Cordier. He's your own kind—and a gentleman; I think he'll be good to you."

Queerly his tone had softened, his glance rested on her broodingly; and, as she looked back up at him, the spectator thought, amazedly, her furious anger and bitter hurt seemed melting away. But immediately it ran over her again, shook and possessed her; she threw back her head and flared:

"Don't talk like that to me! As if I were something being bought and sold! What makes you so indecent, so cruel, so unjust?"

"Unjust?" he queried.

"Yes, unjust!"

"How have I been unjust to you? You were willing to marry me, weren't you? You didn't love me, but you accepted the conditions and terms." His look wasn't gentle now, nor his tone. She was holding his glance with a flaming kind of defiance. They seemed not to see Cordier standing there.

"When have you been fair to me?" she retorted. "Never!" She gave an outflung gesture, seeking, helpless, angrily

(*Continued on page 161*)

Foiled by Moderation!

THE HEARTLESS SHADOW
that threatens the modern figure

"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE"
(*Thomas Campbell*, 1777-1844)

AVOID THAT FUTURE SHADOW

by refraining from over-indulgence, if you would maintain the modern figure of fashion

We do not represent that smoking **Lucky Strike** Cigarettes will bring modern figures or cause the reduction of flesh. We do declare that when tempted to do yourself too well, if you will "Reach for a **Lucky**" instead, you will thus avoid over-indulgence in things that cause excess weight and, by avoiding over-indulgence, maintain a modern, graceful form.

When Tempted
Reach for a LUCKY instead

"It's toasted"

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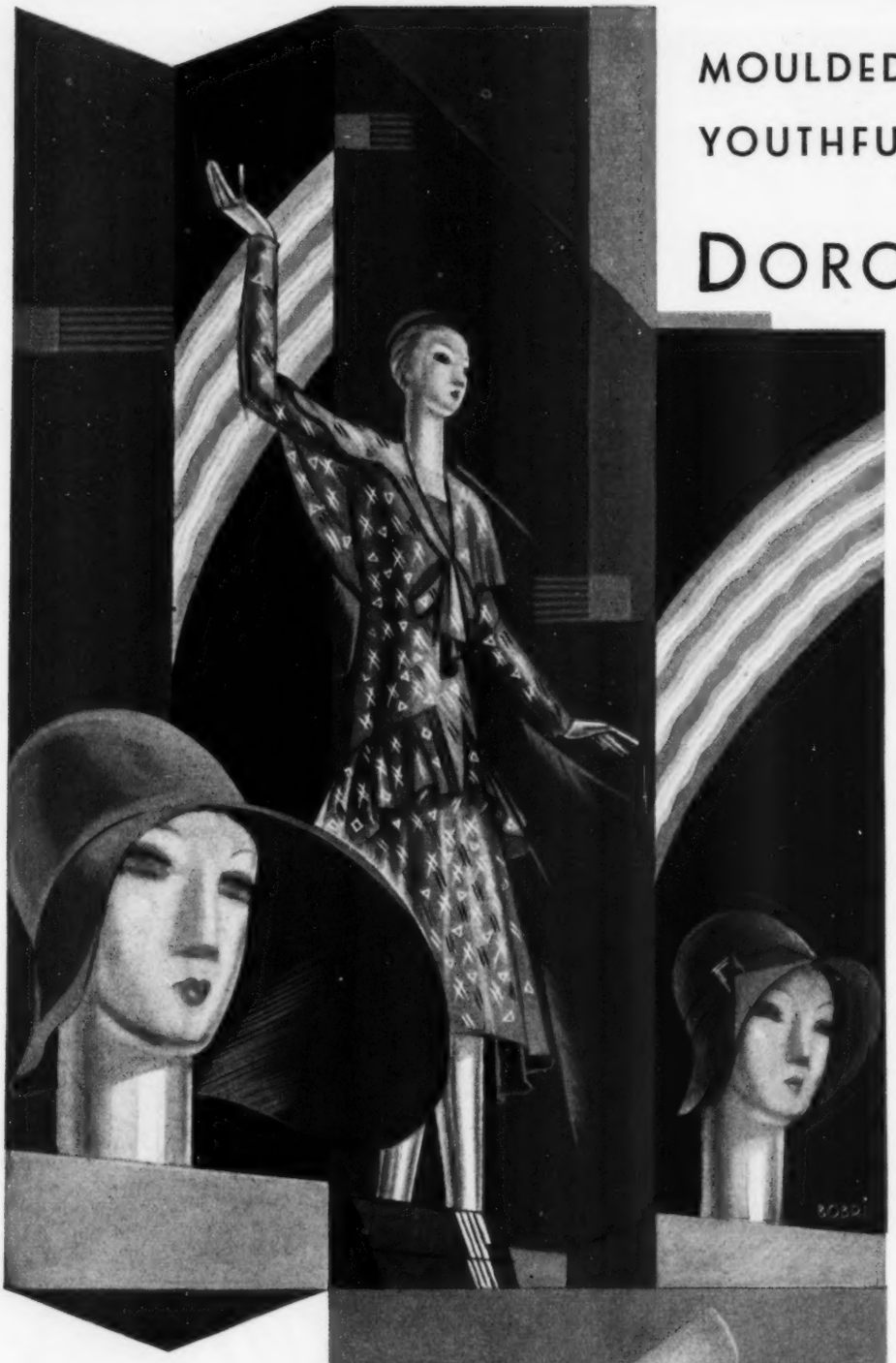

MOULDED LINES . . . YOUTHFUL ELEGANCE, AND DOROTHY DODD SHOES

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NOT for years have fashions been so exciting! Long limbed silhouettes mould the figure. Hemlines dip way below the knee. And with attention focussed downward Dorothy Dodd has found it important to prolong the inches of visible ankle by skillful shoe designing.

With a wisdom that has won the approval of the smartest couturiers, Dorothy Dodd fashioned her new spring shoes with simplicity. But what a gracious, flattering simplicity it is!

Always their lines follow the sweeping slenderness of the new mode. The sketches below will prove to you how enchantingly these clever shoes—in color and in trimming treatments—complement the details of the new spring frocks.

Yet Dorothy Dodd shoes are easy to own. The most you can pay for a lovely pair is $10*; the majority of models are $8.50* and $7.50—and some only $6.50 and $6.

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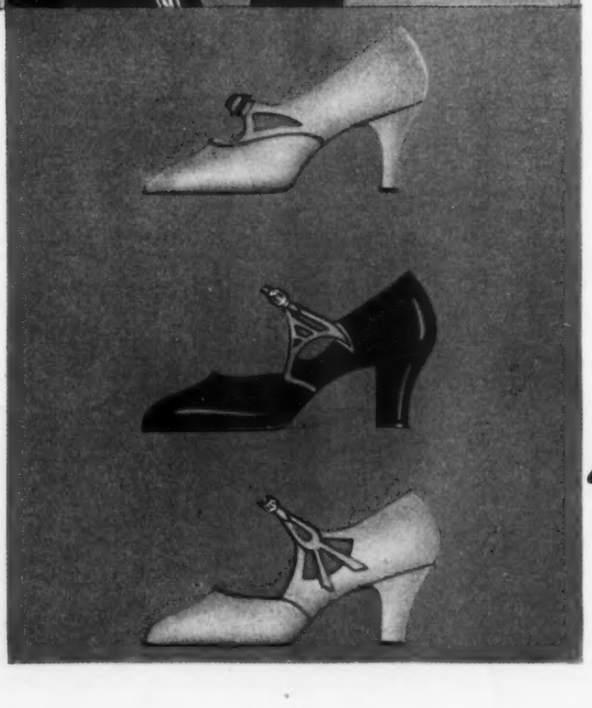

"CASTLE"—a lovely step-in pump of sun-tan kid . . . with a pert little bow and the slenderest of piping to introduce an effective contrast $10

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Dorothy Dodd

THE ROAD CALLED YOU

(*Continued from page 160*)

futile. "Not from the start! It may surprise you, but I didn't marry you for your money!"

"No?" replied Rawson. "What was the reason then, may I ask?" His jaw was set grimly, but his tone dry and colourless save for its light tinge of sarcasm.

Her glance flittered away before she brought it back with a sort of desperate determination. "I married you because I thought you weren't happy!"

He laughed, sardonically. "So that you might make me unhappier?"

FOR a long minute she stood tense before she suddenly turned with a smothered sound, as if she were going to sob and was running away. Cordier would have hurried to her had she not instantly turned back towards Rawson. She had herself in hand again, and sounded curiously indifferent, even while she drove a continuation of this painful and futile conversation.

"You're determined to be unfair to the end, aren't you? Very well," with a shrug. "Why should I expect fairness from you? You're armed against the world, but against nobody as much as against me. You've always been armed against me—hostile to me."

Rawson gave a vehement gesture. "Good God!" harshly. "Why wouldn't I arm myself against you?"

"You always put me in the wrong," she went on, "although you say nothing. Your mind always holds me in the wrong—only I never know what's in your mind. Except that it's accusing me, resenting me, and viewing me while it holds me away, and that it's as hard and cold as steel."

"Good God!" said Rawson again. "Would you want me to soften to you—really want to see me squirm and twitch like a lump of quivering jelly?" He took a stride towards her. "I'll tell you this much, for your satisfaction! I've never fought harder in my life than to keep from softening towards you. I've trained myself to watch you, be near you, watch you go your own way—inaccessible and untouchable—as though I scarcely had real existence upon your horizon! I've trained myself to watch you going your rounds that give you your pleasure, fraternizing with your friends, choosing their company and confidence — this Cordier fellow lately! I've said nothing. It's what you chose to do. You had no regard, did you, for the dignity or possible feelings of your husband?"

He spoke roughly, brutally. But the other man, still standing there unnoticed in the background, suddenly had a sharp, clear, painfully embarrassing realization that the man was suffering!

It came to him, Cordier, like an incoherent, stupefying illumination through the sultry murk of the night. All at once he saw it so clearly, more clearly than they themselves saw; more clearly than he could see them, those two indistinct antagonists in the gloom. They had forgotten he was there. And he no longer wanted to be there. He would have gone away, but something stronger than his wish or will held him; a terrible but compelling fascination; a pull unbearable but magnetic and fateful in the listless air. He vaguely wondered what Mrs. Wickes and Atwood were doing, vaguely realized his own position which was ignoble and fruitless except to bring him added suffering. But what did any of this matter?

HE found his eyes watching a misty plume which swept a periodic trail across the clouded heavens; a detached, diffusing torch, travelling the gloom, eerie and beautiful. Half-seeingly he watched it disappear into the obscurity of the unknown horizon, return to sweep its lonely path again, a befogged searchlight playing from somewhere along the Sound.

Marianna was saying: "So it's my fault, is it? Of course!" Her voice was bitter. Then she shrugged, and her voice was merely weary. "Forgive me for adding to the unpleasantness tonight; I apologize for starting it. However, as for what I do or do not do—what difference, really, does it make to you?"

Rawson seemed about to answer violently, and when he didn't speak his silence was yet violent. The silence seemed never to end, until Marianna broke it by saying coolly, naturally:

"Well . . . you are determined to take this course? Mr. Atwood says it's utterly uncalled for, but you're going through with it anyhow?"

"Yes," replied Rawson tersely. "Every man's got to go according to his own lights. I sha'n't bother too much about what others think."

"Do you mind my saying I think you're very brave?"

"Brave?" ironically. "Sensible, rather; plain common sense. As I just said, every man has to go according to his lights. If he doesn't, he's a fool."

She didn't speak, had bowed her head; and he added, less ironically: "There's one main road for every man, whether it leads him on the rocks or to success—the road called 'You.' Even if it brings him to smash it's unique and wonderful, because it's his own; he creates it out of himself. no other individual has ever travelled it before him or will ever travel it after him. I suppose it's not entirely in his control whether it will lead him to happiness. Anyhow, it's his one induplicate human trail out of the billions—the road called 'You.'"

Rawson had bowed his head, too, and let his hands lie loosely upon the balustrade. He looked up immediately with a heavy laugh. "I seldom indulge in philosophical heroics—sorry to bore you. You can have another laugh."

Marianna didn't laugh; her voice came with a catch:

"That little boy—I keep seeing that little boy. Telling the Principal and the teacher and the world; how well I can see him! With his jaw set and his mouth pressed together tight, because he knew he was right! Oh, I'm not saying he wasn't right, but standing there backed up, ready to fight the world! Just eleven years old, and all alone in the world, but already so self-sufficient. I can see him so vividly, that pugnacious, self-sufficient, pathetic little boy!"

"Pathetic?" said Rawson. "I thought perhaps to be amusing to you, but scarcely pathetic."

She ignored the sneer in his tone. "And you're still that way, Drew. When I first met you, you were strong and self-sufficient and powerful. You simply bull-dozed everybody with your power, bull-dozed and held them off—dared them to get close. And you bull-dozed and held me off. But all the time if you want to know it, I was sorry for you. I didn't know just why or how, but I know now. All the while I was being sorry for that little boy!"

"Thanks for this brand-new revelation on our relationship; I'll admit I never suspected pity among your other sentiments for me. I suppose I should be grateful—thanks."

Again she ignored his taunt. She faced him with a strained and desperate steadiness. "A little while ago you asked why I married you," she said. "I told you—but not entirely. Why did I? Well, I was thinking partly of myself, of course—that's only human. I wanted to be happy. But that didn't come first, I wanted *you* to be happy . . ."

"Why did *you* care?" He snapped out the question.

She shook her head. She had been standing there, controlled, talking, arguing; flaming out, repressing the flame, dulling down to indifference; never truly impassioned, incoherent, not even very eloquent. But Cordier, still the rooted attendant, simply marvelled that the other man could be so stupid and blind.

"Of course I was mistaken," Marianna was answering, without answering. "I was mistaken, silly, wrong. Everything was so wrong. I was silly to dream—" Suddenly her voice broke.

Rawson didn't move towards her, but his harsh voice seemed to splinter the air. "Marianna, what are you trying to say? Why did it matter to you whether I was happy? *Tell me!*"

(*Concluded on page 162*)

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Neatly lined, perfectly formed eyebrows—every woman desires them for the added expression they lend. They are not difficult to acquire with the new style indestructible Maybeline Eyebrow Pencil. You'll like this Pencil—you'll revel in its smoothness and cleanliness—it's so easy to use. Purchase one for your dressing table and one for your purse. Colors, Black or Brown, priced at 35c.

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Often all the efforts made to attain a dainty, lovely appearance are undone by ruinous, tell-tale moisture spots on a beautiful frock.

It's so unnecessary, too, for just a minute devoted to DEW will keep excessive perspiration from accumulating and putting its ugly mark on clothing.

This crystal-pure deodorant and instant non-perspirant may be used often and at *any* time of day. It will not irritate the tenderest skin or injure the most fragile fabrics when the simple directions are followed. It stops perspiration instantly.

DEW preserves your freshness, loveliness and charm. It protects your garments from costly discolorations and even disintegration. It is colorless and unscented.

DEW'S beautiful spill-proof flask is a charming addition to your dressing-table necessities. At all drug and department stores, 25 cents, 50 cents and $1.00.

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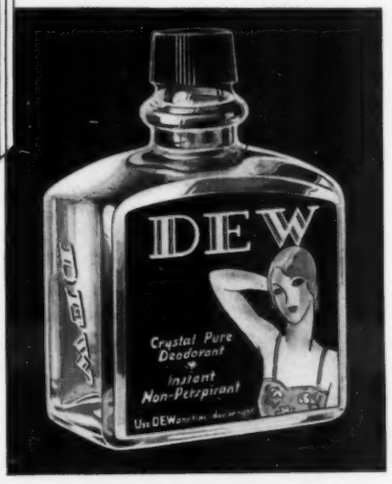


DEW
CRYSTAL-PURE DEODORANT
INSTANT NON-PERSPIRANT

LAMBERT-FESLER, INC., ST. LOUIS
Paris London Berlin Amsterdam Copenhagen
Barcelona Sydney Toronto Shanghai

VANISHING VAUDEVILLE

(*Concluded from page 91*)

to inflammatory Volsteadism, a couple of marbles suffering from amyloid degeneration, interstitial morbidity, chronic interstitial nephritis, pigback congestion and general atrophy, necessitating pyelotomy and the summoning of a priest. Who, as I say, forgets these high drolleries?

"Are you a Democrat? No, I'm a Presbyterian."

"I came clean from Pittsburgh. Nobody ever came clean from Pittsburgh."

"What are those two red and green lights about half a mile off starboard? It must be a drugstore."

"Do you know what the Knight of the Bath is? Sure; Saturday night."

"And who, pray, might you be, miss? I might be Lillian Russell, but I ain't."

Let us wipe away a tear. What days, what days!

And the other gala items; how the eyes cloud in recollection of them! The playing of "Annie Laurie" on a harp by the fat blonde illumined by a mauve spotlight. The medley of "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," "Comrades," "She's My Daisy," "Spring Song," "The Rosary" and "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me." The drummer who tore a piece of sandpaper and caused a performer to imagine that his pants had ripped. The acrobats with their alley-oops. The juggler doing a trick and observing in the third person, "Isn't the boy clever!" The German comedian with the green vest, the Irish comedian with the red flannel undershirt, the Hebrew comedian with size 11¼ derby, and the Scotch comedian with his pocketbook secured by a piece of rope and a Yale lock.

Nor do we forget—surely we do not forget—the white kid-topped patent-leather shoes, the droll who took hold of his coat-tail, walked with a mincing step and spoke in a falsetto voice, the hobo comique with a target sewed upon the seat of his breeches, the allusions to whiskers as spinach or alfalfa, the bass singer in the quartet who negotiated a very low note and caused his three colleagues to stop singing and look at him in feigned astonishment, the imitations of Eddie Foy, the squirting proclivities of the grapefruit, the sketch in which the little child in a nightgown converted the burglar, the other sketch in which the hero proclaimed to the heroine, "Remember that I have no hope or desire in this matter except to clear you and your fair name in the eyes of the world!" the "Society's pet ballroom dancers," the funny man who got his hand stuck in a decanter, and all the beloved witticisms on Kalamazoo, Oshkosh, the Erie Railroad, William Jennings Bryan, Swiss cheese, Lydia Pinkham, Dr. Munyon—"There is hope!"—and, gayest of all, "In onion there is strength."

Where are there nifties today to compare with the attic juices of the vaudeville that is gone? "I saw the Tsar at the opera last night; he was in a box with his wife, the Tsardine." Try to beat that one, my boys! Or "I chased the enemy at the point of the sword for three miles and, catching up to him, I cut off his retreat"—how we howled at that one, if we'd had enough *Schnapps* beforehand! Or "You received my play, didn't you, Mr. Manager? Will you produce it?" "Sure. Here, Jimmy, dig down into the wastebasket and produce Mr. Bum-writer's play." *There's* one still to make you die chuckling!

Or what about the old favourite, "Why is Bill walking along between them two girls?" "Aw, they're playin' that they're a Limburger cheese sandwich."

Or that equal favourite in which Finkelstein, dying, cried, "Nurse, nurse, pliz sent fer a priest." "Priest! You mean a rabbi, don't you?" "Oi, oi, no! *I* should give a *rabbi* smallpox." . . .

But one can't go on. Anyway, not until one stops laughing.

What has killed vaudeville as much as anything else, I suppose, is the departure of what may be called the vaudeville mood from life itself. The leisurely nonchalance, the caprice, the happy irresolution that blessed living in the New York of another day have long since been drowned out by the loud whirr of the machine that has got most of us in its grip. Even among the rich, there is no leisure; there is only loafing. And the difference is readily graspable. A gentleman has leisure; a barbarian loafs. Taste, culture, experience and charm are essential to an appreciation and execution of leisure; loafing is the refuge of the unimaginative bounder.

Vaudeville, like the vanished hansom cab, the window tables at Delmonico's and Sherry's, the four-hour lunches at Luchow's and checkers at the Lafayette, has paid the price of modern speed, money-grubbing and excited boredom. No longer is there time for such things; no longer are ease and casualness part of our lives; no longer are evenings to be sampled haphazardly. "Dinner at 7:30 sharp; the theater at 8:40 sharp; the motor at 11:05 sharp; supper at 11:20 sharp"—life has become sharp, too sharp. Punctuality, once the privilege of princes, has become the command of stockbrokers. A cocktail, once a drink, has become a drug; and a dinner, once an event, has become an eventuality. Conversation has been supplanted by nervous wisecracks fighting against time, and love is made in taxicabs.

Vaudeville, bad as it was, was a symptom of the earlier dispensation, of a time and year when there was place for boyish fun and simple nonsense and engaging unconcern. It was a kid game for men in their kid moments. And men don't seem to have such moments any more.

THE ROAD CALLED YOU

(*Concluded from page 161*)

When she didn't speak he strode forward and clutched her shoulder. She shuddered under his touch. And when he shook her she chattered:

"I hoped—I thought—when you asked me to marry you—"

"Why did you marry me? *Tell me!*"

"I thought—I hoped you asked me because you loved me," she chattered.

"For God's sake why did you want me to love you?" He was still shaking her.

Then, as if finding her courage, she lifted her face and looked at him, straight up at him, and it was as if Cordier had never heard her voice before. "Because I loved you. That's why I married you—oh, why didn't you ever ask me before?"

Cordier got himself away. They did not know he had gone. They had never known he was there. This was the true significance young Cordier carried away with him through his jealous misery and fag. To them he was a phantom, didn't exist. He had no part in their drama. He felt bruised and fatigued and lacerated, but even his feelings had a queer unactuality, because he was merely a shadow outside of their stage. No use for him to cry out against this erupting climax, so suddenly disrupting and shattering all his hopes—he had simply been smashed out of it. He had seen her in Rawson's arms.

At last he had seen the true Marianna, soft and warm and tender and strong—the girl he had hoped to find. Rawson had found her.

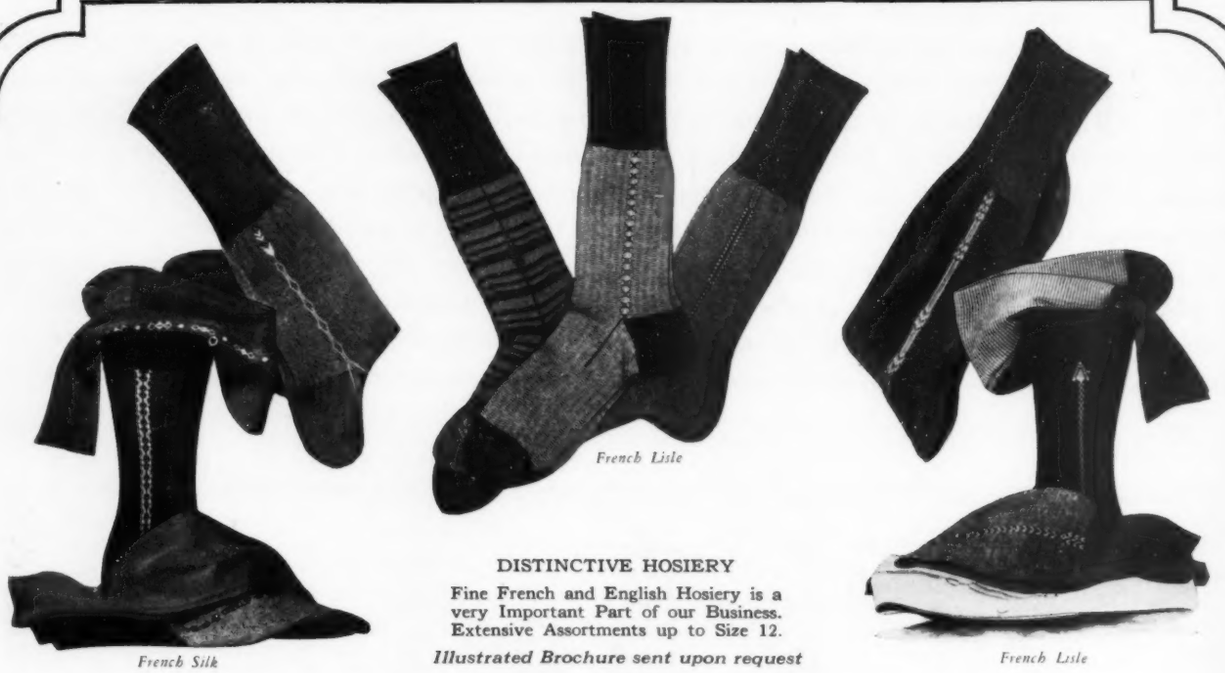
As he crept away he noticed that he fogged searchlight again, a lonely plume of light, detached and lost in the clouds yet sweeping its charted road, to emerge in that torch of triumph. He noted it half-aware; he was trying to recollect, confusedly, something he had read about one's giving up his greatest possession only to find, in relinquishing, he had won something immeasurably greater—yes, that was Rawson!

IN MAKING the Lincoln, operations that best can be performed by hand are in the hands of fine craftsmen. Things that best can be done by machine are performed by machines that are the admiration of the engineering world. There are delicate measurements and accurate applications of tremendous force that never could be achieved by craftsmen unaided. But some of the machines cost large sums, and it is indicative of Lincoln quality that *their use often retards the speed of production.* ◆ Only a plant inspired by a relentless enthusiasm for perfection and backed by unlimited resources, would and could afford to maintain all these aids of which the modern engineer and craftsman dream. ◆ From the only such plant in existence, comes the long-lived, powerful Lincoln . . . so precisely constructed that it requires no breaking in. Its making involves no worry about speed of production, no fretting over the high cost of superior materials, no single concern save the personal ambition of its maker to put on the roads of the world the finest motor car that unrestricted effort can achieve.

THE BRUNN
ALL-WEATHER BROUGHAM

In this impressive motor car, available with collapsible top, the designer, Brunn, displays a convincing ability to combine aristocracy of line with the effect of fleet strength so in keeping with the quality of the Lincoln chassis. When the driver's compartment is open and the top over the roomy passenger space collapsed, it is the type of fair-weather vehicle that flourishes in centers of metropolitan culture. The brougham's overstuffed rear seat accommodates three in complete comfort. There are two chair-type, auxiliary seats facing forward. Wide doors facilitate graceful entry and exit. The driver's section can be enclosed in bad weather. Richly upholstered, equipped and finished, this combination of riding luxury and smooth year-in-year-out power beautifully represents the fine group of varied Lincoln types.

THE LINCOLN



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LUNAR ENCHANTMENTS

(*Continued from page 75*)

Spanish ladies, of late years; do they still buckle on a corset as a salute to the setting sun?"

"What have they got to do with it?" demanded a pert blonde. "Thank goodness, they never did set the fashion for us."

"That's correct, too," said the Colonel thoughtfully. "They shouldn't. I'm not strong for one race copying another."

A stodgy wife whispered to her thorny husband: "We're in for one of his interminable stories, you mark my words."

But the thorny husband muttered: "Maybe *you* can't see underneath."

And Consuelo twirled her crabbed rose, and brought it up to her face and looked into its hidden heart. She gave the thorny husband a fleeting and wicked smile of defiance, and turned the smile back to her rose and brooded. So close to her face, the rose still gave her no scent; for by now the land breeze had sprung up and they were being drenched in the honey smell of the *Dama de la Noche*. It blew out from the city, and mingled with the sudden and thick darkness, and bore in upon their souls that they were in a part of the world which was strange to them. "But it's strange to the Spaniards, too—" said Consuelo to the Colonel.

THE company appeared surprised at this, for nothing they had said had led up to it; but Colonel Fairfax looked attentively at the young woman. He did not, however, reply to her observation that had been half a question, but instead drifted into one of those long-winded talks with his brother officers that so irritate civilians who may chance to be on the verandas of service clubs. And he opened with the queer remark that the name *Manila* smelt of vanilla because it was of a sweetness alluring but cloying, beautiful but weakening.

"You're talkin' jungle stuff," protested a woman on whom cocktails had the effect of stabilizing those qualities which in the daytime were perilously close to quarrelsomeness. "You're pullin' the old stunt of 'beware the bogie-man.' And you know we've been out here—as a nation—too long to be in danger."

Colonel Fairfax chuckled. "It wasn't so very long ago when that expression you used—bogie-man—came near to disrupting the Carnival, blowing up the domestic arrangements of a certain silver star, starting a tidal-wave that would have reached the Potomac and—" He looked around at the men present; and he gathered nods of recognition, furtive smiles of a forbidden amusement, warning glances at certain women of importance who were known to gossip. He shrugged. "So much for a time within the recollection of a number of us here today. A time that had to do with a different thing, however, from the thing of which I am in mind to speak. For I don't, in my heart, believe we are in any danger from this recent affiliation with the Filipinos. I'm sure they want no closer association than do we. I don't think, as a matter of fact, that the other race out here, the Spaniards—"

He had an exasperating trick of breaking off a thought that might have interested them. It was not for some minutes that he took up his remark where he had left off. He said, smiling affectionately at his cocktail held up to the light from the Hongkong lanterns that now faintly illuminated the veranda: "The Spaniards are an old race. They might be said to be dying. It isn't too hard on them, I think, to say this of them. The few still left out here are, in many cases, representatives of very ancient families with traditions that make our tales of witchcraft in Salem, of Indian fighting in the original thirteen States, of explorations in the far West, the prattle of children in the nursery. But they're the end of a civilization, while we're starting one. Their flag, glorious as it is, is being pulled down for Retreat, while ours potentially glorious, is going up the flagstaff at Reveille. That's what I mean," he explained to his fellow officers. "I mean—it's up to us to watch our step, during this process of our national growth. Adolescence is a bad business, for people and for nations; and the most ticklish time is at the end of adolescence, when growth is about completed and the passions are in full fling. A heady time! Dangerous for nations, dangerous for boys—and girls." He gazed out over the wide space lying between the Club and the Hotel, and smoked, and waited for what this might bring forth.

"It sounds like a Fourth-of-July oration!" cried a kittenish woman whose clothes were too tight because she had been out here long enough to experience the astounding fattening of human beings near the equator. She giggled. She looked around to see who had considered her remark amusing. And she stopped giggling, and scowled; for no one was watching her. Their eyes followed the Colonel's eyes. She consoled herself with the reflection that she had been down in the Southern Islands, sightseeing, and was not up on current Manila scandal. She licked her lips, and leaned forward; and she, too, looked at Consuelo on whom the Colonel's gaze had now turned.

Consuelo was still smelling at her little stunted rose. But over the rose her large dark eyes stared into the Colonel's eyes, fixedly. She lifted her eyebrows, at some thought in her head. She said, in her husky voice: "I don't see that you're making out a case for or against—anything. Oh, I mean—what *are* you talking about, Colonel?" Again she lifted her eyebrows, a dainty trick of hers. "After all, what Anglo-Saxon talk!" she murmured. "Out here—in this old city, with a moon such as we'll have in a few moments—and Anglo-Saxon talk; it's inappropriate." But she said it under her breath. Her husband, starting in to rebuke her for this easy familiarity with a high ranking officer, let his gaze linger to admire. For Consuelo's perfect pallor had lost nothing in its struggle with the blazing sunlight of the land; her round slimness had neither expanded into fat nor shrunken into meagreness. Under the thin stuff of her frock, she was as if she had no bones. She was rounded and full, soft and alluring. She was feminine, her husband told himself with pleasure. Under the teasing eyes of the older women, he ventured to reach forth a tentative hand; and his hand lingered, and held on to her. She was hard to hold on to, was Consuelo. And, in spite of what she had muttered, she was listening for what Colonel Fairfax might say.

"HERE'S the idea," said Colonel Fairfax. "You take Americans, who are a mixed race—hybrids—and with every marriage the mixture becomes more turgid. Of late, they've been colonizing, going into other races' lands, taking in more impressions. What's to prevent their getting muddled in their heads? On the other hand, what's to prevent their suddenly seeing clearly, but seeing with only one of their strains of blood?"

"Quite right," approved a stout Major. "Take me: I'm always remembering I'm English blood. Think of it every time I cross over to Hongkong, f'rinstance. Glad of it, too!"

"Well, then: isn't it wiser for us to stay to ourselves, until our national eyes are strengthened?"

"Oho!" said the Major. "I don't agree with you, y'know."

The Colonel said quietly: "It wouldn't even be wise for us to ape the English."

The Major truculently demanded to know why not.

"It's the same principle. I was thinking," said the Colonel, half apologetic for such seriousness at this hour, "of our

(*Continued on page 166*)

TO EVERY BUSY WOMAN WHO WANTS A MORE BEAUTIFUL SKIN

FREE

THIS ORIGINAL 75¢ BOTTLE OF AMBROSIA

YOU wouldn't believe it: you wouldn't believe that simply cleansing with a liquid—even a liquid that is sunlit, refreshing, zestfully clean as the Springtime — could so quickly refine skin-texture, could keep it firm, radiant, young!

You wouldn't believe it, so we want to send you Ambrosia. This is an unusual offer... a daring test of a wholly new method of cleansing. We make it because we have faith in our product . . . because we have seen the enthusiastic approval of fastidious women, customers of Saks-Fifth Avenue and other smart stores, when the same offer was made to them.

This is the way to use Ambrosia: Wipe thoroughly over the face with cotton, repeating until a fresh pad does not show any soil. Now you know the face is perfectly clean. You see the dirt right on the cotton— black dirt from the pores and crevices of the skin. Then stroke the face up with the fingertips until dry. Cleansed, toned, ready for powder . . . your face hasn't felt so glowingly young and alive since you were sixteen.

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THE PORE-DEEP CLEANSER

Liquid Ambrosia normalizes and refines skin-texture. It prepares a dry skin to absorb a softening tissue cream; thus it combats any tendency toward wrinkles.

Created by a French chemist, named by the Empress Eugenie, Ambrosia was first made in America only to private order. The richest women in New York had Ambrosia prepared especially for them. Famous actresses recommended it to their personal friends. And now a 75¢ bottle is offered to you, without cost, for your approval.

Medical authorities agree: Doctors always use liquid solvents to cleanse the skin thoroughly. Only a liquid penetrates instantly into the pores, dissolves out the deepest dirt, leaves no clogging particles of sediment to collect dust and germs. Ambrosia is safe—no caustic alkali, no wax. Swift —a one minute facial. Convenient—nothing to wipe away.

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That product is Boncilla Clasmic Pack. And this is what it gives:

The glow of radiant youth. With the first application, Boncilla Clasmic Pack brings the blood glowing beneath your skin to nourish and animate every cell and pore, stimulating and awakening it to the lovely glow of youth.

Fresh cleanliness. Coaxing out of every pore the clogging grime and makeup, Boncilla cleanses your skin to fresh, wholesome exquisiteness.

Petal smoothness. You have only to touch your skin after your Boncilla treatment to feel how completely Boncilla's healing, soothing balsams have smoothed away the roughness.

Velvety softness. Again your fingertips tell that even the most-abused, weather-harshened skin can grow velvety under the softening action of Boncilla's magic unguents.

Unblemished clearness. All the unkind marks of time, lines and wrinkles and relaxed muscles, respond to the lively stimulus of the energizing pack, activating your skin to youthful firmness. All the blackheads and other blemishes are powerless to resist the purifying action of Boncilla's amazing absorption.

Exquisite fineness. By its actively astringent properties Boncilla tones your skin and closes enlarged pores to finer texture.

Creamy fairness. Very gently Boncilla's bleaching action brings back to your skin the delicate fairness lost by weather exposure.

Almost unbelievable, isn't it, that one single product can give you all the seven complexion graces! Yet you have only to try Boncilla Clasmic Pack to know it's tr[illegible] or four times th[illegible] twice a we[illegible]

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[illegible]*Complexion Graces*

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LUNAR ENCHANTMENTS

(Continued from page 164)

national duty to that prestige, as the youngest of the great nations, as the growing member of the family of nations, which we should reinforce, bolster, put props on until it can stand alone. The way we protect young trees, with a boxing around trunks not yet set in the way they should grow. We, the citizens abroad, are those boxes, so to speak. No aping of other nations; because we hope to be admirable enough, eventually, for others to ape us."

"Oh, dear!" sniffed the quarrelsome woman. "Now the old bore is off on another line!"

From under his rather beetling brows the Colonel inspected her. He turned his keen eyes on Consuelo, and said directly to her: "It's up to us to build and not tear down, whether we do the tearing down from carelessness or from a mistaken sense of romance."

The Major demanded to know what romance had to do with a question of the flag, sir. But they were in the grip of that heaviness which comes at the end of a day starting at five in the morning and beginning the process of winding up at eight in the evening; and there was no comment on the Colonel's point of view. They sat, sluggish and drenched in perfume from the opening night flowers.

Someone said: "The moon will be up soon." But it did not matter. Someone else said she thought it might be better to drive until dinner, at nine; and: "It's remarkable how willing we are, night after night, to drink cocktails when we know they'll make us ten times warmer." And still someone else said: "You can't get around the fact that we go a little mad, out here. It's so funny that the Spaniards didn't. I mean, they didn't drink hard liquor as part of the daily routine." And the miffed Major snorted his contempt of such an argument, and stated it as beyond dispute that Americans should be content to do as English colonial officials did and take their liquor like men, by God, sir! "*Vino tinto*—bah!" he wound up.

THERE came the bustle of couples leaving for their drive, the rustle of couples changing to chairs more cozily placed, shuffling of husbands and wives into dim corners wherein other persons' husbands and wives already sat. And somebody brought up a newcomer to the Islands, a writer of sorts in search of the material with which the Orient is supposed to abound. "But what, in heaven's name, can a novelist find in the Philippines?" demanded the quarrelsome woman. "Now if it were the China Coast, for instance, I could understand your coming all this way, and browsing round, and all that."

Into the now heavily scented blanket of air that lay over them with the palpable darkness of the tropics, the voice of Colonel Fairfax fell pleasantly because it was the voice of one no longer charged with heating passions. He said to the writer: "So you've met Johnston? H'm-m-m. Eh? . . . Oh, yes, yes. He would strike you that way, as a surprising derelict because, while a derelict in spirit, in body he's far from it. Still spruce, I mean to say; to all outward seeming, still a dandy. Used to be one of the handsomest fellows ever sent out from West Point. He wasn't quite thirty when the mainspring was snapped. He resigned, settled out here, and became as you now see him—an instance of the effect of tropical light on the blond."

"There isn't, really, anything in that theory, is there?" expostulated the writer, striving to know.

Colonel Fairfax laughed softly, the kind of laugh that, even in the dusk, carries in its ring a shrug. "Johnston couldn't tell you what it was that took the spring out of his works. It might have been his wife's defection, or it might have been his resignation from the army, or it might have been some inner doubt. It doesn't matter."

Someone exclaimed: "Oh—*that* Johnston? I'd forgotten all about it, it was so long ago that he got his divorce. You knew the inside of the case, didn't you, Colonel? Of course, I came into the army years and years afterwards!" The speaker was a woman. You could feel that she preened herself.

The men were keeping quiet. But, whenever their womenfolk spoke, they gave nervous starts, and their wicker chairs squeaked.

The writer murmured that he had heard something about it.

But Colonel Fairfax disagreed. "You wouldn't have heard it all. The story reached the newspapers only as the very usual, sordid tale of a certain woman running away from her husband. I remember the papers put it down to the loosening effect of the tropics on feminine morals. But it went deeper than that."

THEY watched the red end of his cigar die into grey, and warm into red again as he knocked the ash over the balustrade.

"He's going to loosen up with one of the scandals he knows," whispered someone to the quarrelsome woman.

"Let's hope so. He knows plenty to make it interesting, if he does—the old wind-bag," came the answering whisper; hissing, cutting through the air and audible to the Colonel himself. "But he won't really tell it. I've had experiences with his story-telling, my dear, and it's largely bluff."

Unexpectedly, the Colonel laughed heartily. "This time," he said, "you'll be agreeably surprised. You'll pardon me if I keep to myself my reasons for 'really telling it'?"

The quarrelsome woman said grudgingly that of course he knew they had wanted for years to know the whole story of that divorce. But she had had the misfortune to marry the year after it had come about, and Johnston's friends—with a resentful look at her husband—had been close-mouthed; she had never really got at it. Of course, she had surmised, as who would not? But was he going to tell it, or was he not?

"I am," said the Colonel definitely. He settled more comfortably, lit a fresh cigar, and looked over at Consuelo. She looked at him. Her eyebrows were up, and close under her nose was the little stunted, pallid rose. "I am!" said the Colonel once more.

"It may bore us," said Consuelo drawlingly. "It was so long ago. And times have changed."

"They should have," said the Colonel significantly. "At any rate, you are all familiar with a certain small house in the *Maestranza*, a low stone house built against the Wall itself and therefore unpleasantly associated, for such of us as feel vibrations, with the ancient Spanish dungeons with which the Wall is partly honey-combed. For the Wall was not built by those old fellows as an ornament; it was a useful thing, a handy thing, and thriftily they combined in that one feat of building all aims both beautiful and unbeautiful. I always think—I should say, I feel in my flesh—when I'm in that squatty house, crouching there against the Wall, that I could not bear living shoulder to shoulder with those dungeons." He smiled through the darkness that lay between the several members of the dwindled group.

"I think, however," came Consuelo's husky voice, "that you aren't fair, that you've no sense of beauty, that you can't—can't—*appreciate* things. You know we haven't anything to approach it in America. You know we aren't old enough. Then why do you run it down?"

Instead of replying to her, he asked: "Any of you evergo through the dungeons? No? Well, times have changed. When I first came out to the Islands, 'before we drained the Moat,' we like to say," he explained to the writer, "we went out of our way to experience all those sensations, to put ourselves in the shoes of the Spaniards whom we had ousted. We were young, or youngish, and we had a great idea—some of us, those who had read history outside the text books—of nosing in on how those old dons had run things before we hoisted our bright young

(Continued on page 170)

You cannot feel it . . .

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Miss Hope Hampton one of America's most brilliant stars of stage, screen and opera, says "Rouge Incarnat is delightful—I cannot feel it", and "it seems to last-forever". Louis Philippe studying Miss Hampton's exquisite coloring. It is these color studies by the creator of Angelus that have perfected the wide variety of natural tints.

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OF amazing smoothness, Angelus Rouge Incarnat leaves lovely color alone on lips and cheeks. Only by your added beauty do you know it is there, for you cannot feel it on your lips. There is no flaky residue, no drying or caking. Nine natural becoming tints to match your own coloring perfectly. Waterproof and indelible, Angelus Rouge Incarnat stays on the entire day. You may forget the color on your lips and cheeks—you know it will not change. "The Little Red Box" for lips and cheeks is slim and convenient. Slips into the flattest purse and seems to last forever. Also Angelus Rouge Incarnat Lipsticks.

ANGELUS
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Angelus Lemon Cleansing Creme for removing make-up.

Where to Shop in New York

SOCIAL CALENDAR

for March 1930

SATURDAY, MARCH 1—Dance by Mrs. John Richardson, Sr., of Boston, Mass., in honour of her granddaughter, Miss Hope Richardson.
Mardi-Gras Carnival, New Orleans, La. To continue until March 4.
SUNDAY, MARCH 2—Reception by Major General and Mrs. Hanson E. Ely at their quarters on Governor's Island, N. Y.
TUESDAY, MARCH 4—Wedding of Miss Gladys S. Robbins, daughter of Rowland Ames Robbins of No. 1120 Fifth Avenue, New York City, to Clinton S. Lutkins, in the chapel of St. James's Church. Reception at the Madison.
Last of the series of Yorkville dances, at the Ritz-Carlton.
Costume ball, under auspices of Copley Society, Hotel Statler, Boston, Mass.
Mi-Careme Ball, Ritz-Carlton, New York City.
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5—First day of Lent.
THURSDAY, MARCH 6—Annual Everglades Club costume ball, Palm Beach, Fla.
Reception to Army and Navy at White House, Washington, D. C.
FRIDAY, MARCH 7—Sixth and last sub-débutante dance at Hotel Somerset, Boston, Mass.
Dance by Mrs. Lyman Lovering of Boston, Mass., for her daughter, Miss Ruth Lovering.
Dog Show under auspices of Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich.
SATURDAY, MARCH 8—Third subscription dance at Brattle Hall, Cambridge, Mass.
MONDAY, MARCH 10—Country Club Women's Amateur Golf Championship, Coronado Beach, Calif. To continue through March 15.
TUESDAY, MARCH 11—Southern Professional Tennis Championship, Tennis Club, Palm Beach, Fla. To continue through March 14.
Wedding of Miss Carolyn Montgomery Du Bois, daughter of Mrs. Elliott Clarke Du Bois of Brooklyn, N. Y., to Philip Cuyler Langdon, in Trinity Church, Brooklyn. Reception to follow at Hotel Ambassador, New York City.

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SOCIAL CALENDAR

for March 1930

FRIDAY, MARCH 14—Tea by Mrs. Philip Sawyer at her home No. 660 Park Avenue, New York City, for the Actors' Fund Matinee Club.
Second performance of "Vincent Virtues and Vices," by Vincent Club, Arlington Street Theatre, Boston, Mass.
Third and last Junior supper dance, Hotel Copley Plaza, Boston, Mass.
Dog Show under auspices of Western Reserve Kennel Club, Cleveland, Ohio. To continue through March 15 and 16.
SATURDAY, MARCH 15—Third performance of "Vincent Virtues and Vices," by Vincent Club, Arlington Street Theatre, Boston, Mass.
MONDAY, MARCH 17—International Flower Show, Grand Central Palace, New York City. To continue through March 22.
TUESDAY, MARCH 18—Women's Open Golf Spring Tournament, Belmont Manor Golf and Country Club, Bermuda. To continue through March 22.
Golf, Winter Amateur Championship of Florida, St. Augustine, Fla., to continue through March 19, 20, 21 and 22.
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19—Randolph Race, Jockey Club, Pinehurst, N. C.
THURSDAY, MARCH 20—Reception to Commerce and Labor, White House, Washington, D. C.
FRIDAY, MARCH 21—Fifth Senior supper dance, Hotel Copley Plaza, Boston, Mass.
Dog Show under auspices of Cincinnati Kennel Club, Cincinnati, Ohio. To continue through March 22 and 23.
MONDAY, MARCH 24—Flower Show, Commercial Museum, Philadelphia, Pa. To continue through March 29.
TUESDAY, MARCH 25—Flower Show under the auspices of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, Horticultural Hall, Boston, Mass.
Regatta, Miami Beach, Fla. To continue through March 26.
French lecture by Mme. Jeanne Roulet-Pavey, at the home of Miss Grace Nichols, No. 107 Chestnut Street, Boston, Mass.
Luncheon by Mrs. Joseph A. Hall of Boston, Mass., in honour of her daughter, Miss Carolyn Hall.
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26—Second and last for the season of the Metropolitan Dances at the Ritz Carlton Hotel, New York City.
FRIDAY, MARCH 28—Spring Flower Show, Hotel Sherman, Chicago, Ill. To continue through April 5.
Dog Show under auspices of Chicago Kennel Club, Chicago, Ill. To continue through March 29.
SATURDAY, MARCH 29—President's Race, Jockey Club, Pinehurst, N. C.
Miss Adeline King Robinson's Senior tea dance, New York City.
Flower Show, Public Auditorium, Cleveland, Ohio. To continue until April 5.
Flower Show, under auspices of National Flower and Garden Society, Municipal Auditorium, Minneapolis, Minn.
MONDAY, MARCH 31—United North and South Amateur Golf Championship for Women, Country Club, Pinehurst, N. C. To continue through April 4.

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LUNAR ENCHANTMENTS

(Continued from page 166)

flag in place of their decidedly worm-eaten bunting. Well, then: that little house had been quarters for a Spanish ordnance officer, and we turned it over to one of our own ordnance officers, this very Johnston whose story is before the meeting. Johnston was a classmate of mine. I remember the first time I dined with them in their new abode. I can still feel the eeriness in my bones. The place felt haunted. But it was gay enough, to the eye; over its red-tiled roof the bougainvillea threw a purple veil of illusion. It was only with my nerves that I felt repulsion. Did I say that the back of the house was the Wall itself, *El Muelle? El Muelle* was the pervading influence. *El Muelle* is too big a thing for a poor American girl to live against, as it were."

THERE came some sort of murmur from the novelist. It sounded like "Ah-h-h!" and it sounded like, "Oh, do go on."

"Inside, the old Spanish furniture remained in place, where the poor devil who had occupied the quarters had left it. I can remember how it looked, in those days: a white shell of a place, with a ceiling far above your head; and the ceiling moved in slow waves, every now and then, because it was white cloth and behind it lived, presumably, a house snake. There were numerous little lizards scurrying over that swaying ceiling, and running up and down the plaster walls; and occasionally they fell to the floor, or to the dining-table, with a faint *ping*. Always then, as now, they fell on their backs, so that they turned up to one's gaze their livid bellies. If you chased them, they went into a great panic and lost their tails. They seemed in a perpetual panic, anyway; for as they panted you could see their whitish bellies jerking up and down spasmodically. They impressed me. They seemed an integral part of this conquered city. One dropped down the low neck of Mrs. Johnston's frock, and I recall my surprise that she didn't appear to mind. Very calmly, she leaned far over and shook it out. And this was so different from the behaviour of the other American ladies who had first come out: they used to scream, and shudder, and say that they could never learn to bear it. It was Johnston who was upset over this contretemps of the lizard; he was upset because, by leaning over, she had exposed a considerable section of her very lovely person. He was in love with his wife. His blue eyes followed her around a room. Other eyes, always, followed her around a room; for she was lovely. She had an exotic dark splendour. She fitted into the little house as if she had always lived within walls that were a yard thick.

"The house had a singular coolness. It was as if, coming in on a hot day, the dead were breathing over your shoulders. Musty, Johnston called it. He was afraid they would catch rheumatism."

"Oh, you needn't say another thing!" said Consuelo.

"How?" said the writer, peering at her.

"Can't *you*, a novelist, see *now* why she got a divorce?"

"He can't, Consuelo," interrupted Colonel Fairfax. "He's an American, like the rest of us. And we can't understand this *turning back*."

She gasped out, "Oh—!"

"Well, I think it's very interesting," advanced the writer, bewildered. "I think I could understand, if I knew more about this case. I—"

"None of you could understand. Not one of you," muttered Consuelo. The words came out of the thick darkness as if muffled by it. "This 'turning back': what do you mean by that, in plain words?"

"You're too young to have known Mrs. Johnston, Consuelo," said Colonel Fairfax gently. He watched the pallid little rose that slowly moved to and fro, to and fro, catching the light from the lantern that, overhead, swung to and fro, to and fro, and was almost as pale as the rose.

"Oh, I never saw her," said Consuelo lightly. "Of course. But I just happened to see what the rest of you don't seem to see. I— Oh, what's the use!"

The quarrelsome woman spoke up. "Why should you defend her? It's nothing to you, my dear. And, besides, we none of us know, yet, what she actually did."

The Colonel spoke to the pallid rose. "From the first, Mrs. Johnston liked the house. She said she felt nice, and settled-down; she couldn't say just exactly how she felt, but it was a *natural* feeling. She gave me the impression of a cat come back to the fireside and going around in a circle, a circle becoming smaller and smaller, until the cat finds the centre and lies down to snooze. She lay down to snooze, it seemed to me. She sat all morning behind the *reja*. *Rejas*," he explained to the writer, "were always to be found on the windows, when we first came out here. Their gracefully swelling curves, as you know, embrace the opening of the window at the same time that their strength of iron bars keep out street prowlers and keep in any amorous damsel who may fancy a prowler. Then—as I was saying—she sat all morning behind her *reja*, looking out at the soldiers, looking over their heads; looking, it might have been, for something she didn't yet see. Her immense black eyes stared through the soldiers. She was happy, peaceful, judging from her expression, although she did not see what was on the other side of the soldiers; perhaps because she didn't see what was on the other side. She had always given the impression of leading a very happy married life, mind you. They had been in love from the moment they had seen each other, these two."

"I beg your pardon," interrupted the writer. "I'm principally interested, naturally, in the two people. But I want to get the setting straight in my mind. What, for instance, is a *Maestranza*?"

AMID rumblings of impatience from the army people, Colonel Fairfax explained the meaning and importance of an arsenal. "The *Maestranza*," he continued, "lies in a bastion of Fort Santiago. In this case, it's a diminutive fort, like a stage setting of a fort. But it gives no impression of pasteboard, and in this it isn't stage illusion. It's immensely thick—enormously thick walls enclosing little spaces. The bastion squats! It's alien to the land; and it's cold, and watchful of its stores, and resents the water-lettuces that float down the Pasig. For it's Spanish. It lowers at the Americans, and glowers at the native city across the river, and holds its ground until death: and it knows it won't die because it was built to last. It's a living thing. It's impregnated—if you know what I mean?" he said directly to the writer, who nodded but did not speak.

"It was natural that I should frequently walk across to the house that was like a cold vault for the dead. I don't know that I'm a particularly imaginative man; but I used to fancy that the floor of the house was moving under my feet. A sort of force, generated during the centuries of tortures that went on in those dungeons—life, and death, in a concentrated form, you might say: it was bound to have soaked into the very stones of which the house was built.

"It was interesting, too—or is interesting now, looking back—that Johnston didn't like the place. It wasn't long before he began to watch his wife, uneasily, although I'm sure that at that time she was sticking very close to home. She seemed, in fact, reluctant to leave the house for any length of time; she seemed to be growing into the house, taking root like the moss on the stones. Johnston asked me if I noticed how milky her skin was becoming, a sort of moist, flat paleness. Of course, this was because she had stopped rouging in the pronounced fashion of the first of the century; but as he had never divined that her rosy complexion was the result of the rouge pot, so he did not suspect that she had deliberately produced her present pallor. Certainly, he would never have dug down, in his mind, to the cause of

(Continued on page 172)

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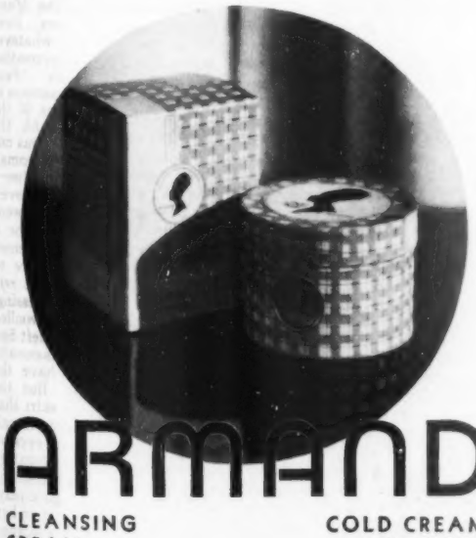

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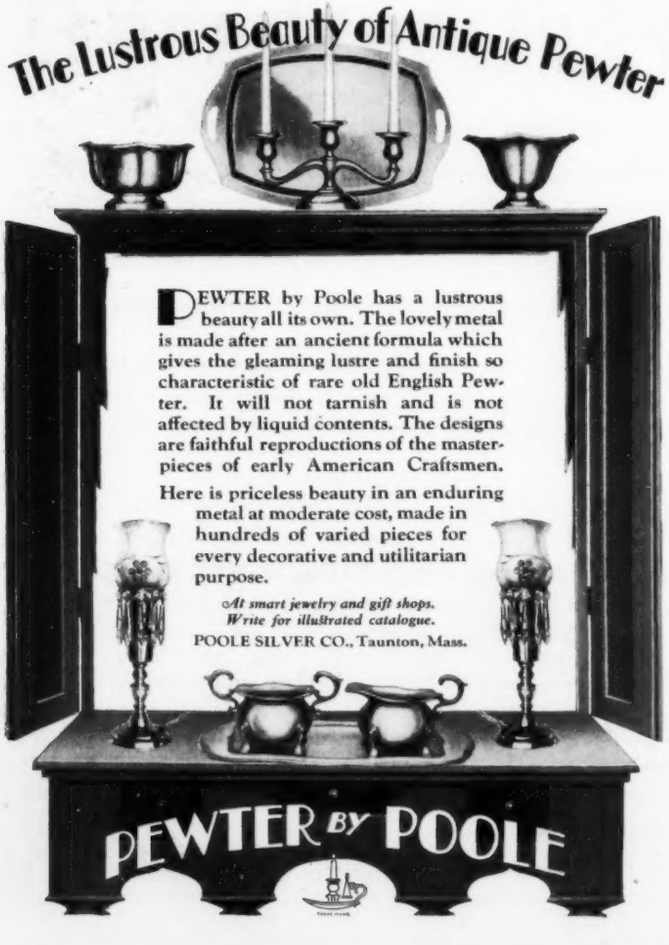

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LUNAR ENCHANTMENTS

(*Continued from page 170*)

this deliberate act. For Johnston did all his thinking while on duty, and brought home at the end of the day the tired-out perceptions of the usual amorous husband of our time and country. In other words, in the cool of the evening he would tuck up his mind for the night, making sure it was asleep before his body awakened.

"His wife finally came to reversing this process. All day she sat behind her *reja*, presumably thinking nothing, and in the cool of the evening she put her soft white body—which was turning whiter from this life, and, I've no doubt, softer, for, if the truth must be told of a lady, she was undoubtedly stouter—to sleep and aroused her brain. The somnolent creature of the afternoon expeditions to the Escolta—she'd taken up the old-time Manila custom of shopping in the late afternoon, and she took it up before the other American ladies had found out its advantages—in the twinkling of an eye and with her change into a thin evening frock, turned a right about face and became an alluring coquette. Intelligent enough, she was, to hold our interest when she spoke in her throaty low voice; but I could never decide whether she did in truth say things or whether things were conveyed by that deep chest tone. Johnston would then gaze upon her with his old approbation. 'Now,' he would gloat, 'you look like yourself, Mary!'

"'Who is "myself"?' she would never fail to demand. 'Not the one you insist on calling *Mary*. I—my inside I— was never called Mary, at home.'

"'I loathe *Maria*,' he would object. 'It sounds common, unless you're in mind to pronounce it the Spanish way. And what have we to do with Spanish ways?'

"Beautiful women, oftener than not, are more good-natured than plain women, although the homely ones won't give them credit for it. They don't have to fight their way. On the other hand, they don't have to make their way by subtlety. She smiled. She had a slow smile, by nature; but of late she had given the appearance of brooding over a smile for a long time before it dawned on her adorable mouth. And she gave the whole thing away—though we didn't realize it at the time— by what she said to me: 'I'm a Spanish Californian. Bruce doesn't like that.'

"IT did, however, give me a start. I sat looking furtively at her, trying to put my finger on some change in her. I could feel the change, you see. She wore, this evening, large gold earrings that she had bought from the pedlars of jewellery. In those early days, while the impoverished Spanish families still lurked in their sombre *palazios* in the Walled City—awaiting remittances from home that didn't come, trying to sell their sugar *haciendas* and getting no bids from Americans who had yet to discover the value of such lands in the Southern Islands—they resorted to selling their family jewels. These families had great stores of the most delicate hand-wrought filigree combs, and rosaries, earrings and bracelets and what-not, all set with the rare pearls from the Sulu fisheries. These jewels were hawked around the city by the old women who every morning brought to your door, if you were feminine, packs of embroidered linens and the under-garments they had begun to embellish with their spidery designs. The officers' wives were wearing the garments, presumably; but the jewels went begging until someone conceived the idea that the filigree combs would make pretty sickle-shaped brooches if detached from the shell teeth. Whereupon, on every bosom in American Manila there appeared, like a rash, these curved brooches. On every American bosom, that is, except the luscious bosom of Mrs. Johnston. Oh, yes, ladies—" he broke off to tease them—"in those days women had chests that were bosoms. The sexes were distinguishable at a glance.

"As I was saying, I sat staring at my friend's wife, saying to myself that through intermarriages the Spanish Californians had Anglo-Saxon blood in their veins. But you wouldn't have thought it, to look at Mrs. Johnston. The long earrings dangled to her shoulders, the clumsily designed bracelets clanked on her wrists; and—crowning touch, actually—her comb was in her blue-black hair where it belonged by design. She did not adapt this jewellery, she wore it in the way it should be worn. And vastly did it become her. I said something of this to her. I said that the other American ladies were rather washed-out by the juxtaposition of so much bright gold. Their blue or grey or brown eyes, their blonde or mousey hair, faded when brought into the picture of these dangles. In those days, ladies wore their hair in a hard, wooden roll that perched ludicrously above earrings that took for granted a mantilla and a sprig of jasmine. Mrs. Johnston conveyed a suggestion of the sprig of jasmine. I found myself peeping, craning my neck, to see behind her ear where I began to be sure I would discover a flower.

"ONE thing, a little thing, stands out in my memories. Mrs. Johnston slapped the Filipino house boy because he came into the *sala* with shoes on his erstwhile bare feet. American shoes. Cheap yellow leather shoes that creaked. But, even so, I failed to understand her sudden, flaring rage. The servants employed by American families had begun to hobble around in this heating leather shoe, forgetting, in their childish vanity, that their feet were accustomed to the chinelas of green or red plush from the *zapaterias*. This Suelo, then, coming into the *sala* with a tray of Scotch-and-Tan, creaked dolefully over the wide expanse of the floor—creaked, however, proudly, and rolling his eyes around to gather up admiration of his *all-same-Americano*. The sound of Mrs. Johnston's slap split the air; it was an explosive. It sent me home in a state of that rather nauseated uneasiness, the cause of which we can never clearly understand. As I got into bed, it came to me that Johnston had said to her: 'Mary, you don't seem to know how to handle these servants. They'll hate you as they did the Spaniards.' And she had said calmly: 'I hope they will. The Spaniards put the fear of God into them.'

"I was in and out of Manila, mostly out. But upon one of my flying visits, I found that Mrs. Johnston had in some mysterious way struck up an acquaintance with a Spanish family or two. This was rare enough, among the army families, to cause remark. How had she met them?—I heard around the Club. In those days, the Army and Navy Club was across the Walled City from the *Maestranza;* everyone, of the army, lived within the Walled City; and whatever transpired was the subject of conversation in the patio of the old Club. 'Poor Johnston!' seemed to be the consensus of opinion of the patio. 'She's one of the pieces of wreckage we can thank the climate for!' But Mrs. Johnston was not wreckage. She had the look of a woman who had found a religion that suited her—a placidity of self-approbation. However, she was a Catholic, and I knew she went regularly to mass, so it couldn't be a question of religion. The change seemed physical. Half asleep, if one were to judge by her eyes, hanging in the *reja* dressed in some sort of loose dressing-sacque slopping over the black woollen skirt of the suit in which she had left San Francisco, she did, when occasionally she moved across the room, have the hussy's walk—lazy, inviting. But the dressing-sacque, and the dingy skirt that smelt of the mildew always lying in wait for wool in these parts, kept my eyes off her except in an appraising, derogatory way. I experienced no difficulty in sitting off like a spectator at a play. A good play. In spite of all this that I have told on her, there was about her so strong a suggestion of *life* that her presence in the room made the young officers who called seem thin as paper—paper dolls. For in the evening she was decked out to kill. Corseted, hair in a wonderful sweep of blue-black wings on either side of her

(*Continued on page 174*)

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LUNAR ENCHANTMENTS

(*Continued from page 172*)

small head, white silk stockings and black slippers that were too tight. She said openly that her feet hurt.

" 'That's because you will wear those confounded chinelas all day,' growled Johnston. He said to me—drunk, of course, when he said it— 'She isn't dainty any longer.'

"With every daintiness that she shook off, he suffered a positive wound. For he was one of those men whom even the tropics can't make untidy. He told me of those of her daily habits which had been changing imperceptibly under his eyes until finally his eyes had opened to the fact that he had a slattern for a wife. You must bear in mind two things—that we'd known each other since our pleb days, and that he had taken to drinking heavily. 'A woman who won't take the trouble to put her stockings on when she comes out to breakfast!' he complained, over and over. It seemed to stick in his befuddled mind.

"Don't laugh, ladies," he broke off to chide them. "This was the first decade of the century, when all women who could afford them wore stockings. No pretty, moonlit bare legs peeking out from underneath evening frocks! Other times, other manners; but in all times manners are the symbols of a state of mind, consequently a change of manners—habits—is significant. In this case, significant of what? Johnston and I were too stupid to see.

"To be a Spanish Californian means little. Every American is, by now, a mixture of races. We have German-Americans, Irish-Americans, Swedish, Norwegian, Swiss, Russian, Italian, Jewish, Greek and all-the-rest-hyphenated Americans; and they aren't differentiated from the original English and French-Americans. If Maria Johnston had stayed at home; if she had been quartered in one of the cheap wooden shacks the Americans knocked together in the Southern Islands, away from the main trail of the Spaniards; if she—if she, in short, had not had a *reja* in her window!—she would have gone back to the States still Mary in name and Mary in heart."

COLONEL Fairfax paused, apparently to gather up the rustle of annoyance at this suspension of his story; but it was to the far corner wherein the stunted pot-grown rose showed dimly that he spoke. "I beg your pardon, Consuelo?"

"I didn't speak," came the husky voice.

Colonel Fairfax resumed his story. In his persistence—in a certain implacable flow of his narrative—he conveyed the impression of a design waiting on no one's pleasure but existing, for all that, in his brain. He paid no attention to a murmur of interest from the writer because he had not played for it.

"It chanced that Johnston and I were ordered home the same month. I don't need to tell those of you who have gone through this most delightful of all experiences, 'ordered back,' that I came in from the bosque in hot haste. As soon as I got through the necessary minutiæ at Fort Santiago, I hurried to the Club for the social side of the news. 'Have you seen the Johnstons since the orders came?' I asked, over cooling drinks in the patio. 'Some job, to pack up when you're a married man.'

" 'Ahem!' lucidly remarked those of whom I enquired. At my question, there had seemed to drop over the patio a faint embarrassment, a desire to tell me something and a stronger desire to put it off. By the way, what that old patio knew of goings-on, scandalous and innocuous! I knew, in my heart, that my friend had gone on the rocks; and I hadn't to search far for the reason. The pre-death metempsychosis of Mary Johnston!

"I hurried to the little house in the *Maestranza;* and with every step I became more undesirous of finding them at home. But they were—Johnston with his blouse off, nailing up boxes, Mrs. Johnston throwing into still uncovered big army chests all sorts of left-overs. And I was struck with her disdain. Her fingers seemed to spurn these American belongings. She dropped them into the chests as if they were soiling to her touch. She was wearing her old black woollen skirt and loose dressing-sacque, and her flesh shook and wabbled and threatened to spill from the cotton chemise that I more than glimpsed at the unbuttoned neck of the sacque. But dangling from her ears, and tangling in her hair that was about to slip from its knot, enormous gold earrings shook, and tinkling on her thickening wrists the heavy bracelets got in the way of her packing. She was impatient, and stopped to mutter under her breath.

" 'I told you to leave that alone and I'd do it,' growled Johnston. He mopped the sweat from his flushed blond face.

" 'And how could *you*,' she responded, 'you who can't stand the heat without going as wet as a drowned puppy, ever get through and pull out unless I came to the rescue?' She muttered: '*Basta!*'

"His hand tightened on the hammer, his eyes flashed: and I almost made a motion to catch his arm. But I needn't have alarmed myself, for he was still infatuated with her, and his feelings—of which he was ashamed, I could see—crept into the hot eyes that clung to her. Perhaps I have given you the impression that the woman had lost all attraction, but this was far from the truth. More than ever she gave an effect of wild energy, of tremendous vigour, of—of life, in short—that held the attention. And she was not physically dirty, if you will pardon my using such an expression. Her skin, that mat white skin of hers, was fresh and fragrant, her blue-black hair had appeared not to collect the dust of the crating and boxing, sawing and nailing, of their packing-up. The change was behind that lovely skin, somewhere behind the smouldering black eyes, throughout her whole body but in the nerves that one couldn't see. And behind her ear she did have a tucked-in sprig of jasmine, the little Granduca thing like a double star. She sat down, presently, and glanced at me from the corner of her eye. 'You, possibly, don't get so hot as these very blond men?' she enquired without interest.

"At this, Johnston flared up. 'Look here, *Mary*,' he said on a lifted note, 'I'm awfully fed up on that line! Just remember, my girl, that you're as American as the rest of us; only you've gone mad over this damned romance you say you find in Manila while the rest of us keep our heads. Romance! Faugh!' He brought the hammer down viciously, producing such a noise that we couldn't make out what he might be saying; but the sneer on his handsome mouth was unpleasant. He caught up with himself, and said more calmly: 'It's high time we pulled out. You may come to your senses in a civilized part of the world.'

"And then she sneered, with her full red mouth that could be so cruel.

"That evening, I stayed late at the Club, walking home to the old Oriente Hotel through the narrow streets that were flooded with the rose and green moonlight of the tropics. I had left Johnston in the patio, very drunk and getting drunker. He said he didn't care when he went home. He had started to cry, so I gave it up and went away. I was sorry he was telling those other chaps about it; but, after all, they had been in town all along and knew more than I. It was an oppressive night, forerunner of the sticky heat of the rainy season. I decided to walk out beyond the Wall for a breath of air that sometimes coyly refuses to penetrate the Walled City. I was restless, not a bit sleepy; in short, preparing in my unconscious for this sort of night. You know the feeling, Consuelo?"

"Why do you ask me?" she demanded. "No one can sleep—on a night like that. No one! I see nothing strange in what you're telling."

"It was later than I had supposed," Colonel Fairfax went on, paying no attention to her ungraciousness, "and to pass the sentry at the nearest gate was more than I felt up to. For, on nights such as I am describing, even the human voice uplifted in a regulation 'Halt!'

(*Concluded on page 176*)

In nasty weather WATCH YOUR THROAT

WHY not make an effort to escape colds and sore throat during the months of February and March when these troubles seem to strike everyone?

Simply try gargling every day with undiluted Listerine, the safe antiseptic. Many thousands report the efficacy of this treatment.

Ordinary colds and sore throat are infections caused by germs multiplying in the mouth and throat. When the body is weakened by wet feet, sudden changes of temperature, over-heating, over-exertion, and chills, these germs get the upper hand.

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Laboratory tests show that full strength Listerine destroys even the stubborn Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. Yet Listerine is absolutely safe to use this way. In addition, it soothes and heals the most delicate tissues. We are prepared to prove these claims to the entire satisfaction of the U. S. Government and the medical profession.

Gargle full strength Listerine every day. It inhibits development of sore throat, and checks it, should it develop.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy in home and office and use it every day as an aid in preventing infections of the mouth, nose and throat. Increase the frequency of the gargle, should any such infection gain a foothold. You will be delighted to find how often it relieves a trying condition. If it does not, consult your physician. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

LISTERINE *THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC*

Kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds

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LUNAR ENCHANTMENTS

(*Concluded from page 174*)

becomes intensely annoying," he informed the writer. "So I ascended the ramp to the top of the Wall. In the little strip of park up there, hanging over the city like Nebuchadnezzar's garden, I knew I should be undisturbed. All good Spaniards, at this time of night, have abandoned their sidewalk chairs for bed. Their *palazios* are tightly closed. And, when those old houses are barred for the night, another dreadful sensation takes possession of the wayfarer in the Walled City: he feels that the silent houses are closing in on him, that the streets are getting narrower, that the stones have awakened to sentient enmity towards his own little puny life. Happy to have escaped being closed in upon, I went to lean over the parapet and look down on the streets from which I had fled; and I found that I was staring into a walled garden, peeping in on a scene of the utmost privacy. My friend's wife, in short; Mrs. Johnston in her black slippers and white stockings, her pretty evening frock and her corsets. The moon was shining so intensely that I could see her eyes; and, bachelor as I was, I turned my own eyes away. For this wasn't the Maria who squalled around the little house in the *Maestranza*. But how came Maria to be in the garden of a private residence in the Walled City? How came Maria in the arms of the owner of the stained pink stucco *palazio*? I shrugged it off. It was none of my business. And, day after tomorrow, the Johnstons would be safely aboard an army transport and headed for the Golden Gate.

"I went about my own preparations, and tried not to think about it.

"But Maria, in 'turning Spanish' had also turned Spanish-cruel. She wouldn't let Johnston down easy.

"I saw him at the Club for tiffin on the day of sailing. 'My wife's on the Escolta, making her last purchases, I daresay. She told me she'd pick up a snack of those sweets at Clark's. Great God!' he exploded. 'I'll be thankful to pull out of these accursed Islands!' We piled ourselves, and our handbags, into a *calesa* and rattled off to the Quartermaster docks, where his wife had arranged to meet him. We went aboard the old *Logan*, shook ourselves down in our respective staterooms, and went up on deck for air. Far down the Bay we could see a flaunting thread of smoke from some departing ship; the puny breeze waved the black thread, stretched it back towards the shore, but could not dissipate it. You'd have thought that ship was thumbing its nose at us. A sailor said it was the outgoing Spanish liner.

"Johnston began to get uneasy. 'She's always late,' he kept saying. I was glad when his duties called him below and detained him until just before the transport cast off. Then, he dashed from the Quartermaster's office, his face wild. I was sure she must have come aboard when I wasn't looking, and suggested to him that she was fixing her hair, or something, down below. The Quartermaster came up, in his hand a bunch of those last-minute orders that gum the machinery of the army. 'Oh, Johnston,' he sang out, 'here's a telegram for you. Just came.'

"I said that Maria had turned cruel, bloody cruel. As Johnston read her telegram, the ribbon of smoke down the Bay diminished, was tattered by the stronger breeze off Corregidor, flung itself into oblivion as the Spanish liner cleared for sea. Nothing for Johnston to do but go home with us. He was caught in the military machinery. But after his resignation he came back. It appeared to be that Manila, because it hurt him, held him. I mean to say, he had to exist in this atmosphere of the warm, heavy, sweet-smelling nights that had ruined his Mary. He still believes he loves her, you see. Perhaps—I don't know—he thinks that some day she will show up out here. She won't, of course."

The quarrelsome woman let them down flat by saying, on a high key of everyday excitement: "Of all things! So *that's* the reason she ran away from him!"

But the writer said: "I think I see."

And Consuelo squeezed the Colonel's hand as she ran past to join her husband. Colonel Fairfax, smiling to himself because the lanterns would not give him away, was pleased to see that she thrust her hand through her husband's arm and clung to him, and that the little stunted rose fell to the floor when she did this. The little rose made a pallid streak of colour as it wavered, and circled, and slowly fell underfoot.

TILL THE JAMES RUNS DRY

(*Concluded from page 113*)

parkin' and drinkin' co'n. I wouldn't like that—no, suh. I always tell my sisters that when I get married, it isn't goin' to be in that town. It's peculiar, too. Now take Father: he says the town is too lively for him. He's always glad to go back on his run so he can get some rest. If my sisters' husbands are travellin', my sisters always come over to our place when Father's home. He says the town's too speedy for him, but he's old-fashioned and likes to get back to railroadin'. I bet you wish you were out in the parkin' with a girl—oh—the music's stopped. Oh!"

They were near the davenport, so Ted sat her down upon it.

"I certainly did enjoy that dance, Mr. Daniels. You know I just love to listen to a man talk," she said. She started to rise as the band struck up an encore.

"I'll see you later," said Ted as he went swiftly into the men's room.

"For heaven's sake!" he shouted as he crossed the threshold. "Have any of you gripes got some gin?"

PINE TREES: NANTUCKET MOORS

WHERE the slim pines the fierce sea fronted,
I saw their branches torn and stunted,
Their needles brought to red decay
By the salt mist and saltier spray—
Stricken in the eternal feud
Of sea with earth, of surf with wood.

Yet still upon the withered scene
I saw young pines of tender green,
Braving the winds that sear and twist—
Adventuring the Death-fingered mist.
It was as if in a thin train
Young warriors saw their comrades slain,
And where exhaustless foemen loomed,
Leapt in, impetuous though doomed.

Daniel Henderson

Charming, isn't it!.. And so convenient!

YOUR guests will appreciate the beauty of your "BTC Hostess" set—its rich coloring, artistic patterns and graceful lines. They will exclaim, too, about its comfort and convenience.

A "BTC Hostess" set is essential to any fine home—for bridge or for any other occasion requiring extra table and chairs. Made of pressed steel, it will last a life-time. All edges are turned under to prevent tearing the filmiest dress. There is a range of eleven modern color combinations to afford a selection perfectly suited to your tastes and decorative scheme.

MILTON C. WORK, now broadcasting bridge lessons over WEAF under the sponsorship of the manufacturers of Bridge and Congress Playing Cards, says:

"Without physical comfort the mental concentration needed for bridge is impossible. Thoughtful hostesses recognize that a steady table and comfortable chairs are essentials. The "BTC Hostess" sets meet the demands of the most exacting."

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Substitute sachets cost less,
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For your information, convenience and
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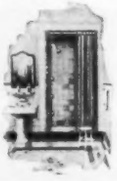

HAVE YOU A *Lumberjack Appetite?*

CERTAINLY you haven't. And so even in the coldest weather you need contrast for the heavy dishes of winter. A ready-to-eat cereal will just hit the spot. It's so refreshingly crisp and appetizing.

Try a bowl of crunchy Kellogg's Corn Flakes for breakfast. Serve with milk or cream—and sweeten with honey or top with preserved fruit. Just what you'd been wanting! You bet it tastes good! Order a red-and-green package from the grocer today. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's

Corn Flakes, Rice Krispies, ALL-BRAN, Pep Bran Flakes, Kellogg's Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit, Whole Wheat Krumbles, Kaffee Hag Coffee—the caffeine-free coffee.

PARIS LETTER

(Continued from page 85)

in groups of two or three. The Palm Beach girls wore pyjamas and wide hats, in combinations of red, white and blue, while the orchestra appropriately played the French war song, "Madelon." The Wimbledon girls were in tennis kit, short white frock, plaited, with colourful scarfs and bérets by Le Monnier. The St. Moritz golf girl appeared in red, black and white tweed, followed by her caddy dressed in the brown Palace Hotel uniform, bearing her clubs in a bag from Hermès. The Engadine Express girl wore a tweed travelling costume, and was followed by a regulation Swiss railroad porter, with her smart bags from Hermès. "Pluie," showed a girl in a smart raincoat, with a *chasseur* behind her, carrying a huge red umbrella over her head. The Riviera girls were in pale coloured crêpe costumes, with little attached capes, one bordered with beaver, with beaver bands at the elbows. The Ritz girls wore crêpe frocks for afternoon with pretty Le Monnier hats, while the Grand Prix and Garden Party girls wore flowered chiffons, long, uneven-hemmed and fluttering, with wide capeline hats, some of fine crin in the poke-bonnet shape that hides the profile from the side. The Grand Ecart mannequins had smart black evening gowns, and the Embassy girls were in shades of green, one in a moonlight satin of palest green that was particularly well worn by a tall handsome dark mannequin. The two Deauville girls were both tall and dark, and wore gowns of white lunasol broché with a tiny dull flower, and short slim matching coats with huge white fox collars. Baronne Graffenried wore the same gown, and Dynevor Rhys has sketched it on page 86.

Cartier has opened a shop at St. Moritz, on the winding main street, beside the famous Hanselman's where everyone goes for delicious cakes and sandwiches. All the Redfern mannequins were decked in Cartier jewellery, wonderful strings of emeralds cut into beads of graduated size, or a set of ruby beads set with diamonds, or huge diamond necklaces worn down the back, or with a double pendant, one in the back and the other in the front. Very new and exciting were the modern tiaras of diamonds, one like a double twisted chain of wide interlaced diamond bands, and worn low about the head of the handsomest dark girl, her growing hair rolled up under it. A still more unusual head-dress consisted of a flexible band of diamonds, worn right across the top of the head, from front to back, following the parting of the dark hair, with a pointed motif on the forehead, and another shorter point in the centre of the back. Shall we come back to tiaras again? If we do, there will have to be a grand resetting of stones, for the old sticking-up coronet effect will never do with round modern heads.

THE jewellery worn in the Embassy room rivalled that worn by the mannequins. Diamond necklaces galore, long earrings, and immense brooches. But many women wore costume jewellery in the evening, in spite of the fact that they possess plenty of the real. Baron de Meyer has discussed the psychology of costume jewellery in his article in this issue. Baroness de Meyer wore with her black lace Chanel frocks a huge twisted rope of Chanel "diamonds," and Baronne Graffenried wore "emeralds" and crystal with her white broché lunasol gown. The Duchesse d'Albe also wore the Chanel type of jewellery on some evenings, and historic stones on others. In addition to the Chanel type, I saw some of the other kind of jewellery, made of materials that are real as far as they go, but of the semi-precious variety. Madame Agnès wore with her black Vionnet chiffon, sketched by Rhys on page 87, a set of deep red coral, double necklace, earrings of modernistic shape, a big ring, and a long pin carved in the semblance of a Japanese god of luck. She also wore with a black chiffon gown from Louiseboulanger, and a jacket of chiffon lamé in gold, beige and black, a thick double row of large gold beads, and ball earrings to match. With her silvery lamé Vionnet gown, and a jacket of golden herring-bone lamé, she wore unpolished crystal beads, many strands about the neck, and ball earrings. Madame Vionnet calls this gown "Sunshine on the snow." She also wears Chinese turquoises, or light green jade with other appropriate costumes.

MADAME Juliette Talbot, the head of the house of Suzanne Talbot, has a famous collection of antique jewellery, much of it ancient Egyptian. One evening she was dancing at the Palace in one of her own white net frocks, the bodice short and tight fitting, and the skirt in two spaced plaited frills. With this she wore a belt made of embossed plaques of Egyptian gold, and a necklace of ancient Egyptian gold beads, moulded unevenly. On her shoulders she wore the new diamond clips, that can be clasped anywhere, in the corner of a décolleté, in the middle of the back, on a shoulder-strap, or even in a hat. Mrs. Arthur Vincent, always dressed by Patou, wore two of these clips in palm-leaf shape on one shoulder of a perfectly plain black crêpe gown. Madame Henri Labourdette has a rare collection of antique and unusual jewellery, of beaten gold, or silver, of ivory and turquoise balls, or of precious wood set with gold studs. She has a necklace of graduated dark amber beads, interspersed with cylinders of red coral or lapis, with rings of the same between them, which is very lovely with the extremely individual Talbot evening gowns that she always wears.

On pages 82 and 83 Martin has drawn some of the latest pieces of jewellery from Mauboussin and Van Cleef and Arpels. Perhaps the newest in form is the shoulder-pin from Mauboussin, made of platinum, with three flexible chains of square cut diamonds, and sapphire drops at the ends. The pictures speak for themselves, as they are in colour, but I draw your attention to the new ideas in hair-dressing. The idea from Antony was invented for the Princesse de Caraman Chimay, and can be adapted for the evening by the addition of a graduated braid, as you see in the drawing. Very new is the roll of hair across the top of the head from Antoine, who was present at St. Moritz himself, observing the results of his handiwork on various women. Hair-dressing is becoming very interesting. Mrs. Jay O'Brien, for example, wore her blonde hair that evening with a little crossed figure of eight right across the nape of the neck. The Duchesse d'Albe wears her chestnut hair rather long but straight in the back, with two curled rolls, one over each ear, lying on the cheeks. A slim, dark woman, dressed in raggedy red chiffon, the skirt all in fluttering points like dragon tongues, wore her hair parted right down the back, with a row of abrupt Antoine curls like snail-shells at each side, flat to the head, and running from the parting in the back to the ear on each side. Mrs. Robert Glen wears hers in a heavy curl, rolled up across the back of the head and right onto the cheeks at the sides. Mrs. Paget wears her grey hair rather long all over; it is softly curly, and slightly touched with blue. Very short hair now has a naked look that does not harmonize with the longer, more feminine gowns.

Many women wore little jackets made to go with their gowns, sometimes of the same, sometimes of different materials. Madame Agnès has jackets to complete all her gowns; a charming frock in pale string-coloured fine lace was worn with a knee-length, slim jacket of the same, the sleeves worn over the bracelets which gleamed prettily through the lace. Mrs. Vincent wore one of big black silk filet, with chenille balls at all the corners. Baroness de Meyer wore a short red velvet cape with a brown fur collar with her red velvet Chanel gown with the fur hem; and with her crow-blue Chanel spangles, she wore the wide long scarf which envelops the shoulders and hides the décolleté completely. With a black lace frock, one evening, she wore a novel cape, short and made of gold lamé fitting the shoulders. On this were two flat circular frills

(Concluded on page 180)

SIMPLE NOW TO GET RID OF HAIR

Without Slightest Fear of Bristly Re-Growth!

Not only is slightest fear of coarsened re-growth banished but actual re-appearance of hair slowed amazingly.

By a total lack of stubble you can feel the difference between this and old ways.

A new discovery that not only removes arm and leg hair instantly but delays its reappearance remarkably

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly.

Neet

Cream Hair Remover

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c. sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c. size.

PARIS LETTER

(*Concluded from page 178*)

of red velvet. The capelet is newer than the jacket for these little extra evening wraps. Mrs. Jay O'Brien revived the old fashion of swathing the shoulders in black tulle, with her Chanel frock of round spangled cuirass and tulle skirt. The Duchess d'Albe wears the same gown in pale pink. She also sometimes wore a splendid Spanish shawl, especially one in cream embroidered in green, with a creamy white satin gown, and a necklace of emeralds.

After the mannequin parade, we had a Concours d'Élégance in which all the women who danced participated automatically. The judges were the Duchesse d'Albe, Baron de Meyer, and myself, and we awarded the first prize between the Marquise de Paris, in a lovely silver lamé gown from Augustabernard, sketched by Dynevor Rhys on page 86, and Mrs. Jay O'Brien, in Chanel's black tulle and spangles, with wonderful diamonds. The second prize went to Señorita de Alvarez, in Chanel's black lace, a mass of tiny frills, that was drawn on the silhouette pages in the October Harper's Bazaar. With this she wore crêpe de Chine slippers, with small diamond ornaments. Madame Agnès carried off the third prize, in her silvery lamé Vionnet gown, very long, and like the corolla of a morning-glory, with a jacket of golden herring-bone "tweed." The other prizes were given to Mlle. de Gainza, in a Vionnet gown, Mrs. Paget, in midnight blue Vionnet velvet, and Mrs. Stewart, in Redfern's black gown, with large coloured bouquets, beautifully draped about her tall figure.

On pages 86 and 87, you will see sketches of several other women, observed on different evenings. Mrs. Arthur Vincent in a very new Patou gown of pale pink chiffon, Baronne Graffenried in her white lunasol broché from Redfern, the Duchesse d'Albe in Chanel's pink tulle and spangles. Baroness de Meyer in black lace from Chanel, said to be the point of departure for the new collection. Madame Porel in a long, slim grey satin gown from London Trades, Mrs. Richard Parke in leaf green crêpe jersey, from Irène Dana, with the belt at an almost Empire line, and wearing her necklace of flowers and their leaves in emeralds, sapphires, and rubies, set in diamonds. Madame Henri Labourdette in a most original gown from Suzanne Talbot, black satin, very décolleté in the back, with a long scarf-cape of sun-plaited satin, and Madame Agnès, in two Vionnet gowns, one in black chiffon, worn with red coral, and red crêpe slippers, and the other in white moire. This last is a miracle of cutting, being entirely composed of great oblongs, set together by the rules of Euclid, as only Madame Vionnet could do it. Cutting, what the French call *la coupe*, is everything in the new gowns, when they are of such materials as satin, moire, lamé, crêpe de Chine, or velvet. Apparently simple, they are extraordinarily designed, when one looks into them, and no less extraordinarily adapted to the figure that is to wear them. The frilly lace or tulle ones, while they look much more complicated, are really much simpler in form, though this seems like a paradox. One, worn by Mrs. Jay O'Brien, from Chanel, was in a new lace, a blend of greyish white with a thread of black, looking at a little distance like a small-patterned lamé. This was cut with a cape back, and curved peplum frill set across the hips in the back, and a long full skirt, touching the ground, but very slinky at the knees. This peplum across the back is a note to be watched. Several of the new Redfern evening gowns showed it. It is a style that needs a tall slim figure, and the frill must be placed with great discrimination.

On the sketch pages from St. Moritz, you will see several slippers. One pair from Gréco is interesting in its combination of colour. This was worn by Madame Agnès with her Vionnet gown of black velvet, the full hem lined with the same water-green. Another is the type of sandal favoured by the Marquise de Paris, very plain, but with a complicated arrangement of fine straps. She wears this in white, silver, or black according to her gown. She wore the black ones with her Augustabernard gown of black crêpe de Chine and fringe, which was drawn in January Harper's Bazaar. The third slipper was worn by a tall American woman, dressed in black lace and chiffon. It was almost a classic sandal, and very pretty on a slender, long foot.

I looked carefully to see if there was anything new in stockings. But women are still wearing a slightly darker tone of skin colour in the evening. However, Madame Agnès had a new idea which is worth recording. Under slim evening gowns, she wears a "combination," in mesh silk, in a tone somewhat darker than the skin. It is deeply décolleté, has shoulder-straps, the "shirt" part is in a heavy mesh, while the attached stockings, woven all in one, are of a fine quality of mesh. They may be removed, and a new pair knitted on again by machinery. Her stockings, then, are really the longest in the world, for they reach from the sole of the foot to the bust, almost like a second skin. These combinations are specially woven for her, and I give you the idea for what it is worth to you.

Doña Cayetana, daughter of the Duchesse d'Albe at St. Moritz.

DEAUVILLE

To wear this slim, chic belt is to admit that you know exactly what's what in Spring fashions! For its soft blending colors could come from nowhere save Paris . . . its tiny wave-like perforations suggest the sea at Deauville . . . and its Frenchy buckle will serve to clasp it around your waist with unmistakable smartness! The Deauville belt in Moaka-Nap Suede with harmonizing leather trim comes in the new blues, greens, reds and tans. It is but one of a thousand styles featured in the marvelous line created by Slote & Klein, the world's largest producers of women's and children's belts . . . You can buy Slote & Klein belts in every good department store in the United States.

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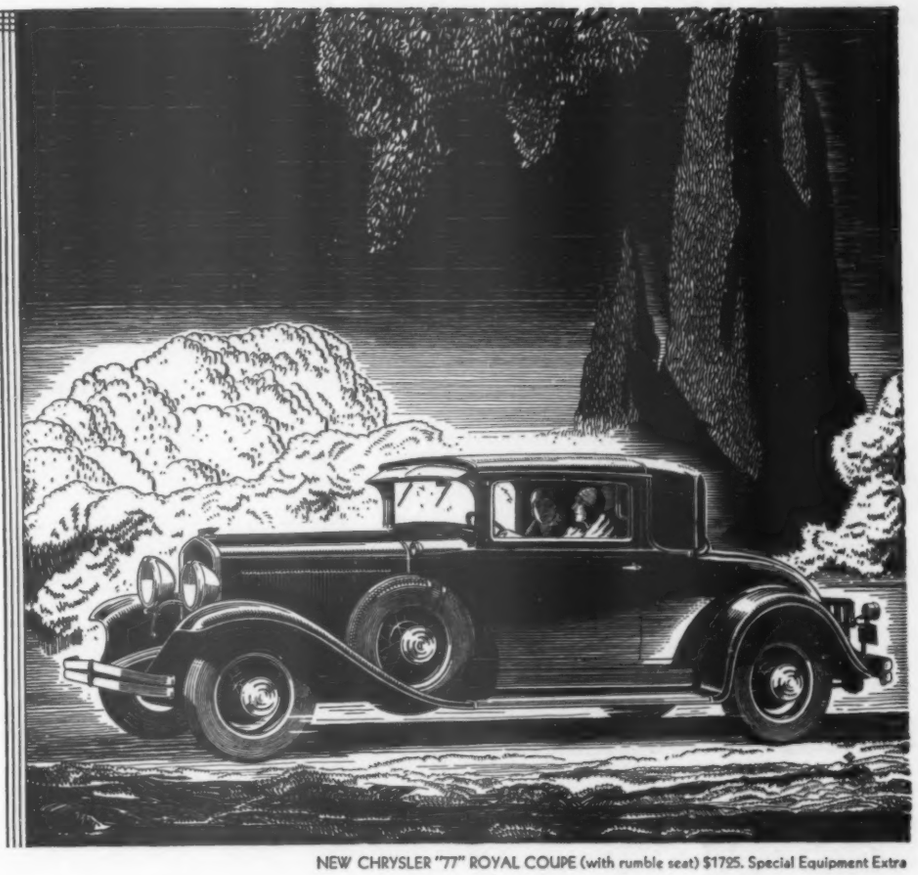

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You find that the new Chrysler Multi-Range four-speed transmission and gear shift introduce an ease of car control never before thought possible. You are delighted to be able to flick the gear lever back and forth between forward speeds without the slightest clash or grind, no matter at what speed the car may be traveling.

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IN THE TRAIN-SWEPT 'EIGHTIES

Long skirts, long gloves, and a waistline!—but the dress of 1930 is a wisp of nothingness compared to this gown of Mrs. Stanhope Wheatcroft's. In the 'eighties, the most deplored evil of women's dress was the great weight of her voluminous skirts.

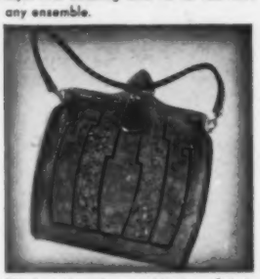
Harper's Bazaar in 1882 admonished: "Ladies should remember that dress was made to dignify the body and to cover it." Maud Granger's tranquil expression proceeds, no doubt, from the consciousness of being adequately clad.

Elsie Moore in the style that inspired a prominent writer of that period to say: "Any radical change, such as discontinuing the sweeping, graceful lines of the long skirts, is exceedingly improbable and undesirable."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAROLD SETON

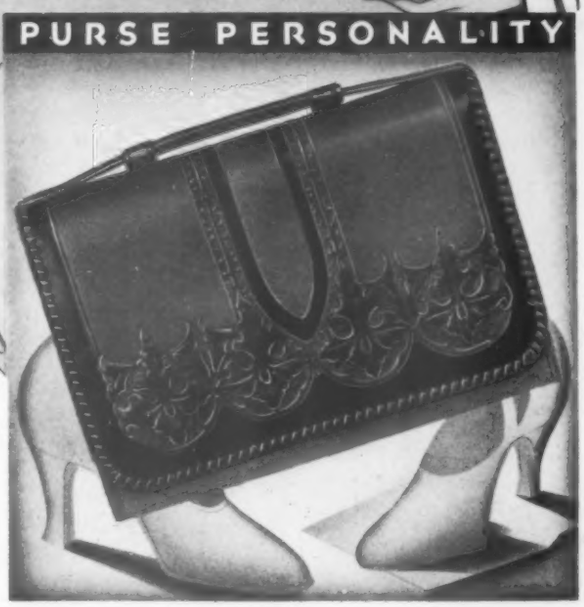
Just as important as your SHOES

This bag is of beautiful dark and light brown finished leather with blending brown frame. The turn locking clasp is gold finished with jewel medallion. Its style and coloring lend to its use with any ensemble.



The bag above is a combination of dark and light brown finished leather with hammered green gold frame and beautiful medallion clasp. Its richness wins instant approval.

Simplicity of design augmented by dark richness marks this handbag as an outstanding one. Its dark silver mounting is in keeping with the general tone of the design.



FOR EASTER

A Beautiful Meeker-Made Handbag or Underarm will prove a colorful addition to any Easter costume. Or as an Easter gift!

A STRIKINGLY SMART, HAND-COLORED HANDBAG OR UNDERARM PURSE AS EXEMPLIFIED *by*

BEAUTIFUL clothes . . beautiful shoes . . beautiful hands carrying a beautiful MEEKER-MADE handbag or underarm! The well-dressed woman has come to realize that dress perfection . . . and deserving recognition . . . result from strict attention to dress detail, especially her Shoes and Purse. Beautiful leathers help create Dress Personality . . . and MEEKER-MADE bags are famed for their "Purse Personality!"

There's a secure satisfaction in the knowledge that your Meeker-Made handbag or underarm blends beautifully into any dress ensemble. Too . . . fine imported steerhide leathers seemingly wear forever and grow softer and more beautiful with age.

You'll find Meeker-Made fine leather products at your Jeweler's, better Department and Drug Stores.

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HOME & FIELD

a magazine expressing beauty and fashion in the home
a complete exposition of the art of fine living

Contents for March

USES OF BOXWOOD IN GARDEN DESIGN, *Charles F. Gillette*

ONE CAN LIVE BEST IN TWO ROOMS, *Mary Hoyt*

WHAT FURNITURE BRINGS TO THE GARDEN, *Kingsley Ruthven*

GARDEN TOOLS & WHERE TO KEEP THEM, *Mrs. Jay Clark, Jr.*

EXAMPLES OF FURNITURE BY D. I. M.

LANDSCAPING AS AN ELEMENT IN REBUILDING, *Timothy March*

THE MODERN CONTINENTAL SCHOOL, *Dorothy Todd*

SIXTEENTH CENTURY GARDENS OF MARLIA, *Margaret Russell*

THE MANHATTAN ISLAND DECOR OF LESCAZE, *Oliver Thorne*

A CONTRIBUTION TO VIRGINIA'S TRADITION, *Taylor Scott Hardin*

PLANNING AND PLANTING A ROCK GARDEN, *Helen Morris*

A FRENCH "CHATEAU" ON A ROOF TOP, *Rita Wellman*

THE NURSERY UNTIL WE ARE SIX, *Frances Taylor Heard*

THE OLD AND THE NEW IN PORCELAIN, *Shirley Lowell*

LIGHTING PLANTS FOR COUNTRY HOMES, *G. W. Alden, E. E.*

GO THROUGH the pleasant doorway of HOME & FIELD. Join its group of distinctive people who share your desire to live broadly and richly. You will find yourself among persons of proved taste . . . connoisseurs who both interpret for you the modern in art and revive the rich treasures of the past . . . experts who know, both here and abroad, the newest trend of architecture, gardens, studios and galleries.

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You'll discover this about HOME & FIELD. Its writers have liveliness and charm. However practical the subjects discussed, the pages sparkle. And pictorially HOME & FIELD is just as charming and inspiring. Illustrators and photographers use exquisite art in presenting significant landscapes, houses, sculptures and decorations.

Go to one of the better news stands today and ask for February HOME & FIELD. The very possession of it is a mark of distinction—for it appeals exclusively to the person who appreciates what artists and craftsmen are doing to make home life distinctively beautiful and comfortable.

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Single Copy, Price 35 cents. ⁘ $4.00 a year

HOME & FIELD ⁘ 572 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

Before MATTIE EDWARDS HEWITT

Before and after: What intelligent restoration did to preserve an Italian oak credenza from further disintegration.

HOW TO TAKE CARE OF ANTIQUES

By SARAH M. LOCKWOOD

THE objects of our affection, who or whatever they are, ought, of course, to thrive on the mere fact that we adore them; but they don't. They want more than that. Unless our love is backed up by a good common sense appreciation of their physical needs, we will soon find our dear ones becoming crotchety and cross, sulking in the corner with lack-lustre eye. Flowers are a good example of what we mean. We may love them for all we are worth, but they will never lift up their bright heads for us if we forget to put water in the vase.

The same thing is true, if not quite so obvious, in our affection for old furniture. It isn't enough just to love it; not even enough to grasp and hold close the inner meaning, often more lovely than the things themselves, that dwells within them.

Curiously enough, it is more often than not the very people who sincerely love old furniture, who search for it diligently until they find it and fork out their last cent when they do, who neglect it. They seem to feel that, when they have tracked down and captured a lovely piece and got it firmly backed into a corner, their duty toward it is done; from now on the piece must repay them for their pains by shining undimmed forever like a star.

After a time, and not a very long time, either, these enthusiastic lovers of old furniture are horrified to find that the piece is cracking, the veneer is popping out, and the once shining surface dull and unhappy looking. They wonder how this can be when they have paid so much for it. Of course, it is the fault of the dealer or the atmosphere or something.

I remember a disgusted lady once complaining to me about a Queen Anne chair that she had bought from England. I found it, a rare piece, standing mute and defenseless, squarely over a hot air radiator. When I voiced my frantic protest I was told firmly that this was the only spot in the room where the chair looked well. Alas! The lovely unhappy thing has no doubt long since justified the lady's disgust of it by falling dead in its tracks. Many and many a time I have been asked to look at fine collections that have cost mints of money and endless effort to assemble, only to find the gallant old darlings bravely struggling to keep up appearances while the life drained slowly out of them.

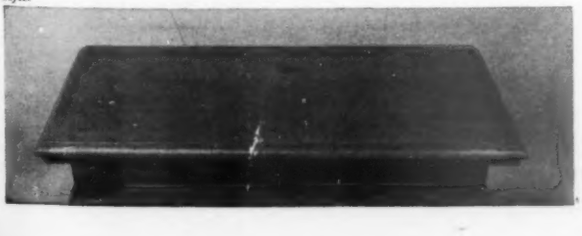
On the other hand, we must not be blamed too severely for this apparent indifference to the care of old furniture. We have not been trained for generations, as older countries have been, to take care of family pieces that have been slowly brought together through centuries. Our problem has been to nab the pieces as they whirl by on the stream of gold that has wrenched them loose from their old moorings, and so far we haven't had time or energy to think of their care.

Perhaps the simplest way to approach the problem is to begin with the care of furniture in good condition, and from that, like the crab, progress backward to the more serious problem of restoring furniture in poor condition.

The first thing to remember is an old English adage, "You must feed the oak with oil and polish it with wax." I first heard this invaluable maxim from a little English housemaid who, after she had been persuaded that I was not merely a mad American but was quite serious in my desire to learn, consented cheerfully to show me how she, as her mothers had done before her, took care of furniture, much of it more than two hundred years old, so that it remained shining and flawless, and as firm on its legs as the day it was born. In all my later experiments I

(*Concluded on page 187*)

After



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COATS AND COSTUMES

COATS OF CAMELDOWN—SUMPTUOUS, SOFT, LUXURIOUS—FOR STREET, SPORT, TRAVEL . . . A COAT TO GO WITH YOU WHEREVER YOU GO . . . AT YOUR FAVORITE SHOP.

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DEL MONTE-HICKEY
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. . . or whatever your name may be. Shame on you, selling unsuspecting travelers the output of the village cooper and paperhanger as luggage. You have spoiled more vacations and sabbatical years than maiden-aunt-chaperons in Paris or nosey-Parker customs persons.

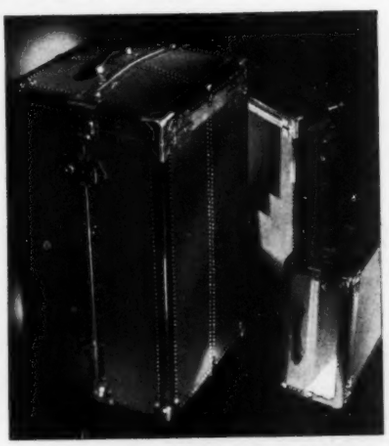
There was Lavinia Gillifeather; she had been looking forward to her tour for no one knows how many years. And then when she did take it she didn't enjoy a day. Even those tête-à-tête hours with *dear* Mr. Jacks were utter waste. Every gown she owned was as wrinkled and melancholy as the shroud of Cheops' mother. And it was all your fault, every dreary bit.

How could you, Sir! . . . how can you, when there is the whole elegant line of Mendel luggage to sell? It is the luggage, ladies and gentlemen, which you have noticed so often in the better shops and department stores—and which should, in all conscience, accompany you on your next faring forth on the travel road.

This Mendel "Dust-proof" Wardrobe Trunk is done in Ivory and Hazelwood-brown Scotch tweed duck with Tomahawk-red identification striping. All sizes from $35 to $120. Others from $40 to $400.

. . . . .

The "Dust-proof" Wardrobe Cases to match hold 4 suits or 12 costumes on hangers and accessories in trays. Fits under Pullman seat. Priced at $45. Others from $15 to $135.



THE MENDEL-DRUCKER COMPANY, CINCINNATI
Made in Canada by the L. McBrine Co., Ltd., Kitchener

MENDEL TRUNK
DUST-PROOF WARP-PROOF

PALM BEACH IN THE SUN

(*Concluded from page 72*)

for racing, a prize-fight, or for polo.

The clubs in Palm Beach are of all sizes and kinds. The largest is the Bath and Tennis Club, where a huge club-house, big pool and most comfortable cabañas provide every possible luxury a beach club could offer. Many people with houses on the ocean prefer, however, to bathe from their own beaches, and at the places with swimming-pools there are merry parties every morning. Rodman Wanamaker and Harold Vanderbilt (two deservedly popular bachelors), the Henry Phippses and Robert Amcotts Wilsons, among many others, have a tennis court next their pool, and literally fall from one into the other.

The Embassy Club, new this winter, deserves especial mention; it is a great success, providing an enchanting background and delicious food.

It is particularly interesting to see what the revolution in fashion, of last autumn, has done to summer clothes. The outstanding change is the normal waistline, which is now universal. The smart women wear their day skirts a trifle longer but sports clothes remain much the same. In the evening the newest and choicest gowns have a hemline to, or just covering, the ankles. At night, white is the high favourite, as it has been all winter, with flowered chiffons continuing to be a delicious choice on warm nights. Of course, black is so vital a part of the mode at the moment that it is occasionally worn, but can never be an ideal selection, for it does not seem to fit into the picture.

IN the evening vivid fabrics seem the smartest: satin, gay printed chiffons, moire or shiny lace. For instance, Mrs. Gurnee Munn looks radiant in a snow white lace dress snugly fitted with a bolero back, a narrow belt and two deep ruffles of the lace on the skirt. The beautiful Miss Alix Devereux wears a wine red moire gown, with a draped skirt. Mrs. John Fell has a glimmering cherry red lace dress; an overblouse of lace conceals the beltline.

Scarves are no longer an essential note of a chic ensemble, but they are often worn and the newest ones are on slim lines and not very long. Most hats have returned to the ever delightful cloche shape. Quite different, however, from the tiny ones so popular a few years ago, for now they are wide on the sides and long in the back. The effect of the off-the-forehead movement is noticeable even in the large hats, for they are worn well back on the head.

Bathing-suits continue gay, but beach costumes are smartest when in subtle colourings. The Princess de Faucigny-Lucinge wears a canary yellow one-piece wool suit and a matching cap of the new crinkly rubber. A particularly charming suit, novel in fabric and colour, consists of wide Delft blue linen pants and a deep rose silk jersey top.

Mrs. Gilbert Miller wears wide-legged pongee pyjamas of soft Nile green with inserts of a slightly deeper green. Women are not laden with beads, as they were at the Villa d'Este, but one does see a little of the new fancy jewellery. With a white ribbed silk frock and a white woven hat, Mrs. Charles Blackwell wears a long necklace of moonlight blue glass and a wide matching bracelet on either wrist. Small jewelled pins of gay coloured stones continue their great popularity on hats or holding scarves.

The most interesting thing, of course, are the day frocks, for what the smart women wear in Palm Beach in winter is always a forecast of the summer day mode.

Well, simple frocks are still the best, often with an accompanying little cardigan coat of the same material. Crêpe is still smart, but newer are dresses in the many novelty wash fabrics (although for safety's sake the women almost always have them cleaned). White is the first choice for daytime as well as in the evening, with yellow a close second. Blue, of all tones, combined with white or another shade of blue, is also good, and subtle green is still worn, although much less prevalent than last year. Peach and flesh are still popular, the latter excellent when combined with orchid purple.

Mrs. Reginald Boardman wears a delightful little Molyneux ensemble of wash material striped in white and rose with a hairline of black; the dress, a tight long bodice belted at the normal waistline, has a plaited skirt attached, and a slim matching cardigan coat. Mrs. Joshua Cosden has a yellow crêpe dress and matching coat. With this she uses a scarf of yellow, brown and white, and a hat of woven yellow and white straw trimmed in yellow and brown wool.

Afternoon dresses are about equally of plain or printed crêpe or chiffon. An amusing model worn by both Mrs. Milton Holden and Mrs. Dodge Sloane is a dress and coat of white elephants printed on a deeper ground. Mrs. Holden's in white on black, Mrs. Sloane's white on deep blue.

The use of white as an important note in accessories is certainly being revived. Mrs. Frederick Lewisohn, with a deep flesh crêpe frock, wears a large white panama hat, white wash gloves and white doeskin slippers.

NOVELTIES in the mode that should be mentioned are these: Hats are smart, not only in panama, woven straw, and felt, as they were last summer in Europe, but also in stitched linen or pongee. These often have wavy brims. Stitched linen is also used instead of ribbon, particularly by Réboux.

The woven straw turbans launched by Agnès are now worn here with afternoon or semi-evening dresses.

Three-quarter length coats are the most chic for sports wear. Lovely capes from Hattie Carnegie of satin-backed velvet are exactly right on warm nights.

There seems a great variety in day shoes, slippers and sandals. The classic brown and white one-strapped shoes continue popular, sandals in woven bands of kid in one or more colours are cool and pretty. Doeskin opera slippers and sandals are worn. And slippers of pongee or chintz can be chic if they are in intimate harmony with the woman's costume as a whole.

The questions of to burn or not to burn, and long or bobbed hair seem now to rest entirely upon what is becoming to the individual. The chic woman, if she decides to tan, makes a business of it, and if she decides to grow her hair makes an art of it.

CAKES AND ALE

(*Continued from page 142*)

smile. Then I would notice that his face seemed suddenly to swell and he moved uneasily in his chair. I looked quickly at the curate, afraid that he would notice something, but he was intent on the cards or else was lighting his pipe.

The hour or two I spent nearly every day in that hot, poky, smoke-laden room passed like lightning, and as the holidays drew nearer to their end I was seized sometimes with dismay at the thought that I must spend the next three months dully at school.

"I don't know what we shall do without you," said Mrs. Driffield. "We shall have to play dummy."

I was glad that my going would break up the game. While I was doing prep I did not want to think that they were sitting in that little room and enjoying themselves just as if I did not exist.

"How long do you get at Easter?" asked Mr. Galloway.

"About three weeks."

"We'll have a lovely time then," said Mrs. Driffield. "The weather ought to be all right. We can ride in the mornings and then after tea we'll play whist. You've improved a lot. If we play three or four times a week during your Easter holidays you won't need to be afraid to play with anybody." (*To be continued*)

HOW TO TAKE CARE OF ANTIQUES

(*Concluded from page 185*)

have never been able to improve on the simple lesson I learned that morning.

She got out her working materials; a jar of wax paste, a brush about the size of a scrubbing brush, not coarse, but stiff enough to stand up under considerable pressure, and several soft cloths well saturated with wax. I noticed, too, that she used unsparingly that good old-fashioned lubricant known as "elbow grease" hard to obtain nowadays but indispensable in furniture polishing.

She chose for her demonstration the top of a magnificent mahogany Chippendale table, smooth as a pool of still water with soft reflections shining in its depths. First, with her waxing rag, she spread a thin film of wax over the surface. Then grasping the brush in both hands and leaning into it she scrubbed the table vigorously up and down, *with the grain* of the wood until the wax was absorbed. Then she wrapped her brush in a clean cloth and scrubbed with that—and that was all! The result was a marvelous soft lustre which brought out all the delicate color and grain of the wood. Such an elastic lively surface wears remarkably. It will not scratch as a brittle surface will, and if by bad luck a white spot is caused by a hot plate or "the gentleman spillin' spirits," she removes it by brushing lightly and *quickly* with pure alcohol. The way to do this was to have a dry cloth in one hand and a piece moistened with the alcohol in the other, as lightning speed was necessary or the spot would be burned.

The same treatment was used on inlaid and veneered pieces and on carvings, the wax that remained in the creases only adding the charm of deeper color to the decoration. And she gave books and leather upholstery a dose of wax from time to time to keep them moist and prevent cracking.

Of course, we must remember before we marvel too much at the results my little maid obtained, that the furniture she was working on was *already* in perfect condition and needed only this systematic rubbing once a week to keep it so. It is this persistent polishing over a period of many years, by the way, that gives old furniture its lovely complexion, the "original patina" that experts look for so eagerly. Once its mellow quality is recognized it can never be mistaken and it is a reliable indication of the age of furniture.

But in America where climate and steam heat are against it from the start we must give old furniture even more attention than it needs abroad. Plenty of fresh air and a cool even temperature are essential to the life of furniture, for after all it is vegetable matter and will wither and drop to dust without air and moisture. Bowls of water will help in a dry atmosphere. On the other hand, beware of too much moisture, for a piece that has once warped can seldom be brought back into shape. When you are shutting up your furniture for the summer or putting it in storage, see that bricks wrapped in cloth are placed on all suspicious corners, that all doors are locked and drawers completely closed. One old lady I know has little labels pasted inside every drawer, "Please push this drawer in as far as you can"; and it's not a bad idea.

In spite of our care, however, we will often find furniture becoming dry; the lustre fades and myriads of tiny cracks appear in the surface. A piece like that needs a good stiff dose of oil, several of them if the condition is bad, although we must take care not to overdo the oil treatment or the piece will become gummy. We can pretty well tell when the life has come back to the wood; and then, after thoroughly cleaning off every trace of oil, it is time for the wax, many stout polishings with it until the lustre comes back.

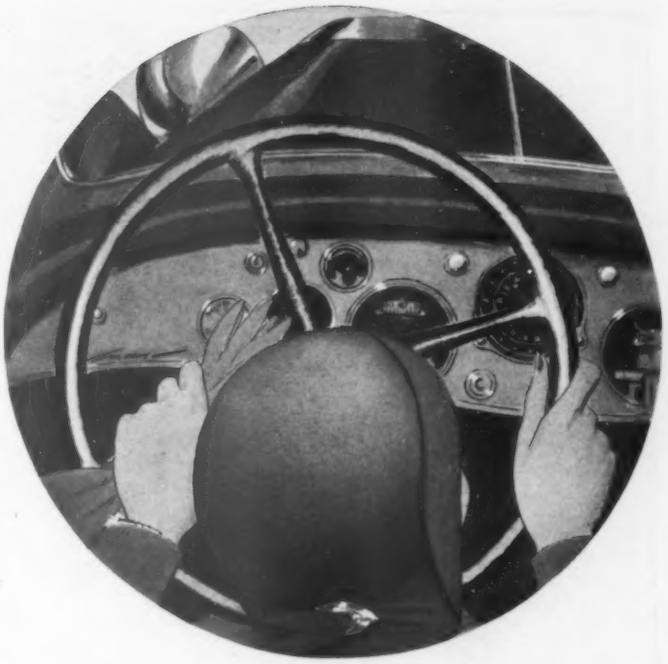
The best oil to use for this purpose is pure linseed. Let the prize stand over night until the oil is absorbed and repeat this for a week if necessary until the wood looks fed. If the piece is dirty (and it will be) it must be thoroughly cleaned by dipping your oiled rag into the finest powdered pumice and scrubbing hard with that. Or you may use the finest double oo sandpaper. Sheraton, they say, used an old stocking with a brick inside for rubbing down his furniture. Anyhow you must get down to the beauty of the wood for good results. If, after you have scrubbed your very life out, the surface has not "come up" a very thin coat of orange shellac will fetch it; but this must be put on, allowed to dry, and then be rubbed down with the oo sandpaper to remove the tiny air bubbles before you begin with the wax.

This oil and wax treatment is all that is necessary for furniture that is sound except for the surface finish, and it can be followed by anyone with sufficient health and strength to stick to it. But there are problems more searching than these; wobbly legs, or missing parts, or vicious cracks that may well be left in the hands of a reliable cabinet maker. If, however, you feel, as all good antique lovers do, that you want to find your dear old cripples yourself and lug them home and nurse them back to health and beauty with your own hands, perhaps the following suggestions will be helpful. But restoring furniture in bad condition is a tricky business and experiments should not be made on pieces that are too big or too valuable.

This is a good place to say a word about scraping. Most cabinet makers seem to have a mania for what they call "getting down to the wood" which explains why so many restored pieces look so crude and new. Of course, that is all very well if the piece has been painted or varnished, but there are many times, if you don't watch out, when they will ruthlessly scrape off the priceless patina which it has taken years to acquire and which can never be replaced. If the original surface is there, no matter how dirty or discolored it is, it can always be brought back by patiently going at it with the oil and wax treatment. I have an old honey-coloured maple desk. In spite of me the man who restored it scraped the inside of the lid to remove the ink stains, and the contrast between the inside of the lid and the lovely outside that has never been touched is a glaring example of what I mean. Old ink stains, by the way, can never be removed except by drastic scraping. Personally, I like those touches of human association in a piece and would never dream of taking them out, especially at the sacrifice of the surface.

For places where bits of veneer or carving are missing, or for nail holes or small cracks, stick-shellac the color of the wood can be used to fill in. This is done by heating the end of a knife, holding the shellac above the spot, and by pressing the warm knife against the end of the stick, smearing off enough of the softened shellac to fill the hole. Rub smooth with the oo sandpaper. These repairs must be done, of course, the first thing, before we have begun to work on the surface finish.

A word about worm holes. These, too, may be filled in with a paste called "Plastic Wood," which, stained to match the colour of the piece, hardens like cement when dry. This saves the surface appearance, but do not think for a moment that it kills the worms. It does not. Nothing does. Once the larvae have become thoroughly embedded in the wood there is no way on earth to get rid of them. You may force cyanide of potassium with a pressure syringe into the depths of the wood; and the pests just love it. No matter what the dealer may tell you, a piece that is infected with worms is doomed. They are terrible and destructive pests. Many people believe that worm holes are a sign of age. That is just as erroneous as our belief that we can get rid of them. Worms will attack new wood just as readily as they will old, so do not be beguiled into buying a piece just because it is full of worm holes.



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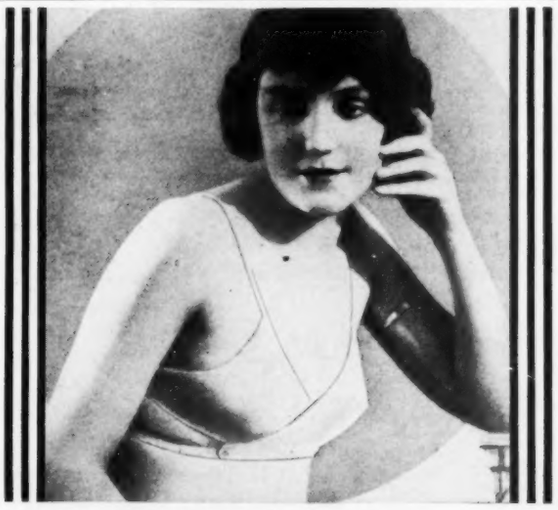

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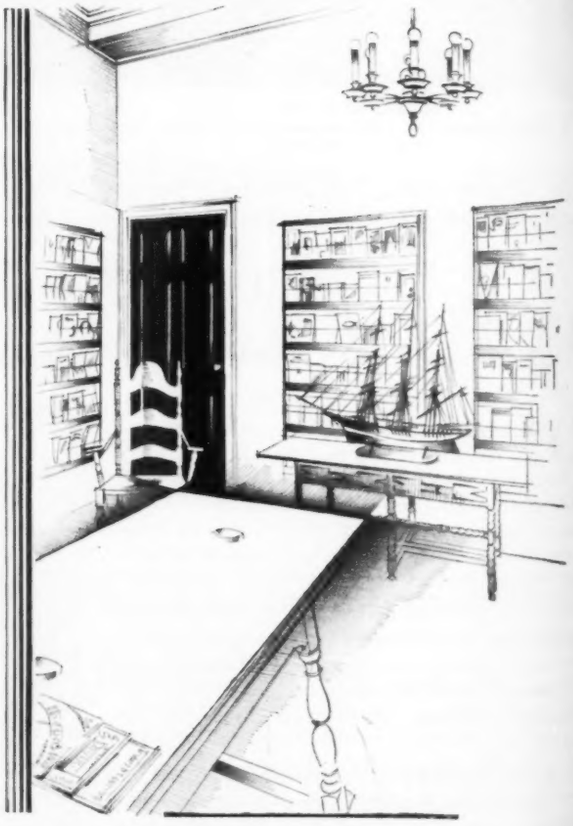

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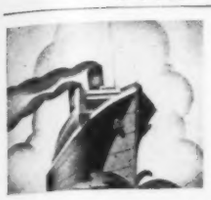

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MEALS WE HAVE REMEMBERED

The readers of Harper's Bazaar, out of their travel wisdom, have contributed these charming informal sketches of delightful repasts against romantic backgrounds.

SPANISH CURVES

An Introduction to Mallorcan Food

THE Mediterranean, breaking on the pebbly beach, sang with each hour a changing song. From the green-grey hills, their gauntness but partly softened by terraced olive-trees, echoed the plaintive ageless chants of workers. At the Puerto of Soller, a stone's toss from the water, a short stroll from the hills, stood the General's house. There we first tasted those Mallorcan dishes, some unadulteratedly native, some modified by the tastes of the American Mrs. General, that proved to be a delight to our appreciative palates.

The parade of meals began, of course, with the breakfast chocolate, thick, hot, and sweet, with more than a mere suggestion of cinnamon. When it is first served, it is much too hot and much too thick to be drunk. The proper procedure is to dip into it pieces of *ensaimada* and then eat the chocolate-soaked pieces. The *ensaimada*, individual-sized for breakfast, resembles somewhat our coffee cake, braided or coiled, with flaky outside and doughy inside. (On gala occasions, the Mallorcan orders from the pastry-cook table-large *ensaimadas* filled with pumpkin conserve.) If one is more athletically inclined, he may use for this chocolate-absorbing process a small, impenetrable biscuit called *galetta de Inca*. With application, one is able in time to learn how to knock this cracker on the table, giving it a deft twist and splitting it in two perfect halves.

Some native dish formed the basis of the noontime main meal. It might be fish, caught by the men at the Puerto and brought from market wrapped in a cabbage leaf, fried, and cut in pieces, and served cold in a cooked sauce of oil and vinegar with a few cloves of garlic. Or it might be chicken and rice, the rice flavoured with saffron and cooked with green peppers and tomatoes. Or it might be crescents of flaky, melting pastry, filled with chopped spinach and raisins. Or—but to describe that, one must begin with the *coca*.

Coca is the Mallorcan word for cake and is the generic term for a slightly sweetened bread dough that may be bought from the village baker in any desired quantity. The dough lends itself to a variety of uses. It may be put into a baking pan, covered with chopped spinach and pieces of fish, and popped into the oven. When the dough is baked, the spinach cooked, the fish browned—behold! a dish fit for the proverbial king.

By a similar method, the *coca* becomes a semi-dessert. Instead of spinach and fish, slices of bologna and of *sobreasada*, a sweet sausage made of pig meat and pimento, are placed upon it. Over it all sugar is sprinkled and a little paprika added for colour. Or sliced fresh apricots may be baked with it and a thoroughgoing dessert achieved.

The question of desserts in Mallorca is a negligible one. To a Mallorcan the height of elegance is a plain and unadorned Spanish cream. For the most part, our main course was followed by cheese, the local cheese made of goat's milk, and by fruit: oranges, fresh figs, cherries, green almonds eaten with salt, luscious white strawberries in orange juice, *nisperos*, a small apricot-coloured fruit with a haunting flavour of mingled peaches, pears, and apples. Then *membrillo*, the cooked, sweetened, strained, and moulded pulp of quinces.

With evening came the rite of the *sopas*, the making of the Mallorcan soup, of oil, and water, all the vegetables that might be available, and bread. The bread, to be orthodox, must be coarse, dark, and hard—and held tightly against the stomach while it is being hacked into pieces with a sharp knife.

The height of our gastronomic memory is an afternoon meal served at the *finka* of one Don Jaime. A *finka* is a townman's farm, possibly a fifteen minute walk from his town house. We had climbed up the narrow, ridged, stoned donkey-path. We had admired the breath-taking view of hills and sea. We had marvelled at the garden. We had been shown the olive-press, the cheese room, the sheep shearing.

(*Concluded on page 196*)

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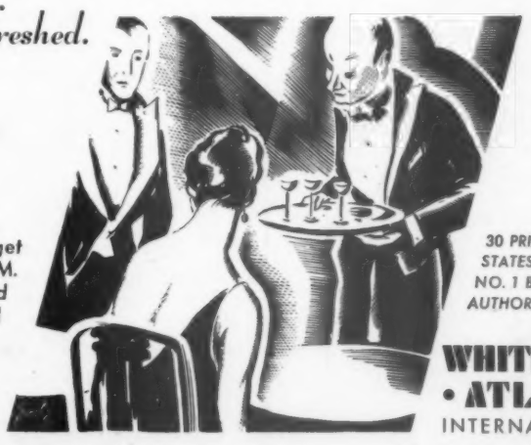

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MEALS WE HAVE REMEMBERED

(*Concluded from page 193*)

And then we were invited to a light repast, whereof each item came from the self-sustaining farm itself. The afternoon "tea-party" consisted of bread and cheese, *sobreasada* and olives, wine, and oranges, *membrillo*, and *nisperos*. We ate and ate and ate. Don Jaime, with Spanish hospitality, plied us with food till we had to call a stop and chose the second piece of bread at which to do it.

Don Jaime was amazed. "No more bread?" His English broke under the strain. "Bread—" He made a large circling gesture to indicate corpulency; his hands described the curves the Spaniard admires. "Eat bread," he said, "eat bread—and pouff!"

CAROL PARK.

CHEZ L'ESCARGOT D'OR

THERE is nothing which delights me more than to find someone who knows and appreciates my favourite restaurant, so I felt that a friend had been found when I recently read an article in Harper's Bazaar. The writer says the most perfect dinner he ever had was in a small Paris restaurant called L'Escargot. I am perfectly certain of it. But does not such a dinner deserve more than a mere paragraph?

L'Escargot is on the rue Montorgeiul. After six years, I can almost pronounce that last syllable; I am not at all sure I can spell it. It defies the average American tongue; and a French taxicab driver simply will not guess. He will not attempt to interpret the queer sounds you are making, so it is best to have the *chasseur* at your hotel explain that it is near the market.

We have two menus which we think the best in the world, and should you choose the first, the one with the roast chicken, it is best to telephone and reserve the private table on the tiny balcony which hangs like a crow's nest well padded with old toile de Jouy. This privacy is desirable because of the gravy; we shall explain later. However, if you are shameless, you may sit downstairs.

To begin our first and favourite meal, you must simply brace yourself for the escargots, or out-size snails. In a short while, though one must not be in a hurry *chez* L'Escargot, they bring on a manna-fed chicken (there is no other way of explaining its celestial quality), sizzling in its own juice. As with the snails, the smell is indescribable. Such a crisp, crackling, brown-buttery smell as you would not believe. With this, if one is wise, there is merely a plain green salad, but the bowl must contain a crust rubbed with a soupçon of garlic so emphatic as to become a certainty. It is at this point that one goes definitely native. When the waiter has descended, and your privacy is assured, you figuratively roll up your sleeves, and literally mop (it's the only word) every particle of gravy from the earthen vessel in which it was cooked. Ecstasy is the result.

There remains to be eaten either a peach or banana *flambe*, both light as feathers, brought flaming to you in *kirsch*. This has all been accompanied by nothing stronger than Vouvray Petillant, a light, slightly fizzy white wine, little used by Americans. A demi-tasse brings this event to a close.

I should enjoy describing our second choice at some time when I have regained my stoical calm, but at the moment, my one desire is to telephone for sailing accommodations.

H. R. ANDREWS.

POT-LUCK IN DENMARK

IN America one makes money, in England one tours, in France one relaxes, in Italy one dreams, but in Denmark one eats! In fact, it was a noted French epicure in Paris who advised my husband and me, if we wanted to eat a *meal*, to dine at Wivel's when we reached Copenhagen. "*Là*," he raised hands and eyes heavenward, "*on mange*."

We went to Wivel's. It was an unpretentious restaurant on the Vesterbrogade, the Broadway of Copenhagen. When we entered the great L-shaped room, the gay, loquacious assemblage was disposing itself at the tables. Everybody, from grandma to the tenth cousin, had come; family parties were everywhere—a vast domestic convention of hungry Danes!

Expectantly they settled down for the evening, talked of what dishes were ahead, studied menus minutely. And then the courses, some of which we, coached by a solicitous *maître d'hôtel*, shared with them at our own table, began.

Smörrebröd, Danish *hors d'œuvres*, caviar, smoked ham, fish, cooked and raw, *pâté*, especially treated eggs, pickled vegetables, and, ah, the cheeses! A certain goat cheese, *chèvre*, looking like laundry soap and tasting like peanut butter! And, oh, the *brioche de fois gras*, the specialty of the house, and the *plats du pays* called *öllebröd*, black bread soaked in beer, and that divine *rödgröd*, fruit juice mixed with potato flour and eaten with—but what's the use? You won't believe it. These appetizers were my undoing. The French make a meal of them, but at Wivel's in Copenhagen they are just appetizers.

The waiters came and went through an agreeable fog of gustatory contentment. A *rypa*, or wild bird from Norway, that has made all other game taste like tough old hens; cloudberries, yellow fruit the size of strawberries covered with thick cream, delicate wines, *schnapps*, coffee, and all with soft music drifting through the talk. *Skaales* (toasts) were drunk, compliments exchanged, a host distributed to his guests copies of a song he had written. And smartly dressed women, with the unself-consciousness of habit, smoked small cigars with the men!

Such is Wivel's. Sceptics say the real sauce is the crisp sea wind that blows over Denmark. The idea is that great hunger creates great chefs. Be that as it may, I found, after a few days in Copenhagen, that I simply had to return to Paris to reduce.

ALICE CURTIS DESMOND.

From all over Europe come these delightful sketches of meals delicious in the eating and pleasant in the memory. Thanks to Harper's Bazaar readers, to the extent of their travel knowledge, to the catholicity of their tastes. We hope we shall receive soon from the same source some vivid short sketches (not more, say, than 600 or 700 words) descriptive of motor experiences enjoyed by our readers. Or any unusual week-ends. From those who have motored out through the English countryside, or from Cherbourg up to Paris, or through the Bavarian Alps, or along the Italian Alpine passes, or over some perfect section of the Lincoln Highway. For each sketch accepted there will be ample payment. Noblesse oblige. No one person can possibly have seen everything. It would be a courtesy to share your more perfect experiences with others. Address contributions to the Editor.

"EVER SHOP IN PIG ALLEY?"

Thursday—Landing day! What a revelation, is Shanghai! No wonder all the world is curious about it. It's as cosmopolitan as Vienna! Wide European streets—in the center of town—branching off into rabbit-lane by-ways. Chinese swarming the place. In brocaded coats—and coolie cottons. Ricksha bells clanging. Funny tram cars with no rails. Foreign motors. And the traffic cops!—they're giant Sikhs in khaki. With beards, and huge turbans on their heads.

It's frightfully *interesting!* Just to walk the streets here. For twenty coppers, we hired a ricksha this afternoon. Ambled along Nanking Road. Past ten thousand great shops. (We were searching for *bargains!*) Off to the edge of town—to a rag-tag-end of a street—called "Pig Alley." Here everything's antique. And hand-made. Even the pewter. And what ridiculous prices! Oh, such a *lovely* pewter boat, a junk model. What a stunning dinner center-piece! And only five Mexs. (A Mex. is about 50c in our money. Ho, our shopping pin-money goes twice as far on this exchange.)

An antique lover would go *wild* in China! Old carved woods. Ming China. Cunning snuff bottles, once belonging to a Pekinese princess. We had to hire an extra ricksha to take our "vagabond loot" back to our ship.

On we went. To the Native City. Narrower and funnier streets. Music Lane and Bird Street. Chinese flutes playing. And food stalls cooking right on the street. Ate water-chestnuts on sticks for a copper.

We must have tea. So we wandered over a little zig-zag bridge. To the Willow Pattern Tea House (like the design on our plates at home.) Piping hot tea—poured out of a little pot, shaped like a bird. Jasmine buds in our thimble of a cup. As fragrant as a Chinese dream!

Five o'clock!—Dashed back to our President Liner to dress. Big dinner party tonight at the Majestic.

What a surprise—these gorgeous hotels in Shanghai. They'd make Manhattan sit up and stare. The Majestic used to be a private Chinese palace. There's an ivory room—a pearl room.

And the royal suite was once a Mandarin's *harem!* It's really a museum. They served our appetizers in a rock garden grotto. All ferns and shaded lights. Talk about swank!

And a sunken dance floor (of course we danced during our lavish dinner. Twenty-piece American jazz.) Oh, what an evening!

I'd like to stay in Shanghai a whole year!

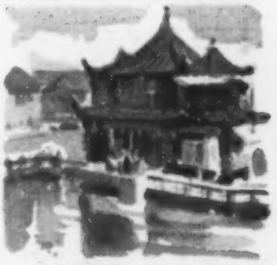
Friday—More new people on board. Bound for Hong Kong and India. Never get bored meeting different people in every port. That's the great advantage of the President Liners—always taking on new passengers. We meet globe-trotters who've done the world in every fashion. They say we're wise to do the Orient first. Then Europe will mean more.

This afternoon—out to the big Shanghai Sweepstakes! First purse a cool ¼ million. Whoops! I won—a little. Anyway, it was enough to buy my heart's desire. A mother-of-pearl make-up box with tiny secret drawers for jewelry. And a set of exquisite lingerie from Yates Road!

Can understand why the women dress so beautifully. With Chinese handiwork so cheap. And Frenchtown shops carry Paris models, as well. They say you can buy everything in the world in Shanghai. I believe it!

What do you think we ate at the Races? —*Eskimo pies!*

In the evening to the New World. All of young China there. Can you imagine a Coney Island 10,000 miles from N. Y. *a la Chinese?* It's a roof garden. They charge the Chinese 2 coppers to ride up in the elevators. (It's part of the amusement, if you please.) There are 4 Chinese vaudevilles going at once. Games and side-shows.



We laughed until we were hungry. Then we tried a pair of chopsticks. Never knew fried prawns were so *delish!*

"Home" to the ship by midnight. Grand, comfortable white bed!

Saturday—Today was a Russian Day! Could just as well have been Moscow. We met Stepanova. A Russian dancer, the idol of Shanghai. Our party grew and so, to the Russian Cafe in Range Road. Peasant music there. And what *hors d'oeuvres!* On a huge tray like a barge. I counted 24 kinds—Oh, what tempters! They're called "Sakushka."

All my life I've wanted to go these places. What a dream come true!

And now there's Hong Kong and Manila ahead. And Java and India . . .

Note: This is the second of a series from the travel diary of a President Liner passenger. The full set in attractive booklet form may be had by writing to Dept. 2-N of the nearest Passenger Office listed below.

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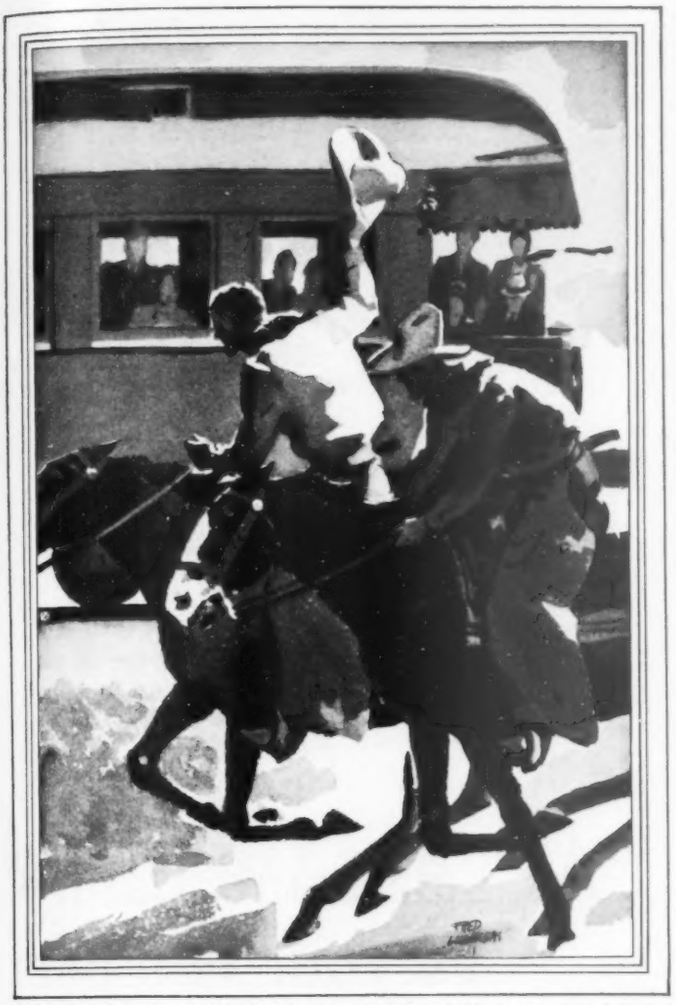

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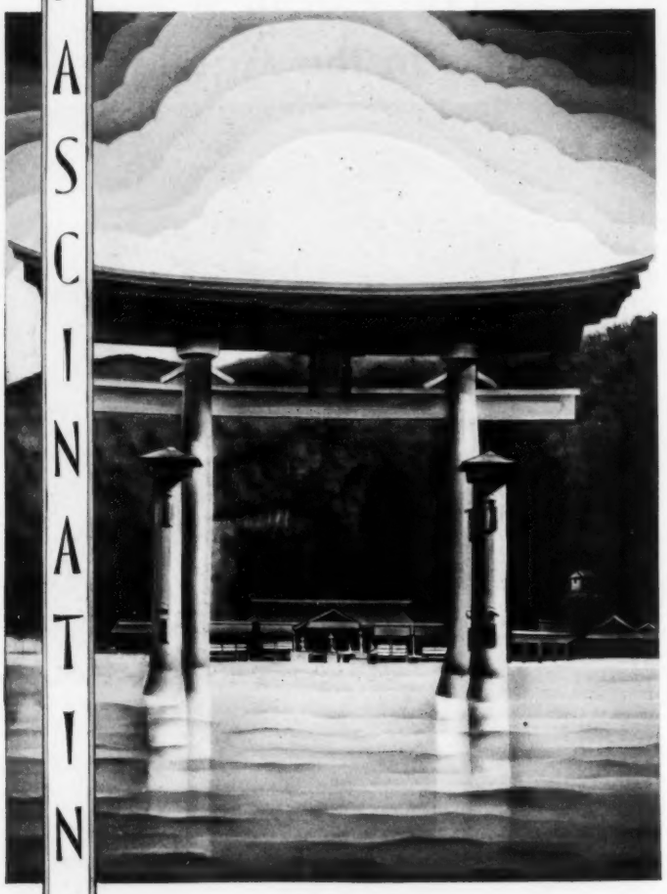

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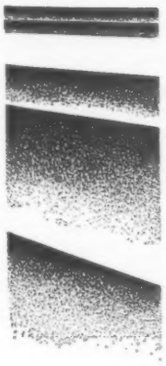

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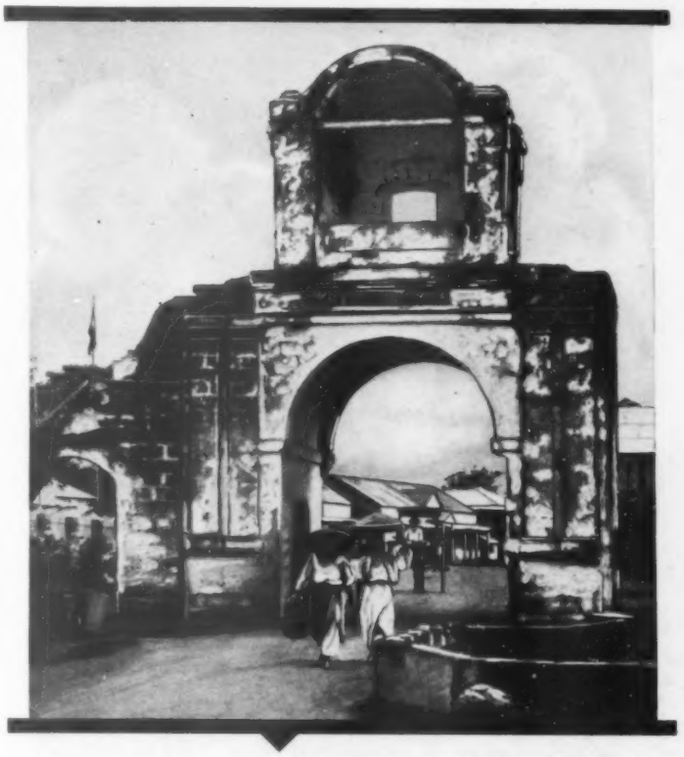

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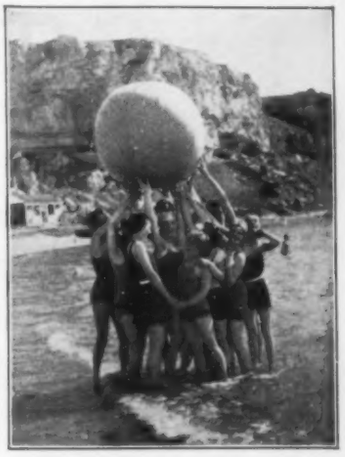

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They have a subtle air of charm and graciousness . . . in their furnishings . . . their arrangements for living comfort . . . especially telephone convenience.

* * *

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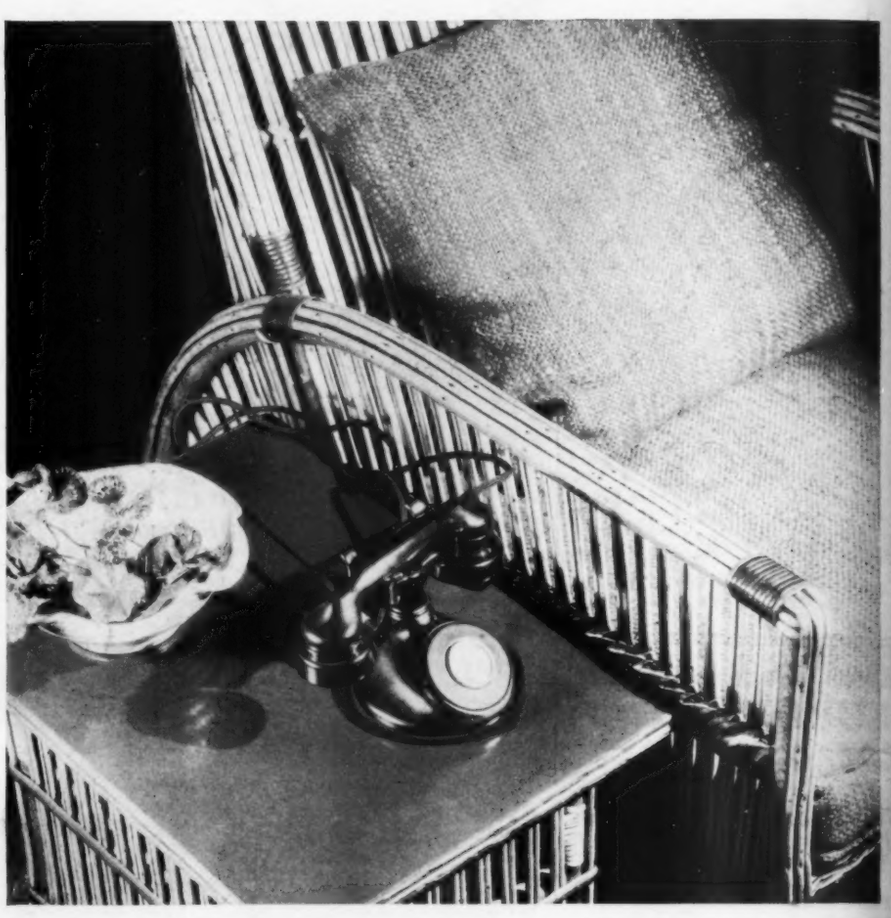
Telephone convenience is almost a necessity in modern homes. And its cost is surprisingly moderate. Your local Bell Company will be glad to help you select the best locations in your own home for telephones. Just call the Business Office.



It may be crispy cold outside, but here it is warm and cozy . . . with the late afternoon sun streaming through the windows . . . a comfortable chair and a good book . . . and, of course, a telephone right at hand for that final touch of complete convenience. A modern note, surely . . . and a sign of sensible living.

Breakfast. An enjoyable meal, yet scarce a leisurely one. But there's a telephone within easy reach . . . to save minutes when minutes are important.

And in the maid's room a telephone is not only a bit of thoughtfulness . . . but it also tends to assure the answering of calls when the family is out.